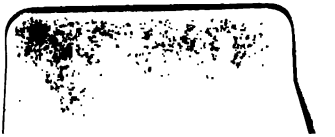

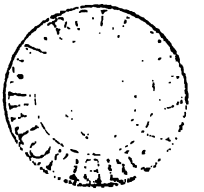

REV.D ELHANAN WINCHESTER,

Preacher of the Doctrine of

UNIVERSAL RESTORATION

London Published May 18 1792 by J. Parsons, Bookseller, Paternoster Row.

THE

PROCESS AND EMPIRE

OF

CHRIST;

FROM HIS BIRTH

TO THE

END OF THE MEDIATORIAL KINGDOM;

A POEM,

IN TWELVE BOOKS.

BY

ELHANAN WINCHESTER.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY T. GILLET,

And sold by Mr. Parsons, No. 21, Paternoster-Row; Mr. Knott, Bookseller, Lombard-Street; Mr. Bruce, City Road; Acutts and Keeble, No. 25, Shoreditch; and may be had of the Author, No. 5, Winkworth's Buildings, City Road; or at the Vestry of the Chapel, in Parliament-Court, Artillery-Street, Bishopsgate-Street.

PRICE SIX SHILLINGS IN BOARDS.

1793.

[*Entered at Stationers Hall.*]

TO THE READER.

THROUGH the good hand of God upon me I have at length compleated this poem, which I beg leave to present to you. I first began to plan it out and write it on the 26th of February 1787, the day after I had preached a sermon from Zech. xiv. 9. I found my heart so warmed with the glorious subject, the kingdom of Christ, on which I had been preaching, that I found an inclination to write upon it; and I immediately took up my pen, and wrote the plan of this poem as it now stands. I had finished three books, and written a considerable part of the fourth, when we came to England September 21, 1787.

About the beginning of the year 1788, I read the four first books to a few friends in the Chapel, Chapel-court, Borough, and I return my sincere and hearty thanks to those who attended the reading, for the support and encouragement which they gave me on that occasion. About this time I planned out my Lectures on the Prophecies, which I began to deliver the beginning of February 1788 in the same place. Since which they have been delivered a second time, and published in four volumes octavo.

When I first began this poem, I was ready to imagine it to be the labour of some years; but experience corrects our mistakes. I am now convinced that the whole of it might have been easily written in much less than a quarter of one year; and as a proof of what I say, I can assure the Reader, that the whole of the ninth book was written in the leisure hours of six days, between Monday morning and Saturday evening, in one week last winter. I have however great reason to bless God, that in the midst of many labours and infirmities, and after many delays, he has enabled me to finish it; and hath preserved my life to see it published. I return my thanks to the subscribers who have encouraged this publication, and by whose favour it now sees the light. I trust in their friendship and candour to excuse any defects they may see in the execution, as I have never copied it off from the first draught, and have made but a very few alterations since it was first written. Neither has it had the friendly assistance of any other hand; so that I only am answerable for all its faults. The subject is indeed the grandest and most extensive that can be imagined; and the delight I have had in the labour has been great: but I must confess the execution is far beneath the design. But such as it is, with all its defects, I venture it into the world, and commit it to the blessing and protection of Providence, the candour of my friends, and the generosity of the Public, and subscribe myself, a well wisher to all the human race.

ELHANAN WINCHESTER.

London, January 12, 1793.

SUBSCRIBERS NAMES.

MR. Robert Ashdowne, Chatham.
— William Ashdowne, ditto.
Miss Alcock, London.
Mr. Acutts Bookseller, Shoreditch. 6 copies.
— William Ayerst, Chatham.
— Ashton, Wisbeach.

B

Humphry Bache, Esq. Bache's Row.
Joseph Becket, Esq. Barnsly, Yorkshire.
Mr. John Bradford, Birmingham. 2 copies.
— Thomas Barber, ditto.
— William Bicknell, Master of a boarding school at Ponder's End. 4 copies.
— T Banks, No 5 Newman street.
— Billings, Silkman, Cateaton street.
— John Bernard, John's street, Spitalfields.
Mrs. Batchelor.
Mr. John Batchelor.
— William Burton.
— William Burton Jun.
— Thomas Bradley.
— John Burkwood, Fleet.
— William Bromley, Chatham.
— Thomas Baldock, ditto.
— Burkitt, ditto.
— Baxter, London.
— John Bruce, Bookseller, City Road. 4 copies.
— Timothy Banger.
— Broad.

C

— William Cowland, Cerkenwell, London.
— Thomas Chaloner, Chatham.
— Edward Crump, Rochester.
— John Cue, Hoxton, London.
— Cowley, Chatham.
— John Campling, Chatham.
— Robert Cock, Borough of Southwark.
— John Clegg.
— Charles Curtis, Bookseller, Hackney.
— Chilley, Chatham.
— Arthur Cumberledge, Bethnal-Green.

D

— George Deacon, Chatham.
Mrs. Dickson, London.

Mr. John Dodds, Tooley ſtreet, Borough. 6 copies
— Deſormeaux, Pearl-ſtreet, Spitalfields.

E

Rev. Mr. John Evans, London.
Mr. David Eaſton, Conductor, Chatham.
— Edward Eno, Wiſbeach.

F

— William Fallows, Wiſbeach.
— Thomas Funnell, near Maidſtone.
— Fry, Schoolmaſter, Chatham.
—Samuel Fearn, Lombard-ſtreet.

G

— John Garland, Long Sutton, Lincolnſhire. 17 copies.
— John Gilbert, Sen. London.
— John Gilbert, Jun. Hackney.
— James Gowan.
— Groombridge, Chatham.
— Matthew Goodenough, London.
Rev Mr. Green, Birmingham.

H

Mr. John Harvey, Bromſgrove.
— William Seward Hall, London-Bridge.
— William Hall, Biſhopſgate-ſtreet.
— William Hall, Norton-Falgate.
— Hovat, Biſhopſgate-ſtreet.
— Joſeph Harradine, Deptford.
— Richard Hughes, Chatham.
— John Hurſthouſe, Tydd, St Mary's, Lincolnſhire. 17 copies.
— James Horſely, Caſtle ſtreet, Shoreditch.
— Moſes Hand, Birmingham.
— Hartley, Fleet ſtreet.
— Thomas Humphreys, Mile-end.

I J

Mrs. Inch, Spital-ſquare.
Mr. Robert Jones.
— William Jones, Chatham.
— Jacob Jones, Surgeon, &c. Moor-fields.
— John James, Chatteris.
— James Johnſon, Birmingham.
— Owen Johnſon, ditto.

K

Rev Mr. Sampſon Kingsford, Canterbury. 4 copies.
Mr. Kidd, Schoolmaſter, Chatteris.
— Knott, Bookſeller, Lombard ſtreet. 2 copies.

L

— Maddocks Love, Sen. Headcorn, Kent.
— John Love, ditto.

Mr. Maddocks Love, Jun. Croydon, Surry.
— Martin Love, ditto
— Thomas Leigh, Sutton, Isle of Ely.
— John Latham, London.
— Thomas Lea, Shoreditch.
— Stephen Loosely, Aldersgate street.
— Langton, Newington, Surry.
— John Laming, Barbican.
— Lawrence, Chatham.
— John Lane, London-Bridge.

M

— George Marriot, Maidstone.
— Meredith, Bishopsgate-street.
Miss E. Meredith, Headcorn, Kent.
Mrs. March, Wisbeach.
Mrs. Ann Mohoyle, Brompton.
Mrs. Macnamara, Chatham.
Lieutenant Thomas Mitchel, ditto.
Rev. Mr. Richard Morgan.
Mr. A. Mibone, Chatham.

N

— Noah Noble.
— Samuel Nevill.
— Bartholomew Nevill.
— Ebenezer Nevill.
— T. C. Nelsford, No. 9. Lad-lane.

O

— Odjers.
— John Olive, Chatham.

P

— John Parsons, Bookseller, No 21, Paternoster-row. 25 copies
— J. Pember, No 26 Camomile-street.
— Samuel Penn, Birmingham.
Rev. Mr. Joshua Peel, Yorkshire.
Mr. Abraham Peel, Barbican.
— Purves, Norton-Falgate.
— Pemble, Chatham.
— Pettit, Chatham.
Rev. Mr. Henry Poole, Wisbeach.
Mr. Thomas Porteus, Chatham.
— Pullen, London. 2 copies.
— William Pollard.

R

— Joseph Rose, Bromsgrove.
— James Robertson, Chatham.
Rev Mr. Morgan Rees.
— John Robins, London. 4 copies.

Mr. Thomas Rumball, Mile-end.
Mr. John Robinſon, Engraver, Great Newport-ſtreet.
Mrs. Rule, Chatham.

S

Rev. Mr. Joſeph Seaton, Chatham. 2 copies.
Mr. William Stanger, Fleet. 17 copies.
— Thomas Stubbs, No 2, Tokenhouſe-yard.
— Smart, New Inn ſtreet.
— Savage.
— William Stigant, Chatham.
— David Sharp, Chatham.
— James Southerland.
— Seager, Maidſtone.
— George Sutton, Brompton.
— Siggs, Chatham.
— John Sharp, Walſoken, Norfolk.
— Thomas Smith, Birmingham.
Miſs. Schindler, Leather-Lane, London.
Rev. Mr. Stevens.
Mr. Nathaniel Scarlet, George's-fields.
— Thomas Scarlet, Fiſh-ſtreet hill.
— Shepherd, Maidenhead.

T

— William Titford, Union ſtreet, Biſhopſgate-ſtreet.
— John Treacher, Paternoſter- Row.
Mrs. Tabraham, Headcorn.
Mrs. Chriſtiana Thornhill, Fiſh-ſtreet hill, London.
Doctor Turnbull, Wellcloſe-ſquare. 4 copies
Mr. William Tongue, Birmingham.
— Tatnor, Chatham.
— Teulon No. 12, Mark Lane, London.

W

Rev Edward Williams, D. D. Birmingham.
Mr. Richard Winter, London.
— John Weekes.
— Thomas Whitehouſe, Birmingham.
— John White, Bookſeller, Wiſbeach.
— Thomas Wotton, Walſoken, Norfolk,
— James Weaver, No 45, Old-ſtreet.
— Thomas Watkins, Chatham.
— Robert Wilkins.
— John Wood, No 6, Long-Alley.
— Joſeph Walters.
Mrs. Eliſabeth Wiggins. Wellcloſe ſquare.
Mr. Webb, North Green. 12 copies.
— Thomas Waterman, Homerton.

Y

— William York, Wimblington, Cambridgeſhire

THE PROCESS

AND

EMPIRE OF CHRIST,

AN

HEROIC POEM.

BOOK I.

Containing the Plan of the whole; and the History of his Birth, Baptism, Fasting, and Temptations; with some Account of his Doctrine and Miracles. Comprehending the Time from his Birth till the close of his Ministry.

WHILE others sing the Monarchs of the globe,
Their feats in war, their courage, strength, and skill,
I sing the rising Empire of my Lord,
The Kingdom of the Babe in Bethlehem born:
Whose birth was sung by angels, and foretold 5
By prophets, who partook of heav'nly fire.
Tremendous theme indeed! august! immense!
But God can teach the humblest mind to soar;
Can send prosperity to one like me,
Unskill'd in epic muse, and teach my pen 10
To paint Messiah's triumphs o'er his foes;

The glories of his peaceful reign deſcribe.
Can lead my thoughts his Proceſs to purſue,
From heav'n's bright court down to this lower world,
And through the various labours of his life, 15
And the dire ſcene of ſuff'rings which he bore,
The ſcriptures to fulfil, and men to ſave:
Then to thy gloomy regions, tyrant death,
And through the gates and bars of hell's domain,
To preach the goſpel to the pris'ners there, 20
Taking the mighty's captives for his ſpoil:
Thus ſpoiling principalities and pow'rs.
Then crown'd with wreaths of vict'ry fairly won,
Immortal garland; laurels richly earn'd!
He roſe triumphant over death and hell, 25
And lives for ever, holds the keys of both:
And was declar'd the Son of God with pow'r.
From earth he did aſcend to higheſt heav'ns,
Having deſcended firſt to worlds beneath.
Enthron'd above he ſits at God's right hand, 30
And makes perpetual interceſſion there,
Till that great day, long waited for, ſhall come,
When he with glory crown'd, and cloath'd with zeal,
Shall to the earth deſcend, deſtroy his foes.
Then Jacob's tribes returned to their land, 35
Shall own him Lord, and King on David's throne.
Then Satan bound, in the abyſs confin'd,
Shall vex the ſaints no more, no more deceive
The nations of the earth, until fulfill'd
Shall be the period of a thouſand years. 40

Then

Then the ſev'nth angel ſhall his trumpet ſound,
And ev'ry kingdom ſhall become the Lord's:
The nations that refuſe ſhall be deſtroy'd.
Jeſus ſhall judge all people, and ſhall rule
All nations by the laws of righteouſneſs; 45
Shall take the curſe from earth, and bleſs mankind
With greater bleſſings than their father loſt.
That age (ſurpaſſing far the golden age
Which ancient poets feign'd in days of yore)
Approaches faſt, and ſhall ere long arrive, 50
When the Meſſiah, for a thouſand years,
Shall wield in peace the ſceptre of the world;
And his beloved ſaints with him ſhall reign,
Upon his throne, as royal prieſts and kings.
Throughout thoſe halcyon days no wars ſhall riſe, 55
No earthquakes roar, nor famine, plague, or ſtorm
Shall deſolate the earth; no child ſhall die
In the firſt ſtage of life. All deadly hate
Shall ceaſe among the globe's inhabitants:
Man ſhall not vex his neighbour, nor the beaſts 60
Make war upon each other, leſs on man:
All ſhall be love, and peace, and harmony;
Man to longevity again reſtor'd,
Shall ſee his ſeed for ages unimpair'd;
And ſhall enjoy the labour of his hands: 65
And all ſhall know and worſhip God the LORD.
But farther: God can ſo direct my mind,
That I ſhall ſing, what never poet ſang;
The prince of darkneſs loos'd, once more ſet free

A little ſeaſon to deceive mankind:— 70
O dreadful change! but in the wond'rous plan
Of our Creator, infinitely wiſe,
Its uſe moſt evidently will appear.
Behold, the foe of God and man comes forth,
And leaves his dreary priſon for a time; 75
That pit where full a thouſand painful years
He ſpent, yet unreform'd, ſtill full of rage:
More fierce than ever, he comes forth to war
Againſt the Prince of Peace; who gives him leave
To gather all his hoſt, where ever found, 80
The Gog and Magog to the dreadful fight;
Where, once for all, it ſhall determin'd be
(And that by force of arms and conqueſt ſure)
To whom the kingdom doth of right belong.
Then Satan with his mighty hoſt o'erthrown, 85
And juſtly ſentenc'd to the burning lake,
The laſt reſort of evil, woe and pain;
Shall never hope to gain the vict'ry more.

From that amazing ſcene, I'll paſs to tell
Thoſe greater themes, unſung in epic ſtrains, 90
The renovation of the heav'n and earth,
After the conflagration of the world,
And the laſt judgment paſs'd on ſinful men.
The globe how chang'd! the ſea exiſts no more!
In earth renew'd pure righteouſneſs ſhall dwell; 95
The King of righteouſneſs, with all his ſaints.
The heav'nly city ſhall deſcend from God,

Built,

Built, and adorn'd, by his almighty hand;
A cube; in length and breadth and height the ſame;
Twelve thouſand furlongs; fifteen hundred miles: 100
Sufficient to contain the human race;
And yet, if poſſible, more rich than great.
Its wall, is jaſper; and its floor is gold;
Its gates, ſo wide and high, are ſev'ral pearls;
Its grand foundations are of precious ſtones. 105
God and the Lamb its glory, temple, light.
The city ſhines with pure celeſtial rays;
As jaſper precious, and as cryſtal clear:
The nations of the ſav'd ſhall walk therein.
Then will I ſing, if God ſhall give me leave, 110
Thoſe glorious periods, far remote from view;
Thoſe ages of the Mediator's reign,
Which ſhall not end till all things are ſubdu'd,
Redeem'd, reheaded, reconcil'd, reſtor'd;
And not one enemy to God is found 115
Through all the regions of the univerſe:
For ev'ry knee ſhall bow, and tongue ſhall ſwear.
Sin, ſorrow, pain and death ſhall be deſtroy'd;
And ev'ry creature through God's wide domain,
Shall own the glorious Jesus, Lord and King. 120
Then Chriſt, as Mediator, will reſign
The kingdom up; and God be ALL IN ALL.
As God, his kingdom cannot have an end,
But muſt endure to all eternity;
Yet when his vaſt deſigns are all fulfill'd, 125
For which he acts the Mediator's part,

A little ſeaſon to deceive mankind.— 70
O dreadful change! but in the wond'rous plan
Of our Creator, infinitely wiſe,
Its uſe moſt evidently will appear.
Behold, the foe of God and man comes forth,
And leaves his dreary priſon for a time; 75
That pit where full a thouſand painful years
He ſpent, yet unreform'd, ſtill full of rage:
More fierce than ever, he comes forth to war
Againſt the Prince of Peace; who gives him leave
To gather all his hoſt, where ever found, 80
The Gog and Magog to the dreadful fight;
Where, once for all, it ſhall determin'd be
(And that by force of arms and conqueſt ſure)
To whom the kingdom doth of right belong.
Then Satan with his mighty hoſt o'erthrown, 85
And juſtly ſentenc'd to the burning lake,
The laſt reſort of evil, woe and pain;
Shall never hope to gain the vict'ry more.

From that amazing ſcene, I'll paſs to tell
Thoſe greater themes, unſung in epic ſtrains, 90
The renovation of the heav'n and earth,
After the conflagration of the world,
And the laſt judgment paſs'd on ſinful men.
The globe how chang'd! the ſea exiſts no more!
In earth renew'd pure righteouſneſs ſhall dwell; 95
The King of righteouſneſs, with all his ſaints.
The heav'nly city ſhall deſcend from God,

Built,

Built, and adorn'd, by his almighty hand;
A cube; in length and breadth and height the ſame;
Twelve thouſand furlongs; fifteen hundred miles: 100
Sufficient to contain the human race;
And yet, if poſſible, more rich than great.
Its wall, is jaſper, and its floor is gold;
Its gates, ſo wide and high, are ſev'ral pearls;
Its grand foundations are of precious ſtones. 105
God and the Lamb its glory, temple, light,
The city ſhines with pure celeſtial rays;
As jaſper precious, and as cryſtal clear:
The nations of the ſav'd ſhall walk therein.
Then will I ſing, if God ſhall give me leave, 110
Thoſe glorious periods, far remote from view;
Thoſe ages of the Mediator's reign,
Which ſhall not end till all things are ſubdu'd,
Redeem'd, reheaded, reconcil'd, reſtor'd;
And not one enemy to God is found 115
Through all the regions of the univerſe:
For ev'ry knee ſhall bow, and tongue ſhall ſwear.
Sin, ſorrow, pain and death ſhall be deſtroy'd;
And ev'ry creature through God's wide domain,
Shall own the glorious Jesus, Lord and King. 120
Then Chriſt, as Mediator, will reſign
The kingdom up; and God be ALL IN ALL.
As God, his kingdom cannot have an end,
But muſt endure to all eternity;
Yet when his vaſt deſigns are all fulfill'd, 125
For which he acts the Mediator's part,

And when rebellion ſhall no more exiſt,
That character no longer he'll ſuſtain.

Theſe are the grandeſt ſcenes that can be ſung;
But O what mortal dares attempt the taſk? 130
Shall I, who never gain'd *Parnaſſian* heights,
Nor bath'd in *Helicon*'s harmonious ſpring,
On whom the ſtars propitious never ſmil'd,
And whom the muſes never deign'd to bleſs
With their poetic fire—ſhall I attempt 135
A theme ſo lofty, and a ſong ſo grand?
But help me, God of nature, God of grace,
Or here I ſtop; and can no farther go.
The pow'r is thine, and if thou wilt employ
My weak unletter'd pen, and grant ſucceſs 140
To my endeavours, and enable me
To write in ſuch a manner as may pleaſe
Not men alone; but thee, the judge of all;
Then this production, howſoever weak,
Shall ſtand a witneſs of thy love to man, 145
And of my love to thee, my Saviour dear,
Be this my happineſs, inſpir'd by thee,
Thy Proceſs, and thy glorious Reign to ſing.
My truſt is in thy name, thy Spirit's aid
Is all I aſk, theſe wonders to unfold. 150

Firſt we begin with our Immanuel's birth;
The Son of God comes down to dwell with men;
He, by whoſe pow'rful hands all worlds were made,

And

And all ſupported by his mighty word;
He laid his glory and his riches by, 155
And left the lofty heav'ns of his abode:
And taking fleſh, became a tenant here.
This myſtery ſo great demands our ſong.

Ye angels, principalities and pow'rs,
Say, how ye wonder'd when ye ſaw him born, 160
A helpleſs babe! fruit of the virgin's womb!
And fruit of ancient promiſe, long foretold!
Seed of the woman! born to bruiſe the head
Of him, who ruin'd all the human race.
The virgin's child, Immanuel, God with us, 165
Born in a ſtable, in a manger laid,
Our fleſh aſſuming in its meaneſt ſtate
Of ſcorned poverty, and ſervitude.

But oh! the tidings to the ſhepherds told,
Who watch'd their flocks by night on Bethlehem's plains, 170
Is worthy of remembrance evermore!
Fear not, O ſhepherds, joyful news I bring;
Glad tidings of great joy, to all mankind;
To you is born, this day, in David's town,
A Saviour, Chriſt, both David's Son and Lord! 175
Go to the ſtable, there this infant view;
Adore your God, though in a manger laid,
And meanly wrapp'd in coarſeſt ſwaddling clothes.
Scarce had the angel told the joyful news,

(Surrounded with the glory of the Lord) 180
Than ſuddenly appeared a radiant band,
Compos'd of Heav'ns Celeſtial choriſters,
Who praiſe the great JEHOVAH night and day,
And loud reſponſive ſound his awful name.
Theſe, all inflam'd with pure ſeraphic fire, 185
Broke forth in raptures, thus expreſſing praiſe:
GLORY TO GOD, in higheſt ſtrains be paid,
PEACE BE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL FROM
HEAV'N TO MEN.
The ſhepherds heard, and wond'ring came, to pay
Their homage at the Royal Stranger's feet. 190
They ſaw the Mother, with the heav'nly Babe,
The Lord of Angels, in a woman's arms.
Hail, highly favour'd Virgin-mother, hail!
O happy thou, to bear the promis'd ſeed!
Thy name, O Woman, through long ages curs'd 195
And oft derided as the ſource of ill,
Shall now be bleſs'd a thouſand ages hence,
Since Prince IMMANUEL was of woman made.
Oh, how is human nature magnify'd
By this ſtupendous act of boundleſs love! 200
This theme might long employ the nobleſt muſe,
But I muſt haſten; much remains to ſing.
When eight days were accompliſh'd, Jeſus felt
The circumciſing knife, and ſhed his blood.
Soon he began to ſuffer in the fleſh! 205
How dear it coſt him to redeem mankind!
His name was called JESUS; glorious name!

Above

Above all names ſhall this diſtinguiſh'd ſtand:
And ev'ry knee ſhall bow therein at laſt.
The word a Mighty SAVIOUR ſignifies; 210
And he ſhall ſave his people from their ſins;
So Gabriel ſpake; and Jeſus ſhall fulfil,
By price and pow'r; he's mighty to perform.
When forty days had paſs'd, a moving ſcene
Took place within the Temple's ſacred walls; 215
Which, ere I farther paſs, I muſt relate.
Jeſus was carry'd in his mother's arms,
To be preſented to the Lord of Hoſts,
According to the Law by Moſes giv'n,
That ev'ry firſt-born male ſhould be devote 220
As holy to the Lord; to offer there
Two turtle doves, or harmleſs pigeons young;
For ſhe was poor, and could not bring a lamb.
Long had Old Simeon, juſt, devout, and good,
Been waiting for this day, with longing heart: 225
For by the Holy Ghoſt it was reveal'd,
That Death ſhould never cloſe his longing eyes,
Until he ſhould behold the Chriſt of God.
Methinks I ſee the aged, pious man,
Take in his wither'd arms, the heav'nly Babe, 230
While tears of joy run down his furrow'd cheeks.
Come, hear his dying ſong, and learn to feel
The rapt'rous language of his heart and lips.
Lord, now thy word's fulfill'd, let me depart;
I go in peace; my ſoul is ſatisfy'd: 235
Becauſe mine eyes have thy ſalvation ſeen,

Which

Which thou before all people haſt prepar'd;
To be a light to Gentiles blinded long,
And glory to thy ſervant Iſrael's race.
O grant, dear Saviour, that our longing eyes 240
May ſee thee come to reign, before we ſleep:
But if our fleſh muſt drop into the duſt,
Before our Jeſus ſhall return to reign;
One favour, Lord, moſt earneſtly we beg:
In this, we muſt not—cannot be deny'd; 245
O never let our eyes be clos'd in death,
'Till we are made acquainted with our God,
And have, by faith, beheld the bleeding Lamb,
And are, by grace, deliver'd from our ſins.
Like Simeon, may our ſouls depart in peace!— 250
Juſt as the good old man had clos'd his ſong,
An aged widow came that inſtant in;
Full fourſcore years and four ſhe had remain'd
Within the ſacred place; had ſerv'd the Lord
With faſtings, and with pray'rs, both night and day;
And waited long the Saviour to behold,
Whom now ſhe ſaw, and greatly did rejoice:
Gave public thanks, and ſpake of him to all
Who look'd and waited for redemption there.
Ye holy widows, who are waiting now 260
For Jeſu's ſecond coming, view him near!
Behold, the ſigns and tokens plainly ſhew
The great expected day is at the door.
Prepare to meet your God; prepare, prepare.
This generation ſhall not paſs, perhaps, 265

Until

Until that grand event ſhall be fulfill'd,
Of which I have propos'd, ere long, to ſing,
Unleſs the icy hand of Death prevent.
Fain would I live to ſee my Saviour come;
But, not my will be done, but thine, O Lord. 270
The infancy of Him now let us trace,
The Sinner's Friend, and Saviour of mankind!
When one full year was paſt, from JESU's birth,
Before the ſecond had fulfill'd its round,
The eaſtern ſages, by a wond'rous ſtar, 275
Were mov'd, and led to ſeek the new-born King;
And coming to Jeruſalem, enquir'd
Where they might find the heir of David's throne?
In that fam'd city, reign'd a man of blood,
Crafty, ſevere, proud, cruel, jealous, fierce, 280
Full of reſentment; ſwoln with envious ſpite.
Hater of Judah's race of kings and prieſts.
Born of Idumean blood. He gain'd the throne
(Supported by the pow'r of hoſtile Rome)
By feats of arms, too cruel to rehearſe; 285
(His cruel nature ſoon muſt be expos'd).
He heard, with inward rage, and troubled mind,
The ſtrict enquiries for the new-born Prince;
But his malicious purpoſe ſo diſguis'd,
As might deceive the wiſeſt of mankind. 290
He, gath'ring all the ſcribes and prieſts, demands
Where Chriſt, the great Meſſiah, ſhould be born?
In Bethlehem's city, all at once agreed;
As Micah long before had prophesy'd.

O famous

O famous city! now we clearly see 295
What God hath spoken—cannot, will not, fail;
No, not the smallest tittle shall be lost.
When Mary first conceiv'd this holy child,
She dwelt in Naz'reth's city, far remote;
But as he must be born in Bethlehem's town, 300
The great Augustus must his subjects count,
And put the tribes in motion to repair
Each to their native place, to be enroll'd;
That so, the Virgin, mother of our Lord,
Attending Joseph in his journeying home, 305
Might thither come before the time arriv'd,
When Christ, the King of Glory, should be born.

But, to return. When crafty Herod gain'd
The knowledge of the sacred prophecy,
Which inly he presum'd to overthrow; 310
He sent the eastern Magi on the way,
To find the object of their grand pursuit,
Desiring them, to bring him word again.
That he might follow, and obedience pay;
Though nothing less was in his cruel thoughts. 315
The Prince he wish'd to see; but, 'twas to kill.

But God, who saw the malice of his heart,
Sent home the wise men safe another way,
When they had seen, ador'd, and honour'd him,
Whom long they sought, and much rejoic'd to see. 320
While Joseph, warn'd by friendly Angel, fled,

With

With his lov'd charge, to Egypt's land, in peace.
So, Heav'nly Wiſdom baffled the deſigns
Of him who ſought the Saviour to deſtroy.

But now I ſing the babes of Bethlehem, 325
By Herod's curs'd decree condemn'd to die;
And, left the dreaded infant ſhould eſcape,
(The ſacred object of his jealous rage)
The cruel-hearted tyrant ſpared none.
What ſhrieks, and dying groans, torment the ear! 330
While mothers mourn their ſons untimely ſlain!
Ye weeping mothers, hear the voice of God;
Refrain your voice from crying, dry your eyes,
Your work ſhall be rewarded, ſaith the Lord;
Your children from the land of death ſhall come, 335
Shall riſe to glorious immortality,
And reign with him for whom they ſuffer'd here!

I haſte from fields of blood, and ſlaughter'd heaps
Of mangled infants, ſlain by cruel hands;
And now return to Jeſus, precious babe! 340
To Egypt he deſcends, that God might call
His Son from thence, as Jacob's tribes, of old,
Were call'd and led by his Almighty hand.
What happen'd there, while Chriſt in Mizraim dwelt,
Who can pretend to ſay? Some tell, indeed, 345
That Egypt's idols at his preſence fell,
And all their lying oracles were dumb.
His ſmall expences were provided for

By

By thoſe enlighten'd Magi's gifts, of gold,
Frankincence, myrrh, which they beſtow'd on him. 350

But when the bloody tyrant had receiv'd
The awful ſummons to reſign his breath,
The angel of the Lord convey'd the news
To Joſeph, and invited his return
To Iſrael's land; to which he bent his courſe. 355
But, hearing of the reign of Archelaus,
He feared to return to Judah's land:
But being warn'd of God, he turn'd aſide,
And dwelt in Nazareth of Galilee.
But there, how private! how remote from view 360
Dwelt God's beloved Son, in human form!
No more we read of him, till he arriv'd
At near twelve years of age; a lovely youth!
Then he, with Joſeph, and with Mary, went
To Zion's temple, at the paſchal feaſt, 365
According to the law by God ordain'd,
That all the males ſhould worſhip thrice a year.
And pay their homage at his ſacred dome.

When once the feaſt was over, they return'd;
But Jeſus ſtay'd behind. They knew it not. 370
But when they ſtopp'd at night, and miſs'd the child,
Who can deſcribe their grief and deep concern?
Let mothers gueſs, whoſe children, ſent abroad,
Return not home at the appointed time;
Dark night comes on, and ſtill no tidings heard 375

Of

Of their fond darlings: How a thouſand fears
Ruſh through their tender hearts! They find no reſt.
So far'd the bleſſed Virgin, when ſhe found
That ſhe had loſt her Son! Oh, how ſhe wept!
No farther did ſhe journey; but, with haſte, 380
Returning back with Joſeph, ſought him there,
For whom they griev'd; and ſought him not in vain.
They found him in the Temple, well employ'd,
Surrounded by the doctors of the law.
His weighty queſtions puzzled all their ſkill; 385
And all that heard his anſwers were amaz'd
At ſuch unbounded wiſdom in a youth.
Children, remember, Jeſus once was young;
But Oh, how wiſe, how perfect was his heart!
Remember now your Saviour, him obey; 390
And he will make you wiſe, and fill your minds
With heav'nly treaſures, everlaſting good!

Joſeph and Mary were ſurpriz'd. She ſaid,
Why haſt thou ſerv'd us thus: Didſt thou not think
That I, thy mother, with thy father dear, 395
Would ſeek thee ſorrowing, and never ceaſe,
Until we found thee? Wherefore didſt thou thus
Abſent thyſelf from us, thy only friends?
To which he anſwer'd; Why, did you not know,
That I my Father's buſineſs muſt perform? 400
But they this ſaying could not comprehend.
Then he with them return'd to Nazareth,
And yielded ſtrict obedience to their will.

O, what

O, what a bright example Chriſt did ſet!
How happy they who follow him in this! — 405
Honour thy father, and thy mother love,
Obey their precepts, and thy days prolong.
He ſaith, who can his promiſes perform.

We hear no more of Chriſt for eighteen years.
Here ſtop, and make a ſolemn, awful pauſe—— 410
Oh, what humility! that he, the Lord,
Who had created heav'n, and form'd the earth,
And with his glory fill'd them; ſhould reſide
Near thirty years on earth, almoſt unknown!
Nay, with his bleſſed hands ſhould labour hard, 415
To gain a ſcanty livelihood; who might
Have ſummon'd all the treaſures of the globe
To miniſter to his neceſſities!

But now events of greateſt magnitude
Claim our attention, and exalt my theme. 420
And firſt I ſpeak of that important day,
When Jeſus on the bank of Jordan ſtood;
Was there beheld by his forerunner, John;
Who ſeem'd unwilling to baptiſe his Lord,
Becauſe he held himſelf inferior, far, 425
To him who honour'd baptiſm's myſtic rite.
When, by the hands of John, our Lord and King
Was plung'd beneath the wave; forthwith he roſe!
When lo, ſurprizing prodigy! the heav'ns
Were open'd, and the Father's voice was heard; 430
Thou

Thou art my Son, my well-beloved Son;
In thee I'm pleas'd; In thee I am well pleas'd.
Descending from the heav'ns, the Holy Ghost,
Dove-like, alights upon his sacred head.
He, doubly thus baptiz'd, is drawn away 435
Into the lonely, howling wilderness;
Where forty days of sore temptation, proves
Him more than conquer'r: Thus exceeding, far,
The most renown'd of all the human race.
He under ev'ry disadvantage stood, 440
And fairly drove the Tempter from the field.
Tho' hungry, thirsty, weary, and alone,
Temptations pressing him on ev'ry side,
And tho' the mighty prince of darkness came,
Arm'd with his utmost subtlety and rage, 445
And try'd the greatest feats that hell could boast;
The Saviour foil'd him, to his deep disgrace.

Oh, what a scene was here! Come, tempted soul,
Come, view thy Saviour, in this conflict dire:
He is thy pattern, shield, and great reward.— 450
If thou'rt the Son of God, the Tempter said,
(O, what an impious IF was there propos'd!)
Command these stones to change, and bread become.
To which the Saviour instantly reply'd—
'Tis wrote, Man shall not live by bread alone; 455
But by the pow'rful words Jehovah speaks.
Then Satan, foil'd, another method tries.
He brings the Saviour to Jerusalem:

(The lamb was carry'd in the lion's paws!
Amazing thought! was Jesus thus convey'd?) 460
Upon the Temple's walls, their highest spire,
He places him; and thus the arch-fiend spake—
If thou'rt the Son of God—now try the point—
Cast down thyself, and trust angelic aid:
'Tis written, They shall bear thee in their hands, 465
Lest thou should dash thy foot against a stone.
Thus Satan uses Scripture—and by halves,
Because the whole subserves not his designs.
But now the Master of Assemblies speaks;
(His words shall make thy daring courage cool:) 470
'Tis wrote, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.
Why then expose ourselves to needless ills?
Can we expect to be preserv'd, unhurt,
Who madly rush, uncall'd to danger's brink?—
The Devil, baffled, and confounded, tries 475
His last device to shake Salvation's Rock;
But finds the stone of Israel fix'd too firm,
To be uprooted by his flatt'ring breath.
Oh, that our souls so firm could always stand!
Then fiends might tempt, and hell assault in vain. 480

He takes the Saviour to a mountain's top,
From whence he shew'd him all this lower world,
And all the glorious things below the moon;
Then, with an impudence as black as hell,
He proudly said—All this is giv'n to me: 485
'Tis mine: I can bestow it where I please.

If

If thou wilt own me as thy lord and king,
And worſhip at my feet, all ſhall be thine.

O impious; O profoundly baſe, and bold:
How durſt thou thus attack the Son of God? 490
What! tempt the Lord of Life, to worſhip thee!
O rebel! traitor! foul apoſtate! ſay—
What could induce thee thus to mock the Lamb?
Could'ſt thou expect that he, whom angels fear'd,
To whom they rev'rence and obedience ow'd; 495
Nay, thy Creator, and Preſerver too;
And whom thou waſt commanded to adore;
Who claims thy worſhip as his native right;
Should, all at once forget his high deſcent,
And meanly fawn upon and worſhip thee? 500
Or waſt thou ignorant? Didſt thou not know
The Lord of Glory, in his deep diſguiſe?
Or was thy mind in doubt? and, for this cauſe,
Waſt thou reſolv'd the ſecret to unfold?
I dare engage thou had'ſt no cauſe to boaſt 505
To thy companions of thy great ſucceſs.
Methinks, I ſee a holy, juſt diſdain,
Glow in the count'nance of my deareſt Lord,
When thus he turn'd, and glanc'd ſevere rebuke
To the great Adverſary of mankind: 510
Get thee behind me, Satan; hence, depart:
Remember, God hath giv'n his high command,
To all his creatures, and declar'd his right
To be ador'd; and only he alone.

Thus ſpeaks his awful mandate, Thou ſhalt ſerve 515
The Lord thy God, and worſhip none but him.

This ſore repulſe, made Satan leave the ground;
Determin'd ſtill to muſter all his hoſts,
And watch a fitter opportunity,
To vex, if not o'ercome, the Prince of Heav'n. 520
For 'tis his nature, if he's foil'd to day,
To-morrow to return, and charge again.
If timely you reſiſt him, he will flee—
But, Watch; for he intends to try afreſh.
Tho' Chriſt hath always vanquiſh'd him in fight, 525
Still he's unconquer'd, and maintains the war:
And though ſome ſay—He's ſlain, and has no pow'r;
And others ſay—He's bound, and quite confin'd;
Chriſt's ſoldiers find him pow'rful, roving, fierce,
And, like a roaring lion, ſeeking prey. 530
Not fleſh and blood alone, muſt they withſtand;
But, thrones, high principalities, and pow'rs,
And rulers of the darkneſs of this age;
And wicked ſpirits, domineering, proud,
And ever on the watch:—Such foes we have. 535
Satan is crafty, full of vengeance, ſpite:
His time on earth is ſhort: and this he knows;
And therefore rages, with redoubled force.
Great need have we of prov'd, victorious arms,
To aid us in the more than mortal fight. 540
Arm us with all the panoply of God;
That we may ſtand, and conquer all our foes!

O, dear

O, dear Redeemer, through thy pow'rful name,
And through thy precious blood, ſo freely ſhed,
And by the teſtimony which we hold. 545
What wonders have the heav'nly arms atchiev'd!
Salvation's helmet, and the ſhield of faith;
The Spirit's ſword, the pow'rful word of God;
The mighty engine of prevailing pray'r;
Have gain'd the greateſt victories on earth. 550
Heav'n ſhut and open'd, rain withheld and giv'n;
Fierce, pow'rful armies, ſoon compell'd to flee,
And glorious promiſes, divine, obtain'd;
The raging element of fire ſubdu'd,
And hungry lions gentle made as lambs, 555
And mightieſt kings and kingdoms overcome,
And righteouſneſs by feeble ſinners wrought,
Made out of weakneſs, ſtrong, firm, valiant, bold;
And ſouls departed, back to life recall'd;
The moving orbs arreſted in their courſe, 560
The pow'rful laws of nature quite revers'd;
All theſe, proclaim the victories of faith.
Nor were they leſs triumphant, who endur'd
The tortures of the tympanum, or rack;
That would not deign deliv'rance to accept: 565
The glorious proſpect of eternal life,
And better reſurrection, (though remote)
Made them, with fortitude, their pangs ſuſtain.
Thoſe who can cruel mockings well endure,
And all th' envenom'd ſhafts of ſlander bear, 570
Need never fear the pain of flames and death.

The ſoul that dares to ſuffer, fears to ſin,
And bears the croſs, ſhall win the crown of life.
Scourgings, impriſonments, and bonds and chains,
Hunger and thirſt, and cold and nakedneſs, 575
Perils, and perſecutions; death, by ſword,
By ſawing, ſtoning, ſtrangling, and by fire;
By crucifixion, famine, teeth of beaſts,
Drowning, decapitation, thouſand forms
Moſt painful, ling'ring, ſhameful, terrible; 580
Fearful to ſee; how dreadful then to bear!
Temptations, tribulations, racking pains;
Have all, through faith, been borne with fortitude.
The ſoul, array'd in righteouſneſs divine,
Girded with truth, and fill'd with heav'nly love, 585
Shielded by faith, ſupported well by hope,
With pureſt goſpel-preparation ſhod,
Wielding the Holy Spirit's two-edg'd ſword,
Praying with perſeverance, cover'd o'er
With meek humility, reſign'd to God, 590
And firmly truſting in his promis'd aid;
Shall conquer all his foes, however ſtrong,
And need not fear the rage of earth or hell.
May find ſupport in ſcorned poverty:
And bear reproach, contempt, and foul diſgrace; 595
May wander in the deſart's howling wilds,
And be with rougheſt goat-ſkins meanly clad:
May dwell in rocks and mountains, dens and caves,
Tormented, deſtitute, afflicted ſore;
May be in want of ev'ry earthly joy, 600

And

And ſuffer more diſtreſs than tongue can tell;
And yet, be more than conquer'r over all!
Our Lord's Temptations, trials, griefs, and woes;
His ſore afflictions, and his deep diſtreſs;
The ſorrows, pains, and mis'ries, he ſuſtain'd, 605
Through ev'ry ſcene of life; and in his death;
Are fruitful ſprings of comfort, to the ſouls
Of the afflicted, who believe in him.
He learn'd obedience by the things he bore;
And, by experience taught, can ſympathize 610
With us, and all our inmoſt troubles feel.
Compaſſion dwells within his tender heart;
He knows our frame, and pities our complaints.
Draw near, ye poor, deſpiſed, tempted ſouls;
Look up to Jeſus—tell him all your woes. 615
Ye Poor—What! have ye neither houſe nor home?
Depriv'd by ſtorms, or poverty, or fire,
Hard-hearted landlords, or whatever means:
To Jeſus, thus, you may your pray'rs addreſs—
Lord, Thou waſt poor, poorer than beaſts or birds;
For thoſe have holes, and theſe have little neſts;
But thou hadſt not a place to lay thy head:
O, look on me with kind compaſſion, Lord;
My wants thou knoweſt, and canſt well ſupply:
For man no pity has, nor heart to feel.— 425
Say—Are you hungry? have you nought to eat?
And diſappointed, where you hop'd relief?
This was your Saviour's caſe; he hunger'd oft:
He knows the pain it brings; and how it feels

To have the Expectation highly rais'd, 630
And then, by disappointment, laid quite low.
How keen the sense of Hunger's cruel gripe!
Who can describe, but such whose bowels feel?
To see, to smell, without a right to taste;
Too modest still to beg, too poor to buy! 635
Tempted perhaps to steal, by hunger press'd!
Poor widows, with their tribes of little ones,
How oft *they* suffer!—Hear a feeling tale.—

In Boston liv'd a widow, honest, poor;
While dreary winter reign'd, she suffer'd much; 640
Nor food had she, nor fire to keep her warm:
Her tender infants languishing in sight,
So mov'd her sympathy, that she resolv'd
Somewhere to find, and bring some fuel home.
Thus, roving up and down, at last, she lights 645
Upon a pile, where plenty seem'd to tempt
Her yet-unwilling hand: The owner near,
O'erheard her tongue thus utter her sad plaint.
I'm poor, and destitute; my fuel's gone;
Yet cannot steal: O Lord, what shall I do? 650
I have no money; yet, I cannot steal.
Thus went away: But soon came back again,
(By hunger, cold, and pity overcome)
Repeating the same tale; and, as before,
Departing home as empty as she came. 655
At length, the third time, doubly press'd with need,
She

She came; and thus ſhe ſpake—What ſhall I do?
My children, periſhing with want, demand
Something to keep them warm; I think I muſt,
Though ſore againſt my will, ſome fuel ſteal. 660
So ſaying, ſhe begins to take—but ſudden, down
The trembling faggot darts—Lord, can I take
What is another's right!—Oh guilt and ſhame!
Yea, let us periſh; for I cannot ſteal.
No more ſhe came; determin'd now to die, 665
If no relief appear'd.—But—mark the end—
The owner, who beheld her deep diſtreſs;
Who ſaw her virtue at this per'lous puſh,
And ſaw it triumph!—he compaſſion felt,
Her wants reliev'd, and ſoften'd all her pain! 670

God hath prepar'd his goodneſs for the Poor:
And, to encourage us to pity them,
Hath promis'd to repay, an hundred fold,
That which we give, ev'n in this preſent life,
And life eternal in the world to come. 675
For, not the ſmalleſt kindneſs is forgot:
A cup of water, meets its bleſt reward.
Who pities and relieves the Poor diſtreſt,
Lends to the Lord, and ſhall be well repaid.
Jehovah binds himſelf, by promiſe firm, 680
That none by truſting him ſhall loſers be.
Yet, O how many truſt in *banks* and *funds*,
Who would eſteem all loſt, if lent to him!

Something

Something I fain would ſay, to comfort thoſe
Whoſe lot is plac'd among the humble Poor. 685
Your Lord was poor: In poverty he paſs'd
His virtuous life; and thus hath made that ſtate,
Which is deſpis'd, moſt hon'rable of all.
And whoſoever doth the Poor deſpiſe,
Reproacheth God, his Maker, by that act, 690
And Chriſt, the Saviour, who hath choſe that life,
With its aſſociates, Want, Contempt, Diſgrace:
That ſo the Poor in him might find a friend:
And that the Rich might learn to diſeſteem
Thoſe things in which they differ from the low; 695
And fix their thoughts above, where Jeſus ſits;
And ſpend their time and wealth in doing good;
And wait the ſecond coming of their Lord,
When their reward, in full, they ſhall receive.

Thoſe who are Rich on earth, ſhould hear this charge: 700
(Which may be thrown into theſe many parts)

1. Be not high-minded, lifted up through pride.
2. Truſt not in riches, falſe, uncertain, vain.
3. But truſt in God, the living God; who gives
Us richly, freely, all things to enjoy. 705
4. Do good to all, according to your pow'r.
5. Be rich in works of juſtice, mercy, love.
6. Be ready to diſtribute of your wealth.
7. Be willing to communicate to all.

8. Lay

8. Lay up your ſtores in Heav'n, and not on earth.—
Two charges more, from other texts, I'll bring,
And thus complete the Rich Man's Decalogue.

9. Love not the world; ſet not your hearts on gain.
10. And be content with what the Lord beſtows.
O, would the Rich theſe precepts keep with care, 715
How happy, happy, happy, would they be!

Ye Trav'llers o'er the burning deſart ſands,
And Ye who plough the briny, foaming main,
How often do ye ſuffer raging thirſt?
For water ye would freely part with gold: 720
But none can ye obtain. How ſad your ſtate!
Yet even here, your Lord can ſympathize:
For he was thirſty too; full well he knows
It's moſt intolerable, parching pain:
And when he begg'd relief, he found it not. 725
Once, faint and thirſty, weary, feeble, ſpent,
At noon, he ſat himſelf near Jacob's well,
And drink of woman aſk'd; but was deny'd:
Yet, ere ſhe left him, he ſuch bleſſings gave,
As prov'd his miſſion, and his pow'r divine. 730
But who can tell the thirſt which he endur'd,
When on the painful, ſhameful, croſs he hung?
But *gall* and *vinegar* was giv'n for drink,
To him, who calls us to Salvation's well,
To *drink* the waters of eternal life. 735

Poor

Poor Sailors, would they hearken to my ſong,
And leave their ſinful ways, and truſt in Him
Who rules the raging of the boiſt'rous ſea;
Would find in him a ſympathizing friend,
In more reſpects than one: for he has known 740
Toil, hunger, thirſt, care, wearineſs, and ſtorms,
Watchings by night, and heavy drowſineſs;
The portion theſe of thoſe who plough the main.
Once in a ſtorm, when hope was almoſt loſt,
He, through fatigue, was fallen faſt aſleep: 745
When his diſciples call'd, and rouz'd him up;
Crying—Awake, and ſave us, or we die.
He, riſing, bids the winds and waves, Be ſtill.—
They ceas'd at once, and ſtraight a calm ſucceeds.
O, might the Saviour be the confidence 750
Of all that ply the lab'ring oar, or ſail,
With canvas wings, acroſs the wat'ry main;
What ſatisfaction would their ſouls enjoy!
In ſtorms and tempeſts, dangers, perils, deaths,
Their ſympathizing friend would lend his aid: 755
For now he never ſleeps: his ear attends
The ſofteſt call that riſes from the hearts
Of thoſe who love him; for he's always near.

The weary Lab'rer ſhall not be forgot; 759
Though poor, deſpis'd, oppreſt with want and care.
The Son of God once labour'd hard for bread,
And was a poor mechanic; teaching thus
His follow'rs, not to eat the bread of ſloth.

Labour

Labour ſhould be encourag'd, idleneſs
Be diſeſteem'd, and every where ſuppreſs'd. 765
Children, be not aſham'd to labour hard,
To keep your parents dear from want and woe;
For Chriſt, in this, a bright example ſet;
Providing for his mother while he liv'd,
And on his croſs commending her to John, 770
Who from that ſeaſon, took her to his home.

The Sick and Maimed may to him apply,
Who ſickneſs and infirmities hath borne.
He knows our frame, remembers we are duſt.
The Mourners, and the ſorrowing ſouls, may find 775
In Chriſt a friend, indeed; for he pronounc'd
This bleſſing: Comfort be to all that mourn.
Bleſſed are ye that weep; for ye ſhall laugh.
But woe to you that laugh; for ye ſhall weep.
He was a man of ſorrows, fill'd with grief: 780
Was often ſeen to weep, but ne'er to laugh.
He wept a little ſtream o'er Laz'rus dead;
And ſhed his tears for proud Jeruſalem:
He ſaw her day of ſorrow coming faſt.
But in the garden, and upon the croſs, 785
His tears, faſt-flowing, ran for all mankind.
Strong crying, ſupplications, tears, and pray'rs,
He offer'd up, while dwelling here, to Him
Whoſe pow'r was able to redeem from death,
Not him alone, but all the human race! 790

Thus,

Thus, by his ſorrows, ſuff'rings, griefs, and pains,
Th' obedient Son of God was perfect made;
And ſo became ſalvation to all thoſe
Who follow him, and his commands obey.

Are you deſpis'd, bely'd, and ſet at nought, 795
And counted fools for Chriſt, deluded, mad,
And ev'ry evil falſly ſpoke of you?
Be glad, rejoice, exceedingly rejoice:
Your Lord hath borne the ſame, and honours you,
By giving you a ſhare in his diſgrace; 800
That he may make you partners in his throne.
For if we ſuffer, we ſhall reign with him.
Bleſſed are they whom men ſhall perſecute,
And hate them for their dear Redeemer's ſake:
For he will glorify their ſouls in Heav'n. 805
Our Maſter, Chriſt, was called *Beelzebub*;
His ſervants, therefore, can expect no leſs.
He hath a devil, and is mad, (ſay they):
Why, therefore, do you hear, or him regard?
This fellow but deceives, is not of God; 810
He breaks the ſabbath, hates the holy law:
He is a glutton, and a drunkard too;
A friend of ſinners, harlots, publicans:
A liar, blaſphemer, a ſinner bold.
Thus was his name and character aſpers'd, 815
By falſe malicious tongues of evil men.
But he, with utmoſt meekneſs, bore it all;
And when he was reproach'd, reviled not;

Nor

Nor threaten'd thoſe who ſneer'd, and ſcoff'd, and rail'd.
Then let us take his pattern for our guide; 820
And dwell in meekneſs, innocence, and love.

This is our conſolation: Chriſt hath felt
His tender heart by lies and ſlander broke;
And therefore feels a ſympathy for us.
He can ſupport us in affliction's night, 825
And make reproach and malice work for good:
And teach us to eſteem thoſe ſuff'rings more
Than all the riches of this lower world;
When, for his ſake, we ſuffer, bleed, or die.
The reign of falſehood ſhall not long endure; 830
There is an after-day; let ſland'rers fear:
God will ſupport the ſouls who truſt in him,
And bring their righteous actions to the light:
Then ſhall their foes behold their ſad miſtake.
The righteous ſouls are in the hand of God; 835
From torment, ſin, and ſorrow, quite ſet free.
In the ungodly's ſight, they ſeem'd to die;
And their departure mis'ry was eſteem'd:
Deſtruction ſeem'd their paſſage to attend
But they in peace and honour now abide, 840
Waiting till their reward they ſhall receive.
Though in the ſight of men they puniſh'd are,
Their hope is full of immortality.
Having, in time, a little been chaſtis'd,
They ſhall obtain rewards in life to come. 845

God prov'd, and found them worthy for himself;
Try'd them as gold, and found they would endure;
And as an off'ring pure hath them receiv'd.
They rest in hope till that victorious day,
When Christ shall come, with all his royal train; 850
When they shall shine like suns, and stars of light,
And, with their Saviour, judge the world, and rule
According to the purpose of their Lord.
This is the lot of such who are approv'd,
As called, chosen, faithful to the end. 855
But Oh, how will th' ungodly stand aghast,
When they shall see the righteous man advanc'd,
Whom with their falshoods oft they wounded sore,
And by their persecutions did afflict;
And of his righteous deeds made no account! 860
What strange surprize shall fill their guilty souls,
To see the man they so despis'd before,
High-seated on a glorious throne of bliss,
A partner in the kingdom, with his Lord!
Their groaning spirits will, through anguish, cry 865
Alas, this was the man we sometimes scorn'd,
Derided, mock'd, reproach'd, and ridicul'd!
His name a proverb of contempt we made;
His life the worst of madness we esteem'd;
His end was shameful, in our vain account: 870
But he was wise, and we the worst of fools.
His lot is cast among the saints in light;
How is he number'd with the honour'd ones!
Counted among the children of the Lord!
O, fools and madmen! we have liv'd in vain! 875

Let

Let thoſe who ſuffer ſhame for doing well,
And are reproach'd for the Redeemer's ſake,
Commit their faithful ſouls to Chriſt the Lord;
Who will preſerve them to this awful day, 879
When truth ſhall triumph, falſehood be o'erthrown,
And innocence be clear'd from foul diſgrace;
And ev'ry hidden thing ſhall be reveal'd:
When all aſperſions ſhall be wip'd away,
And ſlanderers be put to open ſhame. 884

Let none avenge themſelves when they're defam'd,
Nor ſpend their precious time to 'fend and prove,
Nor ſeek their characters to vindicate:
But truſt the Lord to undertake the cauſe;
Who will not fail to make his juſtice known.

The tempted ſouls are His peculiar care, 890
Who felt temptation's pow'r in all its force:
He ſuffer'd, being tempted; therefore knows
To ſuccour and ſupport, in trying hours,
The faithful ones, who put their truſt in him,
And patiently endure affliction's night. 895
To be ſeverely tempted is no crime;
Since Chriſt, like us, endur'd the ſame; yet ſtood,
Nor ever yielded in a ſingle point,
Though he was try'd in all: and thus became
Our pattern, friend, and brother, and defence. 900

Doth Satan ſeek to ſhake our hope in God,
And make us doubt our heav'nly Father's love,
And queſtion whether we his children are,
And put us to the proof? So tempted he
The Son of God himſelf; and 'tis not ſtrange 905
That we ſhould ſuffer what our Lord hath done.

Are we in ſtraits, and ſore diſtreſt with want?
Are we puſh'd on to uſe unlawful means
To get ſupplies? or, tempted to diſtruſt
The loving-kindneſs of our gracious Lord? 910
Is Suicide preſented to our view,
And we urg'd on to tempt the ſov'reign King,
In ways unlawful, big with dreadful fate;
Certain to loſe our lives, unleſs preſerv'd
By miracle; which ſtill we have no right 915
To look for, when we ſtray from duty's path?
Or, are we tempted to the worſt of ſins;
To leave the ſervice of the God of Heav'n,
And turn aſide to groſs idolatry:
And worſhip men or devils, for the ſake 920
Of wealth, or pow'r, in proſpect or poſſeſſion?
In all theſe ways the cunning Tempter try'd
To foil our Saviour: but he fail'd in all.

O let us come with boldneſs to his throne;
That grace and mercy we may find, to help 925
Our ſouls in ev'ry time of trying need!

O what

O what a comfort 'tis to have a friend
Who ſees our griefs, and pities us, and ſaves!

Let us purſue the paths of utmoſt woe;
And we ſhall find the Saviour gone before.— 930
Should we be ſlander'd by the beſt of men,
(Or thoſe which mortals call the very beſt;
Such as the Scribes and Phariſees of old)
Our Lord hath borne his part in this diſgrace.
Are we forſaken by the giddy throng? 935
(Who hail to-day, to-morrow crucify)
Yea, by our friends deſpis'd, deny'd, betray'd?
Deliver'd to the will and pow'r of foes?
Condemn'd unjuſtly, to a ſhameful death,
On ſlight ſuſpicion, or the perjur'd oaths 940
Of liars, hir'd on purpoſe to deſtroy
The lives and fortunes of the innocent?
(A caſe, which, doubtleſs, happens frequently)
Are we inſulted in our agonies? 944
Laugh'd at, and ridicul'd, ſcorn'd, mock'd, revil'd?
Are barb'rous cruelties on us practis'd,
Through hatred of the cruel multitude,
To make our death more bitter and ſevere?
Theſe things have often been the martyr's lot,
When ſuff'ring, nobly, for the Chriſtian cauſe: 950
And Jeſus ſuffer'd all theſe things himſelf;
And thus hath ſanctify'd the thorny road,
That leads to bliſs and honour, peace and joy.
Nay, put the caſe, that all theſe dreadful ſcenes

Were heighten'd by the abſence of our God; 955
His loving-kindneſs ſeemingly wirhdrawn;
The luſtre of his ſhining preſence hid;
His count'nance veil'd in darkeſt ſhades of night;
And we expos'd, at once, to rage of men,
The devil's malice, and the wrath of Heav'n: 960
(God's juſt reſentment due to each offence)
This bitter cup, with gall and wormwood fill'd,
Was drank, in ſorrow, by our kindeſt friend.
And thus his tender heart was pierc'd with grief;
Broke with reproach, and melted by the fire. 965
His ſtrength was dry'd, his ſoul was rack'd with pain;
His bleſſed tongue, which never ſpake amiſs,
Grew cold; and, cleaving to his trembling jaws,
Declar'd his woes too great to be expreſs'd: 969
While round him ſtood the murd'rous ſons of men,
Pouring their bitt'reſt ſarcaſms on his head;
(Already fainting underneath his load)
Ah! where is now the God on whom he ſtay'd,
And who, he boaſted, was his conſtant friend?
Why doth he leave him now in this diſtreſs? 975
He's but a grand impoſtor, who did boaſt
His pow'r to ſave, but can't himſelf redeem.

Thus did they jeer the meek, the dying Lamb;
Who felt the cruel wounds their fury gave:
And ſuffer'd all this complicated ſcene 980
Of woe, diſtreſs, pain, miſery, and death;

Al

All compaſs'd round by foes, by friends forſook;
While none were found to pour the balm of peace,
Propitious, on his ſoul. All this he bore;
And therefore feels for all his ſuff'ring friends. 985
In death the ſtruggle may be hard, indeed;
But Chriſt ne'er ſtands an idle looker on;
Which all muſt do, but he. 'Tis he alone,
That can conduct us through the gloomy vale;
Which he hath trod before, and therefore knows 990
The terrors which attend the dreary paſſage.
'Tis he can make us triumph over all;
Nor in the grave forſakes us. He was there;
And roſe triumphant: having thus perfum'd
Our duſty bed; where bodies reſt in hope, 995
And wait the glorious reſurrection morn,
To ſpring to life, and day, and endleſs joys.

And who can dare to ſay, that ſouls in pain
Are never pity'd by our gracious Lord?
For who can tell how great his mercy is? 1000
And though his loving face is hid from them,
And they are doom'd to woe, and deepeſt grief;
Yet, who dare ſay—*He loves them not at all?*
Did not the wrath of God o'erwhelm his head?
Did he not feel the pains of death and hell? 1005
Did he not taſte the horrors of deſpair?
Was not his ſoul forſaken of his God?
Nay, did he not deſcend to hell itſelf?
Did he not ſee the mis'ries there endur'd?

Yet, was he not the Father's dear delight? 1010
Who then can ſay, from Nature's deepeſt ground,
That ſouls once loſt can never be redeem'd?
Did not Chriſt die for all, both quick and dead?
Is not his pow'r ſufficient to reſtore?
And who can doubt his wiſdom or his love? 1015
Or, who can ſay—*His will deſigns it not?*

But I anticipate. And now return
To trace the Saviour's works of mighty love;
Which ſhone conſpicuous, and made known to men,
His glorious character, and grand deſign, 1020
As the Redeemer of the human race.
When Peter ſought to give a ſhort, but full
Deſcription of that Jeſus whom he preach'd;
Thus he deſcrib'd his perſon, and his life:—

Jeſus of Nazareth, by God approv'd, 1025
Anointed with the Holy Ghoſt, and pow'r;
Who ceaſeleſs journey'd, always doing good;
And healing all by Satan's pow'r oppreſt:
For God was in and with him, of a truth.

To tell his wonders is a taſk, indeed, 1030
Of which St. John himſelf deſpair'd; and ſaid—
If all the things were written, every one,
Which Jeſus wrought; where would the place be found
Sufficient to contain the num'rous books?

For,

For, I ſuppoſe, the world could not receive 1035
The many volumes, with their ſtrange contents.

O mighty Pow'r, and Will; that heal'd the ſick,
And made the deaf to hear, the blind to ſee,
The lame to walk, the dumb to ſpeak his praiſe:
That caſt out dæmons of the fierceſt kind, 1040
The fouleſt lepers cleans'd, and rais'd the dead;
Cur'd all diſeaſes, with a word, or touch;
That turn'd the water into richeſt wine:
That calm'd, at once, the winds and raging waves:
That fed ſuch numbers with ſo little food, 1045
Brought ſhoals of fiſh to Peter's empty net,
And made a fiſh it's Maker's tribute pay,
And walk'd upon the foaming brine, with eaſe!
Theſe were his labours, proofs of pow'r divine,
And fruits of boundleſs love to ſinful man! 1050

How pure, how ſpotleſs, was his holy life!
How perfect his obedience! how exact
His conformation to the law divine!
Nor thought, nor principle, nor word, nor deed,
Was found amiſs, through all his humble courſe!
How ſtrong, how ardent, was his love to God! 1056
How great was his benevolence to man!
It was his meat to do his Father's will,
And to perform ſalvation's noble work.

His

His holy doctrine, clean, from error free, 1060
Tending to glorify his Father's name,
And to reveal the God of heav'n in truth;
Spoke him the sacred messenger of peace.
God's messengers have always borne this mark,
(And by the same they ever shall be known) 1065
They never glorify themselves; but seek
To honour Him who sends them in his name.
Thus, Jesus glorified not himself,
Sought not that honour which he might have claim'd;
But glorify'd and honour'd Him, who said, 1070
Thou art my Son; I have begotten thee:
And I will place thee on a glorious throne.

When Jesus promis'd soon, from Heav'n, to send
The Comforter, the Holy Ghost, divine; 1074
The same descriptions, constant marks, he gave,
Lest, by false spirits, they should be deceiv'd!
The Comforter my name shall glorify,
By taking mine, and shewing it to you:
But of himself he will not speak at all;
But what he hears of me, shall he declare. 1080
The bless'd apostles, by the Spirit sent,
Sought not themselves to magnify; but Him
Who call'd, commission'd, qualify'd, and taught
Them to proclaim the gospel to the world. 1084

Christ's doctrine, manners, miracles, combin'd
To prove, beyond exception, him to be

The

The great Meſſiah, Saviour of the world;
Of whom both Moſes and the Prophets wrote.
Nor, in one inſtance, did he ever fail
T' accompliſh their predictions, of the ſtate 1090
Of his humility, and bitter grief,
Thro' which he paſs'd, on earth, to ſave mankind.

Here, then, we pauſe a while; and Him adore,
Who left the regions of eternal bliſs,
And tabernacled in our world of woe, 1095
And bore our ills, to bring our ſouls relief.
Oh! could we praiſe him as his love demands!
And render homage, and obedience due,
To that great name, which merits all renown!

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BOOK

BOOK II.

THE PASSION.

O WHAT a theme employs my humble muſe!
Already have I ſketch'd the virtuous life
Of my Redemer o'er; and now attempt
To paint the wounds—the ſorrows—he hath felt.
Be tun'd my ſoul to grief, while I relate 5
The meritorious ſuff'rings of the man,
The dear God-man, who groan'd and bled for me:
Nor me alone, but all the human race!

Can heart conceive, words ſpeak, or pen deſcribe,
This moſt amazing, heart affecting ſcene? 10
Be other woes forgot. This is enough
To thaw the adamant, and melt the flint.
O ſin, what haſt thou done?—Not only fill'd
God's world with woe, but his own Son with pain!

Where ſhall I now begin? where make an end? 15
The tale I tell contains ſuch weighty things,
That I'm unable to expreſs aright.
But what I can, I will perform—the reſt
Muſt be reſerved for nobler thoughts and pens:

And

And I ſhall be content, if what I write
Give no offence to any—joy to ſome.

Begin we, then, in ſad Gethſemane:—
O doleful garden! where our Saviour felt
That moſt heart-rending agony: that forc'd
The ſweat, like drops of blood, through ev'ry pore.
This was the hour of darkneſs, and diſtreſs:
The bitter cup was brought within his view:
His tender heart, now ſmitten, groaning, cry'd—
My ſoul is ſorrowful; I'm preſt to death:
Abba, my Father; if it be thy will,
I pray thee ſave me from this dreadful cup:
But, if it may not paſs; thy will be done.
Thrice, on his knees, he pray'd and us'd this form.
(Forms are accepted, where the heart is found.)
Who ever pray'd more earneſtly than he?
Or who more certainly was heard? and yet
A *form* he us'd; and the ſame words again,
And yet again, repeated, preſently.

As thus ſurrounded with the deepeſt woes,
The Prince of Glory ſtood, (O mournful ſight!)
The pow'rs of darkneſs hover'd round, to try
What might be done, to make his courage fail.
In this extremity, they hop'd to find
An opportunity; for often had they wiſh'd
To bring him to abandon his intent
Of ſaving man, by ſuff'ring death for him.

To

To compaſs this, they watch'd the very hour,
When Sin, with all its horrors and deſerts;
And Death, with all its terrors, woes, and pains; 49
God's wrath, with all the vengeance due to crimes;
Were plac'd before his eyes, in dread array:
Then *they* appeared in hideous forms, no doubt;
And work'd upon his fancy, with their arts,
(As black as hell itſelf); and ſought to fill
His mind with gloomy, ſtrange, foreboding fears. 55
Deſpair, with all its horrid, diſmal train,
Was ready at their heels. Th' ingratitude
Of man they painted, with the darkeſt tints
That hell could furniſh for this black deſign.
By this they ſought to turn his love to wrath, 60
And make his ſoul reject the human race.
They threw theſe helliſh darts, like ſhowers of hail,
To diſcompoſe and terrify his mind,

This was an agonizing ſcene, indeed!
More grievous, far, than in the wilderneſs. 65
This was the time of Satan's greateſt pow'r,
When moſt he prov'd the Stone, the tried Stone;
But Jeſus ſtood, nor gave the tempter room
To boaſt, that over him he had prevail'd.
But ſore the conflict was:—an angel came 70
To ſtrengthen him, while fainting in the field.

O, what a ſight was here! —Could mortals know
The pain and ſorrow which our Saviour felt;
Methinks,

Methinks, they could not chuſe but mourn for him.
His heart became, through grief, like yielding wax;
While ours, O ſtrange! are hard as adamant. 76

Behold, the dear Redeemer comes, to meet
The armed band, with Judas at their head;
Judas, the traitor, who betray'd his Lord:
Betray'd him with a kiſs. O treaſon foul! 80
For love of money! Curſed luſt, indeed!
O cruel baſeneſs! ne'er to be forgiv'n.
How could'ſt thou ſell him? ſell thy kindeſt friend?
Sell him to cruel monſters, tygers, wolves!
To men unworthy to behold his face! 85
The vileſt miſcreants in the univerſe!

O Judas, thou hadſt kindeſt warning giv'n;
Didſt thou not hear his bleſſed mouth declare—
The Son of man muſt go, as 'tis decreed;
But woe to him by whom he is betray'd: 90
Good for that man if he had ne'er been born?

Forth went the Son of God to meet his foes:
And fearleſs thus demanded—*Whom ſeek ye?*
Jeſus of Nazareth, *I AM*; ſaid he.
He ſpake with pow'r; they heard, and backwards went, 95
And ſtagg'ring fell, extended on the ground.
A ray of his divinity ſhone forth;
Which ſhew'd how eaſily he could deſtroy.

But

But ſtill he ſpar'd them; yea, and gave them leave
To take and bind him with their barb'rous hands.
He gave them pow'r to riſe, or they had fall'n 100
As victims to the juſtice of their God,
And martyrs to the cauſe they undertook.

But ſee, they drag him, as the baſeſt thief,
And in tumultuous manner him ſurround; 105
Till to the palace of the prieſt they came.
They enter there. Poor Peter follows on:
But 'twas a melancholy night to him.
How ſhamefully he fell!—A warning this,
To thoſe who truſt their native pow'r to ſtand: 110
Let ſuch take heed, leſt they ſhould alſo fall.
How bold was he before the trial came!
Though all men ſhould deny thee, I will not:
Though death ſhould be my lot for owning thee.
But when, in luckleſs hour, the maid beheld 115
The poor man quaking through exceſſive fear,
Fixing her eyes on him with leering looks,
She ſoon began, with tauntings, thus to ſpeak—
Thou alſo waſt with Jeſus.—Nay, (ſaid he)
I do not underſtand what 'tis thou ſay'ſt. 120

Poor man, where is thy courage now? ah! where
Thy boaſted zeal, to ſuffer with thy Lord;
What, diſregard an hoſt of armed men!
Yet fear one little maid! I pity thee.
'Tis very ſtrange, but no more ſtrange than true, 125
That

That men are more afraid of tongues than ſwords.
The rage of tongues, and pow'r of evil men,
Are deprecated in the Scriptures, more
Than all the evils of our lives beſide.

The foe of man, thus finding Peter weak, 130
Deſiring ſtill to ſift him to the ſoul;
Soon prompts another maid to make remarks:
This fellow was with him of Nazareth.
Which Peter, with an oath, again denies;
And thus declares—I do not know the man. 135
What now, deny thy Lord a ſecond time?
And lie, and SWEAR, to make thy lies believ'd?
If thou could'ſt not thyſelf believe without,
Who will believe thee, with thine oaths? Not they
To whom thou ſpakeſt: for they ſoon agreed, 140
That thou waſt one of his diſciples: known
By one who ſaw thee in the garden; who
Declar'd the ſame before the gather'd throng:
They knew thy Galilean dialect,
And were in their opinions more confirm'd. 145
This maſter'd all thy courage, love, and zeal.
O Peter, now, I feel for thee, indeed!
O could'ſt thou humbly, then, have own'd thy fault!
But thou didſt venture on to greater ills;
And added imprecations to thine oaths, 150
To make them think thou could'ſt no ſervant be
To ſuch a maſter; being ſo unlike
To him, who never ſpoke a froward word.

(Sad

(Sad caſe, when Chriſtians ſin, leſt men ſhould think
Them ſervants of the great ſin-hating God.) 155

But, at the ſecond crowing of the cock,
Our Saviour look'd on Peter—now he thought
Upon thoſe warnings giv'n to him before;
Which then he heeded not; but now had learnt
To truſt himſelf no more, ſince he had fail'd. 160
Then out he went, and bitterly did weep.—
'Tis ſaid, that ever after, when he heard
The crowing of the cock, his tears ran down,
(At the remembrance of ſo ſad a crime)
Till furrows might be ſeen upon his cheeks. 165

Now to the Son of God we will return;
Whoſe cruel ſuff'rings more demand our ſong.

The proud high-prieſt interrogated him—
Who are thy followers? and thy doctrine what?
Chriſt anſwer'd—In the ſynagogue I ſpake, 170
And in the Temple; where the Jews reſort.
In ſecret, nothing diff'rent have I ſaid.
Go aſk my hearers; they can teſtify
What I've declar'd to them: for well they know.
Why then aſk me, when others may be found; 175
Who (being unconcern'd) may tell the truth?
Or doſt thou aſk me with a mean deſign,
To make my words alone myſelf condemn?
I'll anſwer nothing; ſeek your proofs elſewhere.

At

At this enrag'd, an under officer, 180
Of ſpirit mean, ſtruck Jeſus with his hand;
And gave the Lord a moſt indignant blow;
(Perhaps the firſt of all that he receiv'd)
And thus addreſs'd him, in a ſurly tone—
Ah, doſt thou anſwer thus to the high prieſt? 185
To which inſult, the lovely Lamb reply'd:
If I have ſpoken evil, ſhew me where;
But if I've anſwer'd well, why ſmite me thus?

Ah cruel man! a pris'ner thus to treat,
For ſpeaking mildly in his own defence! 190
Suppoſe him guilty, is it not enough,
That he muſt be adjudg'd to ſuffer death?
Muſt brutal cruelties, and rude inſults,
Be added, to compleat the ſum of woe?

How eagerly the cruel brutes deſir'd 195
To find ſome evidences, true or falſe,
By which they might condemn the Son of God:
But none could find. At laſt, two perjur'd liars
Bore witneſs, that they heard this fellow ſay—
God's temple I am able to deſtroy; 200
And in three days to raiſe it up again.
(But in their evidence they diſagreed)
To which the Lord vouchſafed no reply.

Then the high prieſt aroſe, and thus he ſpake:
Why doſt thou not ſome anſwer make to this? 205

Now, by the living God, I thee adjure,
Declare the truth—nor longer us deceive—
Art thou the Chriſt, the Son of God the Bleſt?
Adjur'd by this great name, he quick reply'd,
I am; and ye ſhall all hereafter ſee 210
The Son of man, enthron'd at God's right hand,
And coming in the clouds of heav'n, with pow'r.

This anſwer, which they wiſh'd, enrag'd them all;
And, Blaſphemy! they inſtantly exclaim'd;
What further need of witneſſes have we? 215
He's fully guilty, and deſerves to die.

Then did they ſpit in the Redeemer's face,
And ſmote him with their fiſts, and open hands.
Some ſay, their hands were cloath'd with iron gloves;
And that they plucked off his hair and beard. 220
Thus to the ſmiters he did give his back,
His cheeks to thoſe that plucked off his hair:
From ſhame and ſpitting did not hide his face.
They mock'd, derided, and blindfolded him;
And like ungodly children playing rudely, 225
Struck on his cover'd face, and mocking ſaid—
Thou Chriſt, come propheſy, who ſmote thee now?
And many things, blaſphemouſly, they ſpake
Againſt the loveliest of the human race.
That one, exceeding all the ſons of men, 230
Had his ſweet form and viſage ſorely marr'd.

But

But Jesus meekly bore their taunting scoffs;
Nor threaten'd once through all the suff'ring scene.

Thus they abus'd him till the early dawn,
When the Sanhedrim met a second time, 235
Him to condemn in form, and yield him up,
For execution, to the Roman pow'r;
Hoping that Pilate, cruel and unjust,
Would never stand to ask the reason why;
But sentence him to death without delay. 240
Thus confident, they bound his sacred hands,
And led him forth to Pilate's judgment-hall.
But they, poor souls, were now so righteous grown,
They durst not enter in, lest they should be
Defil'd, unfit to eat the passover! 245
The murder of the Just they did not fear;
All night they plotted how to shed his blood;
But this defiled not their consciences;
Pollution of the flesh they dreaded more,
Than all the stains of guilt produc'd by sin. 250
A camel swallow'd, at a gnat they strain'd;
As happens frequently to those who place
More stress on forms, and rights and outward things,
Than on the great essentials of the law:
Who tythes of cummin, mint, and anise pay; 255
But justice, mercy, faith, and love of God,
They lightly pass, or wholly disregard.

When Judas saw that Jesus was condemn'd,
Despairing, he return'd the price of blood
To those who hir'd him to betray his Lord; 260
Crying, I've sinned, the innocent betray'd.
What's that to us? (say they) look thou to that.
Despair and horror seiz'd his soul at once;
The consequences of his crime appear'd
Too dreadful for his tortur'd mind to bear: 265
He cast the money down, and hang'd himself.
(An awful warning this to treach'rous men.)
The thirty pieces bought the potter's field;
(As Zechariah long before declar'd)
The field of blood, to bury strangers in. 270

Christ brought to Pilate, is by Jews accus'd;
Not of blasphemy, but sedition now,
And setting up himself to be a king;
The better to expose him to the rage
And fierceness of the Roman governor. 275
Much they accus'd him: but he silent stood,
And like a harmless lamb, to slaughter led,
Or sheep before her shearers brought, is dumb;
Even so was Christ; he open'd not his mouth.
Which fill'd the judge with wonder and concern. 280
Then Pilate thus demanded—Say, art thou
The Jewish King? Jesus reply'd—I am!
But to inform thee rightly of this thing,
My kingdom is not of this present world:
For if it were, my servants sure would fight, 285

That

That I might be deliver'd from the Jews;
But now 'tis plain, my kingdom's not from hence:
My reign with Cæsar's doth not interfere;
I rule in hearts, by love, and not by force.
I'm come a witness for the truth of God; 290
This was the purpose of my birth and life,
And this shall be accomplish'd by my death.

When Pilate heard these words he was convinc'd,
That Jesus Christ did not deserve to die;
And said—In him I find no fault at all. 295

The priests, scribes, rulers, Pharisees, chagrin'd
At Pilate's slow deliberation, said—
He stirreth up the people, (mighty crime!)
And teacheth all from hence to Gallilee;
(And need enough they had of being taught) 300
But what he taught they did not chuse to tell.

When Pilate heard that he of right belong'd
To Herod's jurisdiction, him he sent
To Herod, who was at Jerusalem;
Hoping to shift the burden, crime, and blame, 305
To other hands: But here, alas, he fail'd.
Herod was glad to see the prisoner;
For he had often heard his wond'rous fame,
And hop'd to see some mighty miracle
By Jesus wrought: But disappointed, soon 310
Instead of worshipping, he ridicules,

And treats the Saviour as an Ideot;
And ſends him back to Pilate, all array'd
With robes and enſigns of mock majeſty.
But this complaiſance heal'd an open breach; 315
Herod and Pilate from that day were friends.

When Chriſt return'd, the judge reſum'd his ſeat:
But ſoon a meſſage from his wife was brought—
With that juſt man have nothing more to do:
For much I've ſuffer'd in a dream this day; 320
And much I fear leſt you ſhould give conſent
To put that righteous holy One to death:
Which thing avoid, or we ſhall meet a fate
Moſt terrible; deſtruction ſwiftly flies.

O had he hearken'd to his wife's advice! 325
It would have been by far the ſafeſt courſe.
But peradventure he might think her weak,
Or ſuperſtitious, fearful, credulous.
But I am apt to think he fear'd the more,
And wiſh'd to pacify, the angry Jews, 330
Without condemning Jeſus Chriſt to die;
For of his innocence he was convinc'd.

But Pilate now a propoſition made,
Which he imagin'd would ſucceed at once;
'Twas cuſtomary, at the paſchal-feaſt, 335
To ſet ſome priſoner at liberty;
And let the people have their choice in this.

Now,

Now, thought the governor, I'm ſure to ſave
The life of Jeſus; for I will propoſe
Him, and the noted robber, Barabbas; 340
And one of them I will this day releaſe:
And, ſure the people cannot be ſo mad
As to prefer a murderer to him,
Who is ſo meek, ſo kind, ſo innocent!

But how was he ſurpriz'd to ſee their rage! 345
They choſe the murd'ring robber, clamour'd loud—
Away with Jeſus—crucify him now.
He ſpake again—In him no fault I find;
Him will I ſcourge, if that will ſatisfy—
('Tis more than he deſerves) then ſet him free. 350
But ſtill they yell'd, and roar'd, and cry'd aloud—
Away with ſuch a man, and let him die!
Why? (ſaid the judge) What evil hath he done?
I will chaſtiſe him now, and let him go.
But with loud voices, inſtant they requir'd 355
That he ſhould be deliver'd to their will.

When Pilate ſaw that nothing could prevail,
But that the more he urg'd, the worſe they grew;
He call'd for water, waſh'd his hands, and ſaid—
Let me be clear from this juſt perſon's blood; 360
Innocent blood! look to it, then, yourſelves.
At which the multitude profanely ſaid—
His blood be on us, and our children too.
O impious ſpeech! how dreadful was this guilt!

Then was the bleſt Redeemer ſorely ſcourg'd, 365
By Pilate's order; for he hop'd to move
The cruel-hearted Jews to let him live.
The Roman band on this occaſion call'd,
Not only whipp'd him till his bones were bare,
But plac'd a crown of thorns upon his head, 370
And put a reed, for ſceptre, in his hand,
And cloth'd him in a royal purple robe;
Then took the reed, and ſmote him on the head;
And bow'd the knee in ſcorn, and mocking ſaid—
All hail, O King of Jews! we worſhip thee! 375
Then ſpitting in his face, they breath'd contempt,
And ſmote him with their hands, and bruis'd him ſore.

In this ſad plight our Saviour forth was led,
That harden'd Jews to pity might incline;
While Pilate cry'd aloud—Behold the man! 380
I bring him forth to you, that ye may know
That in him I can find no fault at all.
See what he hath endur'd! Sure 'tis enough.

But all the prieſts, and ſcribes, and rabble rout,
Cry'd as before—*Let him be crucify'd.* 385
Take him and crucify him, then, yourſelves;
For he is faultleſs in my ſight: ſaid he.
We have a law by which he ought to die;
Becauſe he made himſelf the Son of God.
This Pilate heard; but was the more afraid; 390
And

And went again into the judgment-hall,
And ſaith to Jeſus—Tell me, Whence art thou?
But Chriſt no anſwer to his queſtion gave.
At which the judge amaz'd, addreſs'd him thus:
Wilt thou not ſpeak to me? Doſt thou not know 395
My pow'r extends both to thy death and life?
Thee I can crucify, or can releaſe.
But Jeſus ſaid—*No power could'ſt thou have*
To queſtion or condemn, unleſs 'twere giv'n.
This God permits; and therefore do not boaſt. 400
But as thou haſt not thirſted for my blood,
So my betrayer hath the greater ſin.

Theſe words made Pilate tremble; and reſolve
To ſet him free in ſpite of Jewiſh rage.
Which when the Jews perceiv'd, they cry'd, at once,
If thou doſt let him go, we will complain 406
To Cæſar; for he makes himſelf a king.
And if thou doſt releaſe him, we ſhall know
Thou'rt Cæſar's enemy, and not his friend.
And ſoon thy conduct ſhall be known at Rome; 410
And thou ſhalt loſe thy poſt, and ſurely feel
The hot diſpleaſure of the emperor.

This ſtagger'd Pilate's courage; for he knew
The jealous temper of the Roman lord.
Nor was he unacquainted with the Jews; 415
Determin'd, furious, inſolent, and fierce;
Their hatred cruel, their revenge ſevere.

Beſides,

Besides he was obnoxious unto them;
And much he fear'd from their accusing tongues.
He knew that he had rul'd with iron hand, 420
And often, by oppression, had provok'd
A nation, whose known character had been
Proud, unforgiving, obstinate, and bold:
And therefore, to ingratiate himself
With that perfidious people, and avoid 425
The fierce resentment of Tiberius,
Against his better knowledge, mov'd by fear,
(The fear of man, which always brings a snare)
He yielded that the Just One should be slain.

O Sin! what cowards dost thou make of men! 430
Had Pilate always mov'd by virtue's rules,
Had he been faithful, just, impartial, good,
Noble, benevolent, humane, and kind,
Had worth and dignity ennobled him,
He had not fear'd the threat'nings of the Jews; 435
Or gave them up the Saviour of mankind;
Nor ever sentenc'd innocence to die;
Nor dreaded jealous Cæsar's fiercest rage.
But having by his crimes expos'd himself,
He sought by other crimes, to gain applause; 440
And so, against his light condemn'd the Lord.
But this, so far from making him secure,
Brought on destruction, swift and terrible.
For notwithstanding this his wicked act,
In which he gave up conscience, soul, and God, 445

To

To gain the favour of this wicked race,
And to preſerve his int'reſt ſtill at court;
Yet ſoon the Jews accus'd him to his lord:
On which Tiberius call'd him to return,
And anſwer for himſelf. But when he came, 450
His acts unjuſt, oppreſſive, fully prov'd,
Procur'd his downfal, ruin, and diſgrace:
For being baniſh'd into Gaul, 'tis ſaid,
He ſuffer'd greateſt ſhame and miſery;
Until, at laſt, by his own hands he dy'd. 455
A dreadful warning this to men in pow'r!
Who truſt in princes favour, truſt the wind:
The higher rais'd, more dreadful is their fall.
Court-fav'rites ſtand upon a precipice;
An icy ſteep, from whence but few eſcape! 460
Moſt fall a prey—their ſunſhine ends in blood—
Their glory ſets in clouds, no more to ſhine—
They fall unpity'd, ne'er to riſe again.

When Pilate thus by threats was terrify'd,
He chang'd his mind, and brought the Saviour forth,
And down upon his judgment-ſeat he ſits, 466
Almoſt perſuaded Jeſus to condemn.
His hopes of gaining on the Jews were gone;
But with contempt he ſpake—*Behold your king!*
Away, away, (they cry'd) him crucify 470
Pilate, determin'd to confirm at once,
Th' authority of Cæſar over them,
Which they ſo long had dared to diſpute,

Rejoin'd

Rejoin'd—*What, ſhall I crucify your king?*
They anſwer'd—We've no king but Cæſar now. 475
By this he gain'd the point at which he aim'd;
And which he might have ſought, and ſought in vain,
Had not the Jews been fill'd with cruel hate
To Jeſus Chriſt, their rightful Lord and King:
Which made them now acknowledge Cæſar's right,
And therefore juſtify'd the Roman war; 481
Which quell'd their bold rebellion, and deſtroy'd
Their temple as the Saviour had foretold;
And ſcatter'd all their nation through the earth.
He compaſs'd thus his ends; they compaſs'd theirs:
Cæſar, as ſov'reign lord, was recogniz'd 486
Murd'rous, ſeditious Barabbas releas'd,
And Jeſus to the croſs was now condemn'd.
The purple robes exchanged for his own,
To crucifixion inſtant he was led. 490
The tranſverſe beam he carry'd on his back,
Till, weak and ſinking underneath his load,
A ſtranger was compell'd the ſame to bear.

The holy Jesus ſtill had female friends.
Bleſt women had attended him through life— 495
Had ſeen his miracles, his doctrine heard—
Had fed him with their ſubſtance, and ſupply'd,
From out their little fulneſs, all his wants—
Had pour'd that ointment on his feet and head,
Which was moſt coſtly: Though by ſome eſteem'd
A vain

A vain expence, 'twas by the Lord approv'd. 501
Nor did they leave him in his hours of pain;
But wept, bemoan'd, and wail'd him to the laſt.
While men blaſphem'd, more tender women cry'd.
They ſhew'd their love and ſympathizing hearts, 505
By ſtanding near the croſs till he expir'd;
Then waiting to attend him to the grave.
When they had ſeen his body ſafely lodg'd,
Thence they departed, ointments to prepare,
And coſtly ſpices, to embalm his fleſh; 510
Prompted by love, were early at the tomb.
To woman firſt the riſen Lord appear'd;
And woman firſt proclaim'd the joyful news,
By the authority of CHRIST our King.

O Woman, thy memorial ſhall be ſweet? 515
The bleſt remembrance of the kindneſs ſhewn
By female ſouls to JESUS while on earth,
Shall draw a veil of charity to hide
Thoſe faults and weakneſſes to which they lean.
CHRIST was of woman born, by woman nurs'd, 520
By woman ſuckled, dandled, and ador'd;
By woman bleſt, lov'd, prais'd, and entertain'd;
Believ'd, own'd, follow'd, hearken'd to, obey'd,
Fed, cloth'd, reliev'd, anointed, comforted,
Supply'd in life, bemoaned in his death; 525
Conſtant they ſtood, while men like cowards fled.
(Such hardineſs in females we admire)
They lov'd their Saviour to the end, with warmth;

Dead

Dead or alive they ſtill attended him,
Waiting, and miniſt'ring to all his wants. 530
Firſt ſeen by woman-kind was JESUS ris'n,
Firſt touch'd, firſt worſhipp'd, and proclaim'd by them.

We never read of any females found
Among the perſecutors of our Lord.
Did any woman ever mock or rail, 535
Revile, blaſpheme, oppoſe, deſpiſe, or hate
The Son of God, thro' all his pilgrimage?

Another thing I mention to their praiſe,
Is their attention and known readineſs
To hear, learn, and obey the word of God. 540
And through all ages it hath been obſerv'd,
That women more than men have ſought the LORD,
Remain'd more true and faithful in his cauſe.
They follow'd him when he the croſs did bear.

As they bewail'd him, JESUS turn'd and ſaid, 545
Daughters of Salem, weep no more for me;
But for yourſelves, and children, wail and mourn.
Behold, the dreadful days are at the door
When bleſſed ſhall the barren womb be call'd,
And breaſts that never gave their children ſuck. 5
Then ſhall they ſay to mountains, Fall on us,
And call on rocks and hills to cover them.
For if the fire conſumes the growing tree,

How will it prey upon and burn the dry!
If I, who ne'er offended, suffer thus, 555
What fearful woes Jerusalem must know!

O how exactly were these words fulfill'd,
When the destruction of that city came!
When by the famine, pestilence, and sword,
In one short siege, more than a million fell. 560
Where mothers, starv'd for food, their infants slew,
And fed upon their mangled carcases.
When thousands crucify'd around the walls,
Might put the Jews in mind of what, this day,
Was done to JESUS, by their own desire. 565

But now to ghastly Golgotha we come;
A place without the gates, and deem'd accurst.
'Twas call'd *The place of sculls*, for reasons plain;
For criminals were executed there,
And also bury'd. Our Redeemer's grave 570
Was there appointed by his murderers;
But was by GOD ordain'd with the rich man.

But O, what words can speak the doleful grief
That Jesus felt in that tremendous hour!
Assist me, Saviour, to describe thy pain. 575
Thou bearest still in mind thy bloody sweat;
Thy shameful cross; the suff'rings thou didst feel.
O break my heart, while I relate thy woes!
When he arriv'd at the appointed place,

They

They ſtript him naked, bor'd his hands and feet, 580
With cruel irons nail'd him to the croſs:
Then rear'd him up betwen the earth and heav'ns,
As tho' of neither worthy; when of both
He was the maker, and the rightful heir.
Between two thieves they hung him, to diſgrace, 585
As much as poſsible, his memory.

Now we behold him on the curſed tree.
Ah, who can bear the ſight! his ſoul is fill'd
With deepeſt ſorrow, and his fleſh with pain. 589
See how it quakes and trembles! View this ſcene,
O ſinner, till thy heart diſſolves in tears.

'Tis ſaid, our dreams are pictures of our thoughts
When we're awake, continu'd in our ſleep.
But ſuch a viſion once in ſleep I had
Of JESUS crucify'd, as far outwent 595
All the conceptions I had ever form'd,
In all my meditations on this theme.—
Methought I ſaw the Saviour crucify'd:
Naked upon the fatal wood he hung;
The crown of thorns remain'd upon his head, 600
And drops of blood ran trickling down his fleſh,
Which trembled with the agony he felt.
His ſkin appear'd to me like lily fair,
Save that it was diſfigur'd o'er with wounds,
And bluſh'd, as if the blood would iſſue forth. 605
Silent he hung; grief, pity, innocence,

Were

Were pictur'd on his Face. Around there ſtood
The greateſt multitude I e'er beheld.
Moſt ſeem'd to mock, reproach, and ridicule
The Suff'rer; who with patience bore it all. 610
Such courage, love, and zeal, inſpir'd my breaſt,
As in degree I never felt till then.
(O might I always feel the ſame through life!)
Upon my knees I bow'd, and thus I pray'd—
Lord, thee I own my Saviour, in thee truſt; 615
Though now I ſee thee hang in deep diſgrace:
I caſt my ſoul into thy arms of pow'r.
So confident am I that thou canſt ſave,
That I depend on thee, and thee alone:
Nay, I riſk all on this foundation firm; 620
And never wiſh to be redeem'd at all,
If thou art not the Saviour of mankind,
And art not able to redeem my ſoul.

Thus thrice I pray'd upon my bended knees,
And at the third time thus my LORD addreſs'd: 625
Be comforted, dear Lord, for thou ſhalt ſee
The travail of thy ſoul, and be content.
Thy pains, though grievous, ſhall not long endure.
For ſoon ſhalt thou be honour'd with a crown;
And thou ſhalt rule according to thy wiſh. 630
Not long ſhalt thou continue in the grave,
But ſoon to glorious immortality
Shalt riſe—no more to ſuffer, but to reign—
And ſhalt be ſatisfy'd for all thy woe.

The Saviour heard me, but no anſwer gave; 635
But caſt a look of love, that ſatisfy'd
And fill'd my heart with bliſs unſpeakable.
Then I awoke, and lo, it was A DREAM;
Yet ſtill it lives, and ſpeaks, and warms my ſoul!

How oft did JESUS ſpeak upon the croſs? 640
What were his dying words? Come, let us hear.—
When firſt they pierc'd his hands and feet, and nail'd
Him to the curſed tree, and rear'd him up,
And made him hang in agonizing tortures,
By thoſe extremities, ſo full of nerves, 645
So ſenſible of pain the moſt acute;
His bleſſed mouth firſt open'd in a pray'r:—
Forgive them; for they know not what they do;
O Father: ſaid the dying Son of God.

Among the many wonders of that day, 650
The thief's converſion cannot be the leaſt,
While one revil'd, the other him reprov'd,
Confeſs'd his crimes, and juſtify'd the law
By which he ſuffer'd, and proclaim'd aloud
The innocence of Chriſt—then turn'd to him, 655
By living faith, divine, unparallel'd,
And ſaid—*O Lord, I pray remember me,*
When thou ſhalt to thy heav'nly kingdom come.
What lively faith was this! to truſt a man
Expiring on a croſs, hated, accurs'd! 660
To caſt his ſoul into the arms of one
That ſeem'd unable to redeem himſelf!

To call him Lord, and pray to him as ſuch!
How faith had open'd and improv'd his ſight!
He ſeem'd to view that age as yet to come 665
When CHRIST in glory ſhall to earth deſcend,
Here to be honour'd, where he ſuffer'd ſhame.
Our dear REDEEMER caſt the kindeſt look
On him; and thus, in ſweeteſt accents, ſpake—
Thou ſhalt not wait ſo long for happineſs: 670
For verily, before this day ſhall end,
Thy ſoul ſhall enter to the bleſt abodes
Of paradiſe; where thou ſhalt ſee my face,
And be admitted as a tenant there.

So ſpake our Lord; then looking down he ſaw 675
His mother, and the lov'd diſciple, ſtand.
To her he ſaid—*Woman, behold thy ſon.*
(Meaning that John ſhould be a ſon to her.)
To him—*Behold thy mother; take her home:*
What thou ſhalt do for her is done to me. 680
The well-beloved heard, and ſoon obey'd.

But now, what ſolemn darkneſs veils the ſkies!
The ſun withdrew his rays, as though it ſhunn'd
That ſight ſo terrible, and would not ſhine
On men who dar'd to crucify their Lord.— 685
But Oh! the darkneſs that o'erwhelm'd his ſoul,
When God the Father hid his ſmiling face!
And the Divinity quieſcent was!
Oh! hear his cry—his mournful accents hear!—

ELOI ELOI, LAMA SABACHTHANI? 690
My ſtrong God, why haſt thou forſaken me?
Why art thou gone from me ſo far away;
And doſt not hear my long, my ſad complaint?
O God, my God, I cry in the day time,
And in the ſilent night behold I ſpeak. 695
But thou art holy, righteous, juſt, and good,
Surrounded with the praiſes of thy ſaints.
Our fathers truſted in thy name of old;
They truſted, and thou didſt deliver them: 699
To thee they cry'd, and thou preſerv'd their ſouls:
They hop'd in thee and were not put to ſhame.
But what am I? a weak, a feeble worm;
Seem ſcarce deſerving of the name of man!
People deſpiſe me; men reproach my name; 704
Shame and reproach have broke my tender heart;
And lies have oft defam'd my character.
No wonder that I'm full of heavineſs;
For when I look'd for pity, there was none.
For comforters I ſought, but none could find.
I am become the drunkard's jeſt and ſong; 710
The meaneſt people ſpeak againſt my life.
All that behold me laugh my ſoul to ſcorn,
Shoot out their lips, and wag their heads, and ſay—
In God he truſted, let him now redeem
His life, ſince he delighted in him ſo. 715
But thou art he that took me from the womb;
Thou mad'ſt me hope upon my mother's breaſts;
Thou art my God, my portion from my birth.

Be

Be not far from me; troubles are at hand;
My ſorrows come; and there is none to help. 720
Strong bulls of Baſhan have beſet me round,
They gape upon me with their open mouths,
As roaring lions, ravening and fierce.
Like water I am pour'd upon the earth;
And all the bones in me are out of joint. 725
My heart is melted in my breaſt, like wax;
My marrow's dry; my ſtrengh is wholly gone;
And to my jaws my parched tongue doth cleave:
Into the dreary duſt of death I'm brought.
The congregation of the wicked ones, 730
Like dogs, have compaſs'd and encloſed me:
My hands and feet they pierced through and through:
My bones are diſlocated, and my fleſh
Is ſo conſum'd, that I may count them all.
They look and ſtare upon me in the face. 735
My garments they do part among themſelves;
And on my veſture they do caſt their lots.
But O, JEHOVAH, be not far away;
O thou, my ſtrength, haſte thee to help me now!
Lord, ſave my ſoul from the deſtroying ſword, 740
My darling from the power of the dog.
Deliver me from the fierce lion's mouth.
The unicorns have ſorely worry'd me;
But thou haſt heard me from their dreadful horns.

Thus did the ſuff'ring Saviour weep and mourn!
As David had in ſpirit long foretold. 746

The firſt part of this pray'r was utter'd loud;
Thoſe that ſtood by (not underſtanding well
The Hebrew language, which was almoſt loſt
Among the common people) thought he call'd 750
Elias to deliver him; or elſe,
They meant to mock him in his greateſt pangs.
Let's ſee if he will come to take him down,
Or let him now deſcend, and ſave himſelf;
And we will then believe, and in him truſt. 755
Thus ſpake they tauntingly. But Jeſus ſtill
Continu'd ſighing out his humble pray'r:
But ſpake the reſt in ſecret. And was heard
By God the Father for his piety.

Now he perceiv'd his ſuff'rings near their cloſe;
And that the Scriptures might be all fulfill'd, 761
He cry'd aloud upon the croſs—*I thirſt.*—
For what did JESUS thirſt? for water? Yes;
But more he thirſted for the ſouls of men;
And, to compleat the work he undertook; 765
To finiſh all his ſorrows, and obtain
The great reward of all his pain and woe.
When thus he cry'd—in vinegar they dipp'd
A ſpunge, and put it on a reed, and held
It to his bleſſed mouth, that he might drink. 770
Then might he ſay—*They gave me gall for meat;*
And with ſour vinegar my thirſt they mock'd.—
When JESUS had receiv'd this loathſome draught,
Aloud he cry'd—*'Tis finiſhed.* Then ſaid—

Father,

Father, into thy hands I now commend 775
My ſpirit; for thou haſt redeemed it.
Then bow'd his head, and yielded up the ghoſt.

All Nature felt the vaſt tremendous ſhock;
The temple's ſacred vail was rent in twain—
The ſecrets of the holy place reveal'd, 780
Shew'd him the great fulfiller of the law;
A new and living way was then made known,
And conſecrated through the vail, his fleſh.
Earth quak'd, men trembled, mountains ſhook, rocks rent,
Graves open'd; and the Roman Captain cry'd, 785
This juſt man truly was the Son of God.
The people ſmote their breaſts, and, fill'd with awe,
Returned home, amaz'd at what was done!
There fled the greateſt ſoul that ever warm'd
A human breaſt! the greateſt pris'ner bound 790
Was then, that ever ſlept in death's cold arms!

Before we quit this moſt affecting ſight,
Let us ſurvey once more the ſolemn ſcene,
Of infinite importance to mankind.—
The Saviour's dead!—What? that dear Jeſus dead!
That lovely man, of form divinely fair! 795
Lament, my ſoul, the death of thy beſt friend;
That dy'd for thee, and all the fallen race.
Why did he die?—Becauſe he lov'd us all.
Who kill'd the Prince of Life?—Sin, curſed ſin! 800

O wretched me, that I ſhould ever love
So vile a murd'rer! Lord, I hate myſelf.
How can I ever love ſo baſe a fiend?
Vile name! the only thing JEHOVAH hates.
I wonder not, ſince thou haſt ſlain his Son, 805
That he ſhould hate thee! May I hate thee too,
O that my head were waters, and mine eyes
Fountains of tears, whence ſtreams inceſſantly
Might flow, at the remembrance of my guilt.
God may forgive me; for his mercy's great; 810
He is a great forgiver, well I know;
But never can I once myſelf forgive!
Aſſiſt me, all ye pow'rs above, to weep!
To weep the Friend of guilty ſinners ſlain!
The death of JESUS is a glaſs, wherein 815
Sin ſhews its ugly face. Come, view it here!
How dreadful ſin appears, in peſtilence,
In war and famine, earthquakes, tempeſts, ſtorms,
Whirlwinds, volcanoes, hurricanes, and plagues,
And thouſand ills that deſolate the globe! 820
And could we view the diſmal dark abodes
Of Death and Hell, the manſions of the pit,
The portrait might be drawn more direful ſtill!
But in the ſuff'rings of the Son of God,
The darling of his heart, the heir of heav'n, 825
Tranſgreſſion's evil nature more appears,
Than in the ruin of a thouſand worlds.—
But, Oh! how wond'rous was the Father's love
To mortal men, that he ſo freely gave

His

His well-beloved Son for them to die!— 830
How ſhall I vent my grief? my Lord is dead!
The white and ruddy Innocent is murder'd!
That Chief among ten thouſand choſen ones.
That head more precious than the fineſt gold,
Was crown'd with thorns, was bruis'd and wounded
ſore! 835
Thoſe beauteous locks of black, or cheſnut brown,
Behold them clotted, fill'd with duſt and blood!
Thoſe dove-like eyes, ſo innocent and grave,
Behold them cold, and pale, and clos'd in death!
His cheeks, like ſpicy beds of ſweeteſt flow'rs, 840
Are wither'd, cover'd o'er with mortal pale!
His lips, like lilies, dropping ſweet perfumes,
(Thoſe words more ſweet than honey, milk, or wine)
Behold their purple colour! ſee, they're dead!
Thoſe hands, more beauteous far than diamonds 845
Behold them bloody, wounded, pierc'd, and nail'd!
His body, like the beauteous ivory,
Behold it mangled o'er with ſtripes and wounds!
His bleſſed feet that travell'd for our good,
Behold them torn, by cruel irons bor'd! 850
His legs, like marble pillars ſet in gold,
Behold them cold as marble, dy'd in blood!
His count'nance, lovely, beautiful, and fair,
Like Lebanon itſelf, majeſtic, grand,
And as its lofty cedars excellent; 855
Behold it pale, diſfigur'd, bruis'd, and marr'd!
That mouth ſo charming, ſo divinely ſweet,

That

That oft was open'd comfort to impart,
Is dumb! See how his bleſſed jaws are fall'n!
Behold, his head is bow'd upon his breaſt 860
But yet methinks I ſee a ſweetneſs there,
Amidſt the wounds and blood that mar his face.
Behold thoſe looks ſo placid and ſerene,
Expreſſive of the temper of his mind!

Ye daughters of Jeruſalem, that view'd 865
Your dying Lord through ev'ry ſcene of grief,
Tell me, how did my deareſt friend depart?
What were his dying words? How did he ſeem?
Pray, did his pain abate before he went?
Did he forgive his foes? Pray, did he get 870
A drop of water for his parched tongue?
And did his foes relent, and drop a tear?
I aſk: but O, your grief forbids your ſpeech:
I ſee you drown'd in woes; I'll aſk no more.—
My grief increaſes! Can I view this ſight, 875
The Saviour dead, and not diſſolve in tears?
What heart of flint or ſteel, but muſt relent
At this ſad tragedy? this depth of woe!—
Let ev'ry leſſer ſorrow be forgot;
This claims our whole attention: no exceſs 880
Can be committed here. The death of Chriſt
Is ſuch a theme, that wakes both grief and love,
And gives occaſion for the ſofteſt paſſions
To riſe, and flow in never ceaſing ſtreams!
What can be worthy of a thought, compar'd 885

With

With this amazing love of him who ſhed
His blood, his life, to ſave our guilty ſouls?

'Tis ſaid, when Cyrus was engag'd in war,
Armenia's land he conquer'd, captive took
The Prince and Princeſs; (kind and lovely pair)!
The Prince, whoſe heart was ſet upon his Queen, 891
Propos'd to Cyrus, if he would reſtore
The Princeſs to her liberty, and grant
To make proviſion for her needs, as might
Befit her royal dignity, that he 895
Would, as a ranſom, freely give his life.—
Cyrus was charm'd, and being gen'rous, gave
To both their freedom, and reſtor'd to them
Their firſt poſſeſſions, and became their friend,
The conqu'ror was applauded, ſhouts reſound, 900
O Cyrus! gen'rous! brave! magnanimous!
The Prince, tranſported, to his conſort turn'd,
In raptures cry'd, What do you think of Cyrus?
She anſwer'd, Truly, I did not obſerve him.
Her coldneſs much ſurpriz'd the Prince, who ſaid,
On what then, pray, was your attention fix'd? 906
Upon the man, the lovely man, (ſaid ſhe)
Who offer'd his dear life me to redeem.

If ſhe was loſt in thought, and ſwallow'd up
In admiration at her huſband's love, 910
Who only offer'd to reſign his life
For one who lov'd him with the pureſt flame;

What

What ſhall we think or ſay of God's dear Son,
The Prince of Heav'n, Beauty's perfection bright:
Who did not only offer, but who gave 915
His precious life for us while enemies?

Break, O my rocky heart, at thought of this!
Thy bleſſed Saviour gave his life away
For me before I knew or lov'd his name:
I was a ſtranger and an enemy: 920
But O, he lov'd me! I can ne'er repay
So vaſt a debt as to my Lord I owe.

He dies! weep mortals, weep! your friend is dead!
Fain would I weep! but Oh, the fountain's dry!
My ſorrow ſtill forbids my tears! O help! 925
Ye pow'rs above!—Can holy angels weep?
If ſo, here is enough to move their grief,
To ſee the Saviour die! Yet men remain
Hard-hearted, void of true regard to him,
And hear the melancholy tale unmov'd. 930
They weep to hear the puppets of the ſtage
Deſcribe, in tragic tone, the wounds and deaths
Of lovers, heroes, patriots, and kings;
Who ne'er perhaps exiſted, but in fiction;
Or, if they did exiſt, their lives and fortunes 935
Might be far diff'rent from the tales we hear;
Which frequently are but poetic flights,
And owe their grandeur to the writer's pen.

But

But grant them true, they cannot us concern:
We have no int'reſt in the various ſcenes 940
Through which they paſs'd; to us 'twould be the ſame
If they had never been. While here, alas!
Where truth ſurpaſſes fable, and needs not
Invention, or imagination, to ſupply
The want of facts to decorate the ſong; 945
Cold, and unmov'd as ſtatues, we remain!

Here is a character contains the whole
That e'er was pictur'd lovely, in the tales
Of all that ever liv'd or dy'd on earth.
Are you for ſcenes of love? Such ſcenes are here 950
As ne'er were equall'd, and much leſs excell'd.
The Son of God in love with human kind,
Took fleſh and blood, and, cloth'd in that diſguiſe,
Went through ſuch hardſhips, and ſuch deep diſtreſs,
As ne'er were fabled of the fondeſt lovers! 955
That he might gain our love, and ſhew his own.

Or are you charm'd with patriots, who eſpouſe
Their country's cauſe, and periſh in th' attempt
To free their nation from ſome tyrant's pow'r?
Behold in Chriſt the trueſt patriotiſm! 960
He brav'd all dangers, undertook the cauſe
Not of one country, but of all mankind:
Nor yet of thoſe who lov'd him, who would ſhout
His praiſes loud, and trumpet forth his fame;

But

But of thoſe very wretches who deſpis'd 965
His perſon, ſet at nought his works of love,
Nor ever felt the ſmalleſt gratitude
To him who lov'd them, labour'd for their good,
Sought to deliver them from ſlavery,
And ſtruggling hard with hoſts of cruel foes: 970
Although he gain'd his point, it coſt his life.

The greateſt heroes never equall'd this!
In Chriſt the lover, hero, patriot meet,
Their virtues all in him conſpicuous ſhine;
He merits our applauſe far more than all 975
That ever have thoſe characters ſuſtain'd:
Yet we forget him; O ingratitude!
But he remember'd us upon the croſs,
And hath not yet forgot us, though we treat
His dying love with ſuch unkindneſs cold! 980

Here, melt my heart at thought of what I've been,
And what the Saviour hath perform'd for me.
I've been a rebel, he my dying friend!
Me he remember'd, him I've oft forgot,
Though he was worthy the regard of all, 985
And I unworthy of the ſmalleſt notice
E'en of mankind, and how much more of his!
But this my friend is dead! Shall I not mourn?
How can my heart be ever pacify'd?
Methinks my ſorrows now begin to flow: 990
O might they ever bleed, ſince Jeſus dy'd!

Yea,

Yea, dy'd for ſuch a treacherous ſoul as mine.
Why did he ſuffer death for ſuch a worm?
O never, never, can I mourn enough!
The lovely One is gone, hath left our world; 995
The Prince of perfect beauty now hath fall'n;
And the moſt valuable of all lives
Is taken, (rather ſay is giv'n) for men.

O could my fingers touch the mournful keys,
How ſad, how ſolemn, ſhould the tones be play'd!
Or could my tongue, like Jeremy's, lament, 1001
The plaintive ſtrain ſhould ſwell! My Saviour's dead!
But pity me ye ſoft and tender hearts,
Whoſe tears, faſt trickling, can aſſuage your grief;
Mine ſtruggles hard for vent; no common woe 1005
Works in my breaſt, which heaves the penſive ſigh,
Almoſt too big for birth. The theme I ſing
Should ne'er be mention'd by a careleſs tongue.
And can a heart of ſtone forbear to melt
When ſuch a tale as this preſents to view? 1010
No fiction's here, but all is naked fact,
In which our deareſt intereſts are involv'd.
(O that we felt and realiz'd it more!)
Chriſt dy'd for you, upon the croſs expir'd;
Believe and ſympathize, adore and love. 1015
My ſoul, no more forget thy Saviour's love,
His life and death remember: O the ſweat
In the ſad garden! and the agony
Upon the fatal tree! the melting words!

The

The piercing groans! the deep heart-breaking ſighs!
The ſtripes! the thorny crown! the wounds! the
blood! 1021
The mockings! inſults! thirſt! and dying pangs!
Let theſe be all remember'd; nor forget
The part *thy* ſins have had in wounding him.
But Oh how feeble are my beſt efforts! 1025
I want an angel's talents to diſplay
This awful theme, the dying of the Lord.
I need the learned's tongue to ſpeak of this;
I find myſelf unequal to the taſk.
But I'm no feigned mourner, hir'd to cry; 1030
My grief is real; I ſincerely weep,
Though my tongue fails my ſorrows to expreſs.
The deepeſt woe is ſad and ſilent oft,
Not finding language ſuited to its grief.
Here then I'll ſtand in ſilence, and ſurvey 1035
The corpſe of Jeſus—moſt affecting ſight!

But ſee, the friends of the deceaſed come
To take the body from the bloody croſs;
For they have begg'd it as their dearest boon.
Pray, who is there?—Good Joſeph, rich and juſt,
A member of the great Sanhedrim; who 1041
Had waited for the kingdom of his God:
Had not conſented to the bloody deed,
The murder of the Saviour; but withdrew,
When all his int'reſt could not ſave that life 1045
Which was to him ſo dear. For, you muſt know,
That

That he was Christ's disciple in his heart,
But had not overcome the fear of man,
And therefore secretly to him adher'd.
But in the time of need he shews himself; 1050
In greatest danger he is bolder grown.
When boldest soldiers flee, the tim'rous stand.
Now he could boldly go to Pilate's face,
And ask him for the body of the Lord;
The wrath of Jews and Gentiles fears no more. 1055
But who is that with him? Know you that man?—
'Tis Nicodemus; 'tis the very same
Who came to Jesus at the first by night.
How is he alter'd for the better much!
How ignorant was he! wise is he now! 1060
How fearful then was he! but now how bold!
And yet this change came on by slow degrees.
How many speak against these secret friends!
These night-disciples, ignorant and weak;
These timid ones, afraid to own their thoughts; 1065
Asham'd to own their sentiments, or love,
Through fear of losing friends, and gaining foes;
Who seem to want stability of mind;
Appear to act an inconsistent part.
Such I may pity, but shall ne'er despise; 1070
Too well their fears and feelings I have known.
Let those who, through an overheated zeal,
Despise such characters (for such there are)
Remember Nicodemus, and *his* like
Encourage; for they may be bold at last. 1075

And ſecret friends may ſometimes ſervice do,
When open ones may have no chance at all.
Thus David ſent his faithful Huſhai back
To follow with the faithleſs Abſalom:
To ſerve his turn the better, and defeat 1080
The dang'rous counſels of Ahitophel.
Joſeph and Nicodemus, hid ſo long,
Through weakneſs, ignorance, or doubt, or fear,
Came forth the boldeſt ſoldiers at the laſt,
And follow'd JESUS openly when dead, 1085
And honourably they did bury him,
(Though he was ſlain moſt ignominiouſly)
Whom, while alive, they never dar'd to own.

The Roman guards attend. They break the legs
Of both the thieves who ſuffer'd with the Lord, 1090
To make them die the ſooner, through the pain
And loſs of blood: (O puniſhment ſevere!)
But JESU's legs they brake not; for they found
Him dead already; and the Scripture ſaid,
Not one of all his bones ſhall broken be. 1095
This was foreſhewed by the paſchal lamb,
A bone of which they were forbid to break.

But Oh! there follows here a moving ſcene!
A ſoldier with a ſpear did pierce his ſide,
Pierc'd through the pericardium and the heart, 1100
Both blood and water flowing out at once!
O barb'rous action! ne'er to be forgot:

Pray

Pray was it not enough that he was dead?
As the Centurion had assur'd the judge.
If they were satisfy'd, and order'd thee 1105
To help to take his sacred body down;
Who gave thee leave his blessed side to pierce?
What could possess thee thus to use his corpse,
Now, since the governor had giv'n him up
To the disposal of his dearest friends? 1110
How must they feel to see thee stab him thus!

But was this accident, or chance, that so
Directed him the Saviour thus to stab?
'Twas the fulfilment of a prophecy,
Foretold in ancient times, and must be done. 1115
On me, whom they have pierced, they shall look,
And mourn for him, as tend'rest sire bereav'd,
Lamenteth for his son, his darling child,
And is in bitterness for his first-born;
So shall they be in bitterness for me. 1120

My Saviour's side a double flood pour'd out.
That stream which prov'd him dead, makes us to live.
Both blood and water ran to save our souls:
The blood aton'd, the water purifies.
Thus Jesus came by both, not one alone; 1125
The Spirit, Water, Blood, in one agree:
And thus bear witness to God's truth on earth.

But now his body, taken from the croſs,
With myrrh, and aloes, ſpices, linen clean,
Was dreſs'd; and being thus prepar'd, was laid 1130
In Joſeph's tomb, hewn from the ſolid rock;
Where never man was laid before, nor ſince.
One ſtone ſo large as clos'd the ſepulchre
Was brought and laid, that all might be ſecure.

Here lay the Prince of Peace; and thus hath bleſt
And made the grave a quiet reſting-place. 1136
Death and the grave have loſt their horrid gloom,
Since JESUS paſs'd their empire in his way
To bliſs unfading, and a glorious crown.

Here then we leave him in the tomb awhile, 1140
And take a little time to meditate
Upon the great deſigns he had in view,
When on the croſs he ſuffer'd pain and death,
And thus fulfill'd the purpoſes divine.
So while we mourn our Lord, untimely ſlain 1145
By cruel hands, we'll praiſe him for his love,
That made him willingly to death ſubmit,
To raiſe our ſouls to everlaſting life!

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

BOOK

BOOK III.

THE INTERMEDIATE STATE.

COME mortals, view your Saviour here entomb'd;
O sight enough to break an heart of stone!
JESUS, the Lord of glory, sleeps in dust!

But wherefore must it be, that he should taste
The cup of death? Was there no other way 5
In which he could perform the Father's will,
Fulfil the law, and save a guilty race;
Accomplish all the written prophecies,
And overcome the pow'rs of death and hell;
Destroy the devil's works, and purge our stains, 10
And reconcile the ruin'd world to God?

No other means were found, and none could be
Sufficient to atchieve these mighty things,
Except his death, or Jesus had escap'd;
For thus he pray'd:—Father, if possible, 15
Let this cup pass from me, this bitter draught:
But if it is thy will that I must drink,
(Ev'n to the very dregs) my soul submits.

'Twas long foretold that JESUS ſhould be ſlain;
Not for himſelf, but for the people's crimes. 20
Thus in his ſuff'ring ſcene, 'tis often ſaid,
All this was done the Scriptures to fulfil,
The prophecies by ancient prophets wrote.

The following things of him were prophesy'd,
Which to the niceſt point have been fulfill'd, 25
And therefore well deſerve our ſerious thoughts:

That the Meſſiah, who ſhould reconcile
Both God and man together, ſhould be nam'd
IMMANUEL, GOD WITH US, The FATHER'S SON.
Only-begotten Son of God moſt high, 30
Wonderful, Counſellor, The mighty God,
The everlaſting Father, Prince of Peace.

That, in the time appointed, he ſhould take
Our fleſh, and be the woman's promis'd Seed;
Yet ſhe a virgin pure ſhould ſtill remain. 35

'Twas ſaid that he from Abr'ham's loins ſhould ſpring;
From Iſaac's, Jacob's, Judah's, David's ſtock.

That he in Bethl'em's city ſhould be born,
Was plainly by the prophet Micah told.

The

The ſceptre was departing at his birth 40
From Judah's tribe, as Jacob had declar'd.

'Twas ſaid Meſſiah ſhould be born and ſlain
Within the term of ſeventy weeks of years,
From the decree by Artaxerxes giv'n
Jeruſalem's fam'd city to rebuild. 45

And while the ſecond temple ſtill ſhould ſtand,
Whoſe greateſt glory ſhould in this conſiſt,
That in it the Meſſiah ſhould appear,
And with his real preſence bleſs the place. 49

That Rachel's land ſhould for its children mourn,
While he for ſafety, ſhould to Egypt fly.

His name was called *Netzer*, or *The Branch*;
He dwelt at Nazareth, A Nazarene
Was call'd, and thus fulfill'd the prophet's words.

'Twas farther prophesy'd, that he ſhould have 55
A great Forerunner to prepare his way;
Who in the wilderneſs ſhould cry aloud,
And, like Elias, pow'rful be, and bold,

That he in Galilee ſhould firſt begin
To preach the Goſpel, and enlighten thoſe 60
Who ſat in darkneſs, and death's gloomy vale.

That he ſhould many wond'rous works perform;
(The blind eyes open, and deaf ears unſtop;
Make lame ones leap as harts, the dumb to ſing;)
By which his doctrine pure ſhould be confirm'd. 65

He ſhall not ſtrive nor cry, (the prophet ſaid)
His voice ſhall not diſturb the crowded ſtreets;
The bruiſed reed he ſhall not break, nor quench
The ſmoking flax, till vict'ry he obtains.
Mildneſs, humanity, and gentleneſs, 70
Are traces of his character renown'd:
But perſevering, he ſhall gain his ends,
And judgment ſhall eſtabliſh in the land,
And make the iſlands for his law to wait.

Another prophecy f oretold, thathe 75
Should ride into Jeruſalem upon
An aſs's colt: meek, lowly, juſt, and good;
Having ſalvation, bringing peace to men;
Should be proclaim'd as king, as David's ſon,
And loud hoſannas chaunted to his praiſe, 80
By babes and ſucklings, as the Lord ordain'd.

He was the ſtone by builders ſet at nought,
Yet by JEHOVAH made the corner's head;
The ſtone in Zion laid, the tried ſtone,
The precious corner-ſtone, foundation ſure.
And whoſo truſteth in his name, ſhall find
He hath no cauſe of him to be aſham'd.

As this great work is by JEHOVAH done!
'Tis in our eyes both marvellous and grand.

The prophet teſtify'd, that he ſhould be 90
Deſpiſed and rejected by mankind;
A man of woe, acquainted well with grief;
As one that hides his face becauſe he weeps.
Deſpis'd, unpity'd, diſeſteem'd by moſt.

'Twas plainly told that he ſhould be cut off 95
For other men's tranſgreſſions, not his own;
He for our crimes was wounded, for our ſins
Was bruis'd, and our chaſtiſements on him laid;
His righteous ſoul for us was put to pain.
'Tis by his ſtripes our ſin-ſick ſouls are heal'd. 100
All we like wand'ring ſheep, have gone aſtray;
To our own ways we have perverſely turn'd.
JEHOVAH laid on him the ſins of all;
Of him they were exacted; them he bare.
He was oppreſſed and afflicted ſore; 105
Yet never utter'd murm'ring, or complaint.
By wicked men unjuſtly was condemn'd.
Who would declare the manner of his life?
No friend appear'd to plead his righteous cauſe.
For our tranſgreſſions ſmitten unto death. 110
His grave appointed with the wicked was;
But with the rich man was his ſepulchre.
Though he no violence had ever done,
Nor in his mouth deceit or guile were found;

Yet

Yet 'twas JEHOVAH's pleasure him to bruise, 115
And put his soul to grief because of sin.

The prophet farther saith, If he shall make
His soul an off'ring for the sins of men,
That he shall see his seed, prolong his days;
JEHOVAH's pleasure prosp'ring in his hand, 120
Shall satisfy his soul for all its toil.
The many he shall justify, because
He bare the punishment of all their sins.

'Twas hinted by the Psalmist, that he should
By one of his disciples be betray'd.— 125
Mine own familiar friend, who walk'd with me,
Who ate my bread, in whom I did confide,
Did lift the heel, and prov'd a traitor vile.
'Twas not an open foe that sought my harm;
That I could well endure: but Oh, the wounds 130
Of falsehood and deceit, where malice lurks
Under the guise of friendship, who can bear?
How often had we walk'd, and mutually
Held conversation sweet! Thou wast a man,
Mine equal, guide, and mine acquaintance dear! 135
But Oh, he hath rebell'd against his Lord!
His words seem'd smoother than the softest oil;
Yet were they sharpest swords for war prepar'd.

This David of Ahitophel declar'd,
And might, with truth, be spoke of Judas too. 140

Alike

Alike their treaſon, and alike their end;
Themſelves they hang'd! Dire fruits of perfidy!

Of Judas thus the Holy Spirit ſpake,
By David's mouth—His dwelling ſhall be void,
His office to another ſhall be giv'n, 145
And he himſelf ſhall die abhor'd, accurſt.

That Chriſt for thirty pieces ſhould be ſold—
The money to the potter ſhould be caſt—
Were circumſtances by the Lord reveal'd,
And written long before the things were done. 150

Awake, O ſword, (JEHOVAH ſaith) and ſmite
The man, my ſhepherd, fellow, and my friend;
The ſhepherd ſmite, the ſheep ſhall be diſpers'd.
This was accompliſh'd when he was betray'd,
And his diſciples ſav'd themſelves by flight; 155
Leaving their maſter in his great diſtreſs.

That he ſhould be mock'd, ſcourg'd, and ſpit upon,
And ſuffer agonies of ſoul extreme;
And as a malefactor die the death,
The moſt accurſed death that man could taſte; 160
Should hang upon a tree, be lifted up,
As Moſes rais'd the brazen ſerpent high;
In hands, and feet, and ſide, ſhould pierced be;
Be number'd with tranſgreſſors; bear the ſins

Of

Of many, or the multitude of men, 165
And intercession make for creatures vile;
That lots upon his vesture should be cast,
And men among themselves his cloaths divide;
His thirst be mock'd with vinegar and gall;
That all his bones should be preserv'd unbroke, 170
And that with honour he should be entomb'd,
Maugre the rage and malice of his foes—
These things were all foretold, and came to pass,
With great exactness, as the prophets wrote. 174

Thus then, one reason's plain why JESUS dy'd;
Because the Scriptures cannot be annull'd.
The law of Moses, in its num'rous rites,
To JESUS pointed, was in him fulfill'd;
He was both altar, sacrifice, and priest;
In him the legal service had it's end; 180
He was the great sin-offering, typify'd
By all the sacrifices of the law
His death hath answer'd all the purposes,
And more than all, for which they were design'd.
Far greater is our priest than Aaron was; 185
For he had sins and failings; Christ, had none.
The sacrifices offer'd by the priests
Were offer'd frequently; Christ, once for all.
They offer'd blood of others; he, his own.
They made atonement for themselves, as well 190
As for the congregation; he, for us,
Not for himself at all, he needed not;

For

For he was holy, harmleſs, undefil'd,
And ſeparate from ſinners, free from ſin, 194
Made higher than the heav'ns, and hath his throne
Above all principalities and pow'rs,
And ev'ry name that can be nam'd, in this
Or in the age to come; to him all things
Shall be ſubjected in their proper time.

Thoſe prieſts were many, and ſucceſſors had; 200
For death prevented their continuance long.
But Chriſt abides for ever; therefore hath
A glorious prieſthood, ſure, unchangeable.
And having once a full atonement made,
And purg'd our ſins by his own precious blood, 205
And reconciliation made for all,
Is able, to the uttermoſt to ſave,
The ſouls that come to God through him; becauſe,
Though once he dy'd to ſin, he lives to God,
And ever lives to intercede for them. 210

The law made nothing perfect; all alike
Were ſtill in weakneſs found, people and prieſts,
And ſacrifices, covenant, and rites.
The load of ſin could never be remov'd
By all the blood of lambs, or bullocks ſlain, 215
Nor conſcience of the worſhippers be purg'd:
For in thoſe oft-repeated offerings,
Each year there was a freſh remembrance made
Of ſin; thus ſhewing that it ſtill remain'd. 219

CHRIST

CHRIST was the Lamb of God, who takes away,
By his great ſacrifice, the ſin of men.
Thoſe off'rings were appointed for *a time*,
(Though *everlaſting* was to them apply'd)
As ſhadows of the ſubſtance then to come.

CHRIST is the tabernacle, altar, prieſt, 225
Ark, mercy-ſeat, bread, light, and ſacrifice.
His ſpirit is the oil, his grace the ſpice,
The incenſe is his mediation ſweet,
The candleſtick his church, the ſacred cloaths
Point out the robe of righteouſneſs divine; 230
Salvation's holy garments white and clean!
The place moſt holy, figure of the true,
The palace of JEHOVAH repreſents;
The cherubim, or ſeraphim, intend
His miniſters redeem'd from earth by blood; 235
The leaders of the Church of the firſt-born,
Firſt-fruits of men to God, and to the Lamb.
The cleanſing blood and water, ſhadows were
Of that myſterious double-flood, which ran
From our dear Saviour's wounded, pierced ſide, 240
By which our ſtains are cleans'd, our ſins forgiv'n.

Thus is our Lord the ſubſtance of the law:
And as blood-ſhedding was by that requir'd,
Without which no remiſſion is obtain'd, 245
By blood almoſt all things are purg'd and cleans'd;
And as the patterns of the heav'nly things

We

Were purify'd with blood, the blood of beasts,
'Twas needful that the heav'nly things themselves,
Should all be purg'd, restor'd, and reconcil'd,
By sacrifices better far than these: 250
And hence 'twas necessary CHRIST should die.
For blood of sinful men could ne'er atone,
Where purest blood of harmless lambs had fail'd.
No blood so pure was ever found on earth
As that of beasts, except the blood of CHRIST. 255
Man's blood defiles; the blood of beasts did serve
To cleanse the flesh; the blood of JESUS makes
The conscience pure, and takes all guilt away.

'Thus 'twas appointed that he should appear,
Finish transgression, make an end of sin, 260
And for iniquities of ev'ry kind
A perfect reconciliation make,
And bring in everlasting righteousness:
And thus fulfil both prophecies and types.
Another grand design our Saviour had 265
In suff'ring death, was to confirm, and seal,
To dedicate his glorious testament,
To ratify the covenant of grace,
And give his will validity and force:
For though a will and testament be made, 275
It hath no strength while the testator lives:
And consequently he must surely die,
Or else his written testament is void.

The

The former teſtament was ratify'd,
Was dedicated, and confirm'd by blood. 280
When faithful Moſes ev'ry thing had wrote,
And ev'ry precept to the people ſpake,
Which God had giv'n him to communicate,
He took the blood of calves and goats, which he
With water mix'd; then dipp'd into the ſame 285
Some hyſſop, and a lock of ſcarlet wool.
The people, tabernacle, book, and all
The holy veſſels, ſprinkled he therewith,
Declaring *that* the teſtamental blood,
Or covenant, which God had them enjoin'd. 290

Thus when the Saviour broke the bread, he ſaid,
Take eat; this is my body broke for you:
And when he took the wine, he ſaid, Drink this;
For 'tis my blood of the new Teſtament,
Shed for your ſins, and for the multitude. 295
Thus, with propriety, his blood is call'd
Blood of the everlaſting covenant;
By which, with many, it was then confirm'd,
When Jeſus taſted death for ev'ry man.

Chriſt dy'd to reconcile us all to God; 300
And this he did while we were enemies:
Much more, when reconcil'd, we ſhall be ſav'd,
Since Jeſus lives to intercede for us.
For if his death hath done ſuch mighty things,
Not leſs may be expected from his life. 305

If

If objects of eternal love we were
Before Christ dy'd, we cannot now be less;
Since he hath bought us with his precious blood.

Gentiles and Jews to reconcile together,
And break the wall of separation down; 310
Making of twain one new man by himself,
And thus proclaiming peace to all as one;
Bringing both nigh to God; taking away
The enmity which the distinction made:
To compass this, Christ suffer'd on the cross. 315
Hence diff'rence now there's none, before the Lord,
Between the Gentile nations and the Jews:
No nation now is common or unclean,
Since Jesus shed his blood to cleanse them all.
All are his children, over all he's Lord, 320
And rich to all that call upon his name.

As all partakers were of flesh and blood,
He stoop'd to be our partner; took the same,
That he might suffer death, and thus destroy
The devil's kingdom, and the pow'r of death: 325
And ransom those who are enslav'd by fear;
Through fear of death in cruel bondage held.

O blest deliv'rance! this we may obtain,
Since Jesus gave his life for that intent.
And sure 'twas kind the tyrant to disarm, 330
Since to escape him, who can dare to hope?

What comfort hence results to dying men!
And what a glorious reason may be giv'n
Why Jesus tasted death for ev'ry one!
Let praise and gratitude for ever flow 335
From all our hearts, to Him who death destroy'd,
And robb'd the mortal tyrant of his sting.

'Twas needful Christ should pass thro' ev'ry state
Thro' which the wand'ring sons of men had gone,
And overcome the evil in them all. 340
Thus he was born, liv'd, dy'd, reviv'd, and rose;
That over all he might dominion gain,
Be stil'd Lord of the living and the dead.
He gave his flesh for meat, his blood for drink;
And dy'd to give to us eternal life. 345
His precious blood is now an open font,
Wherein our foulest stains may all be cleans'd:
Our sins, like scarlet, may be white as snow;
Though red, like crimson, may become as wool;
And we from all iniquity be purg'd. 350
And from this present evil world redeem'd,
May glorify our God by works of love.

Many and glorious were our Lord's designs
In suff'ring death: one more I'll mention here:—
He dy'd for us, as our example bright, 355
That we his steps should follow to the last.
Thus, when we're call'd to suffer in his cause,
We may commit our souls to God the Just;

And

And bear, with meekneſs, what our Lord permits.
And foraſmuch as Chriſt for us endur'd 360
Moſt painful ſuff'rings in his mortal fleſh,
May we with the ſame mind be always arm'd:
For he that ſuffers in the fleſh is freed
From ſin, and is conform'd to Chriſt, his head.

Thus having meditated on this ſcene, 365
And profitably look'd the Scriptures o'er,
And ſought and found why Jeſus gave his life;
Now we attend him to the land of ſouls.
And firſt to paradiſe he ſhapes his courſe,
That bliſsful region, where the righteous dwelt, 370
Who dy'd in faith, but had not yet receiv'd
Thoſe promiſes for which they waited long;
Had ſeen from far, and heartily embrac'd,
Confeſſing they were ſtrangers here on earth;
And thus declar'd they ſought ſublimer things, 375
A better country far; which there they found.
Each gather'd to his people, dwelt in peace,
Waiting 'till the great promiſe ſhould appear,
'Till the Meſſiah ſhould in perſon come,
And paſs thoſe realms, and give them brighter views
Than they had ſeen before, and bring them forth 381
To greater glory, higher ſcenes of bliſs!

For this they waited long in faith and hope,
And were not diſappointed; for at laſt
The viſion ſpake, although it tarry'd long. 385

The God that cannot lie, perform'd his word,
To their great joy who trusted in his name;
For none shall be asham'd who wait for him.

There Abel dwelt, by his fierce brother slain;
The first of men that pass'd the iron gate, 390
And felt that strangest thing, what 'tis to die:
By God accepted, honour'd, and approv'd;
Witness'd as righteous by the Lord Most high;
His character must shine for ever fair.
His life unspotted, precious was his death; 395
His fervent faith produc'd obedience pure;
And though his sun went down in early morn,
Yea, set in blood, his virtue met reward:
And his example speaks aloud to all,
To follow him, though it should cost our lives; 400
Since God is able to repay us well,
Whate'er in serving him we chance to lose.

Noah was there, who stood a laughing-stock
To all the earth an hundred years, or more,
Because he did believe his God, and built 405
The ark at his direction, to preserve
His houshold from destruction by the flood.
The world of infidels long mock'd his zeal,
But saw their folly when it was too late.

Abra'm, the Father of the faithful seed, 410
With Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, dwelt in hope,

Waiting

Waiting with expectation long, yet firm,
To ſee the glories of this wond'rous day.
The Prophets, and the righteous men of old,
Who greatly wiſh'd to ſee the Saviour come, 415
But ne'er beheld him in the fleſh; now ſaw
The Lord, whom long they had deſir'd to ſee.
Some ſay the Scriptures contradict themſelves,
Becauſe 'tis ſaid The righteous man's deſire
Shall be fulfill'd; yet Chriſt his followers told 420
That many prophets, kings, and righteous men,
Deſir'd to ſee and hear the things they did,
But yet had never ſeen nor heard the ſame:
But mark, he did not ſay they never *ſhould*;
For their deſires were all fulfill'd at length. 425

How had the company in paradiſe
Increas'd ſince righteous Abel thither went!
Long did he wait ere by another join'd;
Think how he welcom'd in the ſoul of Eve,
They, that of Adam; all that after came 430
Were welcom'd by the ſpirits gone before.
But when the ſoul of Jeſus left the world,
And came to viſit thoſe who waited long
To ſee their Lord, who can deſcribe the ſcene?
O the ſurprize and joy that fill'd the place! 435
Who can expreſs their raptures, or declare
The kind expreſſions flowing from his tongue?
Methinks when firſt he enter'd, one proclaim'd
Here comes your Saviour's ſoul to viſit you!

Let all adore their Lord, who dy'd for them. 440
Then down in ſilence proſtrate all they fell,
With joy and wonder fill'd, to ſee him there,
For whom they waited, wiſh'd, and look'd ſo long.

Soon, as REDEEMER, he addreſs'd the throng,
With, Peace be unto you, behold your king! 445
This day I dy'd upon the croſs, and made
A full propitiation for mankind;
For all your ſins my blood hath now aton'd,
And I am come to comfort all your hearts;
Good will, peace, pardon, wiſdom, love, and pow'r,
Redemption and ſalvation I proclaim, 451
Since to my Father all I've reconcil'd.
Soon from the dead my body ſhall be rais'd:
Some of your graves I've open'd, you ſhall riſe
As trophies of my vict'ry o'er the grave; 455
The reſt, when I deſcend, on earth to reign,
Shall the ſame bleſſings ſhare, ſhall be redeem'd
From foul corruption's pow'r—in glory rais'd;
Shall ſhine like ſuns and ſtars, dominion have
O'er all the people; and like me appear, 460
In brightneſs like the firmament of heav'n.
A crown of righteouſneſs, and glorious throne
Shall be your portion; for with me you're heirs.

This ſaid, the bliſsful place did loud reſound,
And Worthy, worthy, worthy is the Lamb 465
Glory and pow'r and honour to receive,

For

For he was ſlain, and ranſom'd us to God:
And we ſhall live and reign with him on earth!

But now the thief expir'd, his ſoul convey'd
By guardian angels, ſoon arriv'd in peace, 470
As Jeſus promis'd. O what triumph then
Was heard in paradiſe, when this firſt-born
Of Jeſu's labour, was receiv'd to dwell
In Abrah'm's boſom, with his faithful ſons!
Our Saviour's ſuff'rings were both cauſe and means
Of his repentance and converſion true. 476
This triumph, gain'd by grace in ſuch an hour,
The dear Redeemer greatly magnify'd.

But now excuſe my bold attempt to ſhew
The Saviour's proceſs through *Gehenna's* ſhades: 480
For as he ſhed his blood for all the dead,
'Twas neceſſary he ſhould viſit them.
For if he dy'd for all, as we believe,
And ſhed his blood for the tranſgreſſions done,
From Adam's firſt offence through every age; 485
For thoſe who held the former teſtament,
And for paſt ſins, as well as thoſe to come;
He had a pow'r to ſet his pris'ners free,
And claim the captives as his lawful right:
And therefore he muſt paſs through ev'ry ſtate, 490
And viſit ev'ry place where men were found,
Whether alive or dead, that he might be
Acknowledg'd as the rightful Lord of all;

And gain a full dominion ev'ry where
And make oppoſing pow'rs ſubmit to him. 495

Far in the deep, the centre of the earth,
The gloomy manſions of deſpair are plac'd;
(Unleſs the Scripture's written to deceive)
To this ſad place the Saviour muſt deſcend,
As he himſelf did frequently declare; 500
That as the prophet Jonah, ſwallow'd up,
Three days and nights entomb'd in darkneſs lay,
Contain'd within the belly of the whale;
Thus muſt the Son of man as long remain,
Not in earth's ſurface only, but its heart. 505
For he that was deſign'd all things to fill,
To re-aſcend into the higheſt heav'ns,
Muſt firſt deſcend into earth's lower parts,
The depth of *Hades*, but not there remain.
Why ſhould we gloſs the ſacred pages ſo 510
As to explain their meaning quite away?
For *ſoul* put *body*, *ſurface* for the *centre*?
By this ſame rule, we might deſtroy all ſenſe,
And make the ſacred books mean what we pleaſe.
But as they have declar'd, that wicked men 515
Into the lower parts of earth ſhall go,
And that our Saviour alſo thither went,
T' accompliſh moſt important purpoſes,
Of hell's locality we need not doubt;
But may believe 'tis in earth's centre found. 520
This is no pious fraud of gloomy prieſts,

Howe'er

Howe'er it may be ridicul'd by men:
JEHOVAH hath thought fit to repreſent
The matter thus, and who can him gainſay?
Rather would I believe him than diſpute, 525
Or once ſuppoſe that his deſcription's falſe.

But who can paint the place where darkneſs dwells?
Or who can count the many millions there,
Shut up, on whom the light had never ſhone
Since firſt they enter'd, 'till that bleſſed day 530
When Jeſus went, deliv'rance to proclaim
To captives bound in adamantine chains,
Which he alone could break, and ſet thoſe free
Who were in priſon, in the pit confin'd,
Where not a drop of water could be found, 535
Or comfort to aſſuage their bitter grief.
Th' amazing gulf impaſſable, which parts
Gehenna from the land of *Paradiſe*,
Which none had croſs'd 'till then, nor hop'd to paſs,
The breaker up attempted, not in vain, 540
For he ſucceeded, maugre all the pow'r
Of hell's grim monarch, who oppos'd his march
With moſt infernal fury; for he fear'd
The conſequences of his entrance there.
But Jeſus broke the gates of braſs, and cut 545
The iron bars in ſunder, and obtain'd
The keys of hell and death, which now he holds.
He ſhuts, and none can open, but himſelf;
He opens, none can ſhut; all pow'r is giv'n.

All

All judgment is committed to the Son. 550
All hell was mov'd, on that occaſion ſtrange,
To ſee the King of Glory enter in.

When Babylon's proud Monarch came to dwell
In thoſe dark regions, hell was mov'd to meet
So great a tyrant, and ſtirr'd up the dead, 555
The mighty ones, the princes of the earth,
Who, riſing from their thrones, addreſs'd him thus:

Art thou become like us? As weak as we?
Thy pomp and noiſe is to the grave brought down:
The worms are ſpread beneath, and cover thee. 560
How art thou fallen from the height of heav'n,
O Lucifer, ſon of the morning bright!
How to the ground like other worms thou'rt caſt,
Who weaken'd nations, and deſtroy'd mankind!
Thou ſaid'ſt, I will aſcend to heav'n above, 565
And fix my throne above the ſtars of God;
I'll ſit upon the congregation's mount,
Where God hath plac'd his name, I'll make my ſeat,
Above the higheſt clouds myſelf I'll raiſe;
Like the Moſt High in glory I will be. 570
Theſe were thy boaſts, but now, brought down to hell,
Within the priſon of the pit confin'd,
Thy pow'r is gone, thy ſlaves no longer fear,
But look to ſee thy viſage alter'd ſo,
And thus contemn thee with their taunting words;

Is

Is this the man that made the earth to ſhake? 575
Made kingdoms totter on their baſes deep!
That turn'd the world into a wilderneſs!
Deſtroy'd towns, cities, countries, nations, lands;
That never open'd priſon doors, nor ſet 580
His captives free, once taken by his hand?

Thus hell's inhabitants inſulted him.
And O what num'rous nations there were found!
When Egypt was deſtroy'd by Chaldea's king,
And Pharaoh proud deſcended to the pit, 585
All nature ſeem'd to mourn his dreadful fall.
The deeps were cover'd, and the floods reſtrain'd,
Great waters ſtay'd, and high Libanus mourn'd,
The fruitful trees ſeem'd fainting at his fall.
How ſhook the nations when God hurl'd him down
To hell! the nether parts of earth, the pit, 591
With many nations join'd with him in death.
The heav'ns were mantled, and the ſtars were dark,
The ſun was cover'd with a ſable cloud,
And God forbade the ſilver moon to ſhine. 595
All the bright lights of heav'n were darken'd then;
Darkneſs and clouds were ſet upon the land.
Such numbers then deſcended all at once,
Slain by the ſword; if that would comfort them,
None ſurely conſolation need to want. 600
But O, the lamentable wailing hear,
Which God commanded for the multitude
Of Egypt ſlain, and all their company.

Wail

Wail Son of man, for proud Egyptians ſlain,
And caſt them down, nor them alone, but all 605
The daughters of the nations greatly fam'd
To earth's moſt nether parts, its centre deep,
With them that to the gloomy pit go down.
Whom doſt thou paſs in beauty, Egypt fair?
Go down, with the uncircumcis'd be laid. 610
They by the ſword ſhall fall among the dead.
She is deliver'd to the dreadful ſtroke:
Draw her, and all her multitudes together.
The ſtrong among the mighty out of hell,
Shall ſpeak to him, and to his helpers ſlain; 615
They are gone down, they lie uncircumcis'd,
Slain by the ſword, and many nations more.
Aſhur is there, and all her company:
His graves are round about him, all deſtroy'd
By cruel war; dire fruits of mortal ſin! 620
See there her graves around her, in the ſides
Of the deep dreary pit; O awful thought!
Her company is round about her grave;
All ſlain, and by the ſword cut off from earth,
Who caus'd their terror far to ſpread abroad. 625
Elam, with all her multitude around,
Slain, fallen by the ſword uncircumcis'd,
Gone down into the nether parts of earth;
Who caus'd their fear upon mankind to fall;
Yet have they borne their ſhame, as others have, 630
Who have gone down together to the pit.
A bed is ſet among the ſlain for her,

And

And for her multitude, whoſe graves ſurround him,
Uncircumcis'd, unclean, ſlain by the ſword.
What profit can it be to them, that once 635
They to the living were ſo terrible?
For they muſt bear their ſhame, and dwell among
The melancholy dead, whom ſwords deſtroy'd.

There's Meſhech, Tubal, and her num'rous hoſts,
Plac'd in the manner as before deſcrib'd; 640
Their character the ſame, the ſame their end.
But for ſome reaſon ſeparated there
From other mighty ones uncircumcis'd,
Who with their warlike weapons went to hell;
(How little of that hidden ſtate we know!) 645
Their cruel ſwords under their heads are laid,
But their iniquities are on their bones;
Their ſins lie down with them and give them pain,
And make their ſouls in bitt'reſt accents mourn.
They, once the terror of the mighty, now 650
Are feeble, and a terror to themſelves.
Yea, pow'rful as thou waſt, thou ſhalt be broke,
And take thy portion with the vulgar tribe,
And with th' uncircumciſed ſlain ſhall lie.
Edom, with all her princes, dukes and kings, 653
Lie there in ruin, brought exceeding low.
Their might is periſh'd, and their grandeur gone;
And in the pit their habitation lies.

There

There be the princes of the north, with them
The pow'rful ſons of fam'd Zidonian race. 660
Now they're aſham'd of all their mighty deeds,
And bear their ſhame, the puniſhment of crimes,
With all the nations who inhabit hell,
Slain by the ſword, uncircumcis'd, unclean.
Pharaoh ſhall ſee the num'rous peoples there; 665
And that the mighty have no cauſe to boaſt,
And have this comfort that he's not alone,
(If this is comfort to the mis'rable)
This is the lamentation over him.
A dreadful warning to proud mighty men: 670
Though great their glory, great muſt be their ſhame:
For juſt in that proportion as they have
In ſoftneſs liv'd, and glorify'd themſelves,
Juſt ſo much pain and ſorrow they muſt feel.
O what amazing numbers were confin'd 675
In theſe dark regions! moſt who liv'd and dy'd
During the period of four thouſand years.
But far the greateſt number ſwept at once
From earth, was by the flood in Noah's time.
Millions have been deſtroy'd in one campaign 680
By war, as was the caſe with Xerxes hoſt;
Earthquakes, volcanoes, famines, plagues and ſtorms,
Wide-waſting peſtilences, raging flames,
And dreadful inundations, whirlwinds fierce,
Have often ſlain their millions; but the flood 685
Swept off a world at once; which then contain'd
Near twenty thouſand millions of mankind;

Suppoſe

Suppoſe they doubled twice each century;
Which cannot be improbable, becauſe
No children dy'd in infancy; they liv'd 690
Nearly a thouſand years in gen'ral then.
Seldom a ſon before his father dy'd,
And but nine generations left the ſtage
Before the dreadful flood of water came.
So, if my calculation's rightly made, 695
All but one thouſand and thirty were drown'd,
That ever had been born of woman kind.
Hades was peopled then at once with ghoſts,
Who had been diſobedient ſinners bold,
Inſulted God's long ſuff'ring, ridicul'd 700
His ſervant, who through faith and fear prepar'd
An ark for the ſalvation of his houſe.
Theſe were ſhut up in priſon, and remain'd
In hopeleſs darkneſs; not one chearful ray
Had pierc'd the diſmal gloom in that long night,
(Almoſt two thouſand and four hundred years.) 706

No wonder that our Saviour firſt began
To preach the goſpel to thoſe wretched ſouls,
Who were a large proportion of mankind
That ever yet have liv'd ſince time began. 710
Long, long they ſinn'd on earth; no others had,
Nor ever ſhall have, half their years to ſin.
By parity of reas'ning, plain it ſeems
They were the greateſt ſinners of mankind;
As being firſt and longeſt in the ways 715

That

That lead to dire deſtruction, harden'd moſt
By long forbearing patience of the Lord,
Longeſt had they continu'd in deſpair.
Yet Jeſus dy'd for them, as well as us;
And that the goſpel might to them be known, 720
He went, his ſoul deſcended into hell;
The priſon doors he enter'd, and he preach'd
Unto the ſpirits there confined long,
Who ſometime diſobedient were, when once
God waited long in ancient Noah's days. 725
Chriſt preach'd to dead, diſtinguiſh'd from the quick,
(As he is judge both of the quick and dead)
That by the goſpel they might judged be,
Like thoſe who heard it while they dwelt in fleſh,
And that they might in ſpirit live to God, 730
And be compleatly free from ſin and death.
Thus Jeſus gave himſelf a ſacrifice,
A ranſom for the world, and ev'ry man,
From Adam, to the laſt that ſhall be born:
To be in due time teſtify'd to all. 735

What great ſucceſs attended Jeſus then,
Who can conceive? What mortal can declare?
He ſpoiled principalities and pow'rs,
And of them openly he made a ſhew;
Triumphing over thoſe infernal hoſts, 740
Who held their captives faſt in helliſh chains.
He from the mighty took the prey, and ſet
The lawful captives at their liberty.

Thus

Thus he captivity did captive lead;
And by his blood the pris'ners were ſent forth, 745
Out of the pit of drouth, and deepeſt woe.
This work fulfill'd the prophecies, which ſaid,
Thus ſaith JEHOVAH, who created heav'ns
And ſtretch'd them out, and form'd the earth and ſeas,
Made man, and gives him being, life, and breath,
And doth provide him ev'ry needful thing: 751
Thee have I call'd in righteouſneſs divine,
Will hold thine hand, and thee in ſafety keep,
And give thee for the people's covenant;
To all the Gentiles thou ſhalt be a light. 755
Blind eyes to open, pris'ners to bring forth
Who ſit in darkneſs, from the priſon houſe,
Shall be the glorious work thou ſhalt perform.
For in a time acceptable I've heard
Thy voice, and help'd thee in ſalvation's day. 760
At thy command the pris'ners ſhall be free,
The ſons of darkneſs ſee the light again,
And ſhew themſelves, and feed in the high-ways,
And in high places find a paſture green;
And being brought from tribulation great, 765
Shall be at eaſe; hunger and thirſt no more
Their ſpirits ſhall oppreſs, nor ſun, nor heat.
For God who gives them mercy, ſhall them lead,
Feed them, and guide them by the water ſprings.
Sing, O ye heav'ns; O earth, break forth with joy;
Ye mountains ſing, and all the hills rejoice; 771
JEHOVAH hath his people comforted,

And will have mercy upon his diſtreſs'd.
Such as in darkneſs ſit, in death's ſad ſhade,
In chains of iron and affliction bound; 775
Becauſe againſt JEHOVAH they rebell'd,
The words and counſel of the Lord contemn'd;
Therefore their heart with labour he brought down;
They fell, and there was none to help them up.
They to JEHOVAH in their trouble cry'd, 780
He ſaved them from their diſtreſſes great.
He brought them out of darkneſs, where they ſat,
And from death's gloomy ſhadow ſet them free.
In ſunder brake their bands infrangible.

O praiſe JEHOVAH for his mercy's ſake! 785
His wond'rous works demand your nobleſt ſong.
Not brazen gates, nor maſſy iron bars,
Nor gulf impaſſable, nor hoſts of foes,
Nor all the pow'rs of hell, could him prevent
From viſiting with light and love unknown 790
The ſpirits, who ſo long had dwelt in night.
He to the captives liberty proclaim'd,
The opening of the priſon to the bound;
And thoſe conſol'd who mourn'd in darkneſs long.

Thus plain it ſeems, that ancient ſinners heard 795
The glorious goſpel by the Saviour preach'd;
They diſobedient once, his word obey'd,
For ought we know, and were by him reſtor'd.
Though Sodom ſtill remain'd, as Jude declares,

Set

Set forth for an example to the world, 800
Suff'ring the vengeance of eternal fire;
Yet glorious promiſes await her ſtill:
That her captivity ſhall be return'd;
She, with her daughters, by JEHOVAH giv'n,
To proud Jeruſalem, but humbled then, 805
Shall be receiv'd with kindeſt arms of love,
(Though once deſpis'd, forgot, contemn'd and ſcorn'd
And counted vile by her, more vile herſelf.)
When all her ſins ſhall be forgiv'n, and ſhe
Shall find in God a father juſt, yet good; 810
Who though he will correct, will ne'er forſake,
But bring his ſtraying children home at laſt.

Sing, O ye heav'ns! JEHOVAH did the deed!
Shout, ſhout, ſhout, ſhout, ye lower parts of earth!
Ye mountains, O break forth in ſongs of praiſe! 815
O foreſt wide, and ev'ry tree therein;
JEHOVAH hath redeemed Jacob's race,
And glorify'd himſelf in Iſrael's ſons.
And this ſalvation great, is light compar'd
With thoſe deſigns ſo marvellous, ſo grand, 820
So worthy of a God; for thus he ſaith
To his eternal Son, the Lord from heav'n:
'Tis but a light thing that thou ſhould'ſt become
My ſervant to raiſe up old Jacob's tribes,
And the preſerv'd of Iſrael to reſtore: 825
I'll give thee to the Gentile world a light;
To earth's remoteſt ends ſalvation be.

Perform thy pleasure, bring all knees to bow,
Bring ev'ry tongue to swear, and thee confess
The universal Lord. But ask of me, 830
The heathen, thine inheritance, I'll give;
Possess the utmost limits of the earth.

The Father to the Son all things hath giv'n,
In heav'n, on earth, and in the worlds below;
Therefore to save the lost he freely came; 835
Was born, liv'd, dy'd, descended into hell,
Proclaim'd the gospel, triumph'd over him
Who led poor sinners captive at his will.

These mighty acts I've sung; but Oh, how far,
My highest strains must fall below his deeds! 840
My theme is lofty, though my song is weak;
Fain would I praise him, but my words are faint!
My spirit sinks beneath the pond'rous load.
Much still remains to sing, and much I fear
That I shall ne'er be able to compleat 845
The mighty task I've ventur'd to begin.
But since thus far I'm come, in Him I'll trust
Who can inspire my heart, and guide my pen;
And from the mouth of such a helpless babe,
Perfect his praise, and still the enemy. 850

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

BOOK

BOOK IV.

THE RESURRECTION.

CHILDREN of Adam, listen to my song;
A most important subject is propos'd,
In which your int'rest and concern lie deep;
Christ's glorious resurrection is the theme;
That grand event on which salvation hangs; 5
The sure foundation of our christian faith.
This might employ an angel's noblest pow'rs;
But God will not disdain a child's attempt.

The Saviour crucify'd by wicked hands,
Had yielded up his life a sacrifice; 10
His foes had triumph'd, and his friends despair'd:
His mangled body, wounded to the heart,
Was in the silent tomb securely laid,
Its entrance by a pond'rous stone was clos'd:
What room, to feeble sense, remain'd for hope? 15
His followers had abandon'd now his cause,
Chiefly consulting how they might be safe.
Upon the following day, his cruel foes
The Scribes, Chief Priests, and Pharisees, combin'd,
And came to Pilate, thus addressing him: 20

Sir, we remember *that Deceiver* said,
In three days time I shall arise again.
We therefore pray that thou wouldst place a guard,
Till the third day, to keep the tomb secure;
Lest his disciples steal his corpse by night, 25
And then proclaim him risen from the dead:
Thus the last error shall exceed the first.
Go then, said Pilate, you shall have a watch,
Be ev'ry thing according to your will;
Make it as sure as possibly you can. 30
Thus authoriz'd, they seal'd the stone, and plac'd
A guard of soldiers round the sepulchre.

Now when the early dawn began to show
Its beauties, and declar'd the sun's approach,
The third, th' appointed day, its eye-lids op'd; 35
A train of women, faithful to their Lord,
Were walking early to survey the place
Where lay deposited their dearest friend,
And bringing spices to embalm his flesh. 39

But lo! a glorious form from heav'n came down,
An angel of the Lord, in light array'd;
At his approach the mountains seem'd to nod
Instinctive, and the solid orb did quake:
The stone was in a moment roll'd aside,
Which, for a while, became a flaming throne, 45
On which he sat in terrible array;
His countenance as light'ning fiercely blaz'd:

The

The keepers ſhook with fear, and fell as dead.
Juſt in that moment roſe the royal Prince;
The Lord of glory left the darkſome tomb. 50
The brighteſt ſun that ever ſhone in heav'n,
From whom all light is borrow'd, was eclips'd;
Obſcur'd in darkeſt ſhades, he ſet in blood;
He dwelt in darkneſs, made the duſt his bed,
Though ſuns and ſtars are only ſhades of him. 55
But ſoon he roſe triumphant, and appear'd
More beauteous than the radiant ſource of day,
Which chears all nature, makes creation ſmile,
And gladdens ev'ry heart at its approach.

Or, as when darkeſt clouds had long o'ercaſt 60
The horizon, and dreadful ſtorms of rain,
Hailſtones, and furious whirlwinds, tempeſts drear,
Have roar'd around the frighted mariners;
When neither ſun, nor moon, nor ſtars are ſeen
For many days, 'till all their hopes are loſt. 65

But when, at length, the ſun appears in ſight,
The clouds diſperſe, the dreadful blaſts are gone,
The day ſhines clear, a fair and pleaſant breeze
Brings them in ſafety to their deſtin'd port;
How joyful is the change! So chang'd the ſcene 70
When Jesus roſe, and morn appear'd more fair
After ſo ſad a night; the ſtorm was huſh'd,
And balmy zephyrs whiſper'd, He is ris'n.

Or, as when Sol is totally eclips'd,
The gloomy ſhade appears more diſmal far 75
Than darkeſt midnight in its proper time.
What ſudden conſternation ſeizes all
The animals! The birds affrighted fly
To covert, or, as though depriv'd of life,
They drop their wings, and fall upon the ground; 80
The beaſts retire, as though 'twere darkeſt night;
Nations aſtoniſh'd gaze with terror fill'd!
Such the tremendous ſcene when JESUS dy'd.
But O what pen can paint the gen'ral joy,
When the bright ſun emerges from the gloom; 85
Birds ſing for gladneſs, beaſts and men rejoice.
Such was the joy in heav'n when JESUS roſe.

All figures here muſt fail, but fancy ſtill
Would wiſh indulgence in the glowing theme.
When man was firſt created, up he caſt 90
His wond'ring and delighted eyes, to view
The radiant ſource of day, an emblem bright
Of the Creator, who in glory dwells,
In light ineffable, from darkneſs free.

But can we tell *his* thoughts, when firſt he ſaw 95
The ſhining orb deſcend to weſtern ſkies,
And leave the world to night, not knowing then
Whether or not he ſhould behold it more,
To bleſs his longing ſight with new-born day?
And if his ſentiments and feelings were 100

But

But in the leaſt congenial with our own,
He might expreſs himſelf in words like theſe:

Fair ſource of day! ſo pleaſing to my eyes,
On which I gaz'd with raptures known no more;
Whither, ah whither haſt thou fled from me? 105
And muſt I never ſee the light again?
O, I had hop'd to have enjoy'd thy rays,
While my exiſtence ſhould endure, but now
Alas that thou art gone! I'm in ſuſpenſe
How long I may continue, ſince I ſee 110
That thou art vaniſh'd, whom I thought ſo late
To be of heav'nly origin,—bright, pure,
The image of the glorious Architect:
In worth ſo far ſuperior to myſelf.
Or all that I behold; for thou didſt give 115
Beauty and life to ev'ry thing I ſaw:
But thou art gone! perhaps for ever gone!
Ah, waſt thou ſhown me for a little time,
And then recall'd, no more to bleſs my ſight,
To let me feel the want of thee, which elſe 120
I ne'er had known, if I had not beheld
Such glorious beauty in thy ſhining face
That beggars all deſcription! but now loſt,
What have I left, if I muſt be depriv'd
Of thy effulgence, and in darkneſs grope, 125
Baniſh'd from light, and the bleſt beams of day?

But words are poor, too poor, to repreſent

His

His joy and glad ſurprize, when he beheld
The riſing ſun on the enſuing morn, 129
And heav'n-born light appear'd to bleſs his eyes!

But how much greater woes and pains they felt
Who had enjoy'd the Saviour's chearing rays;
When they beheld the Sun of righteouſneſs,
That roſe with heav'nly healing in his wings,
Go down at noon, thus early ſet in blood, 135
Cut off by an untimely, curſed death;
How did their brighteſt hopes expire with him!

Great was their mourning for their murder'd Lord!
As when a prince of greateſt clemency,
In whom benevolence diſplays itſelf, 140
Whoſe government is equal, juſt, and mild;
Whoſe laws are rectitude and harmony;
And all his acts promote the public weal;
Should he by guile and treach'ry be betray'd
To murd'rous hands, and ſuffer ſhameful death; 145
How would his faithful ſubjects mourn and wail!
So wept our Lord's diſciples when he dy'd;
And might in mournful plaints expreſs their grief
In ſome ſuch melancholy words as theſe.

And is our Lord and Maſter ſlain indeed? 150
Is Chriſt the Lord's anointed put to ſhame?
We truſted that it had been he that ſhould
Judah redeem, and Iſrael's tribes reſtore;
Under his ſhadow we had hop'd to dwell,

Among

Among the heathen who compass us round.
But ah! our fondest expectation fails!
We thought we could not be deceiv'd in him;
His doctrine, miracles, and spotless life,
His patience, and unfeign'd humility,
Meekness and resignation, love and zeal,
All join'd to prove him more than mortal man.
O what amazing sorrows fill our souls
While we remember all his words of peace,
(Now heard no more) and all his works of love.
Our pleasures gone! and all our joys are fled!
All, all is lost! What comfort can we find,
Since he is gone from us,—for ever lost?
And all we priz'd, or lov'd, is wholly gone.
While he was present heav'n could grant no more;
To see, to hear him speak, was all we wish'd;
In him our wants and wishes were supply'd.
So happily we liv'd, so free from care,
That grief and fasting were to us unknown:
At which the Scribes and Pharisees did rage.
But now we find our Master spake aright,
When thus their censure mildly he reprov'd,
Can you suppose the Bridegroom's friends will fast
While at the feast his presence they enjoy?
But when the day of separation comes,
Then shall they weep and fast, and grieve and mourn.
This to our cost is truly verify'd;
The Comforter that oft reliev'd our souls,

Is far from us: how great our sorrows are!
So vast our grief, it cannot be increas'd;
And too confirm'd for time to mitigate. 185

When JESUS dy'd, all nature sympathiz'd,
Earth from its centre groan'd; the open'd graves
Proclaim'd some great transaction near to come.
And when he rose, dead men came forth to see
The wonders wrought by God's amazing pow'r. 190
These shew'd themselves alive in open light,
Into the holy city enter'd, and appear'd
To many: thus proclaiming, JESUS lives.

When the first company of women came
Near to the place where JESUS was interr'd, 195
Consulting how to roll the stone away,
They lifted up their eyes, and saw 'twas mov'd.
Then Mary Magdalen, immediately
(Before she farther went) ran back to tell
Th' apostles, John and Peter, what was done, 200
(For she suppos'd her Lord was stol'n away
And otherwise had not been then inform'd,)
While she went back with this perplexing news,
The company went onwards to the tomb;
The blessed angel had possess'd the place: 205
The guards, recover'd from their swoon, were gone.

The women ent'ring in, beheld a sight,
That overpow'r'd their spirits; for there sat

An

An heav'nly meſſenger, who then appear'd
Like a young man in long white garments cloth'd;
(At ſight of whom they were affrighted ſore.) 211
Who thus addreſs'd them, O be not afraid;
I know that ye ſeek Jeſus who was ſlain;
He is not here, for he is truly ris'n:
Come ſee the place where they his body laid: 215
And quickly go and tell his followers,
Peter eſpecially, that He's alive;
Behold he goeth ſoon to Galilee,
There ye ſhall ſee him, as he ſaid to you:
What I have told you, ye ſhall find the truth. 220
Then quickly they departed with great fear,
And ran to carry his diſciples word:
But being ſore affrighted, nothing ſaid
To ſome they ſaw while going on their way,
Who probably were Mary, Peter, John, 225
Who ran with ſpeed to ſee the ſepulchre.

John outran Peter, and came thither firſt,
And ſtooping down beheld the linen cloaths,
Yet enter'd not 'till Peter did arrive;
Who boldly vent'ring down, beheld the ſame! 230
But neither ſaw an angel nor the Lord.

Peter comes out, and John himſelf deſcends,
And by the order which he there beheld,
Was then convinc'd that Chriſt had left the dead:

For

For they, as yet, had never underſtood. 235
The prophecies, that he muſt riſe again.

Then they departed, leaving Mary there;
Who, fill'd with love to JESUS, ſtay'd behind,
Determined to ſeek him conſtantly,
'Till ſhe could find his body; for ſhe ſtill 240
Believ'd 'twas ſtolen from the ſepulchre.

When they were gone, ſhe looking in eſpy'd
Two angels ſitting, cloath'd in white array!
One at the head, the other at the feet,
Where JESU's bleſſed body had been laid. 245

Woman, why weepeſt thou? demanded they.
Becauſe (ſaid ſhe) my Lord they have remov'd,
And where they've laid him I am ignorant,

When thus ſhe ſpake, ſhe backward turn'd herſelf,
And ſaw the Saviour ſtand; but knew him not. 250

Then he accoſted her in words like theſe;
Woman, why weepeſt thou? whom ſeekeſt thou?

She (thinking him to be the gardener)
Thus anſwer'd— Sir, if thou haſt borne him hence,
Tell me where thou haſt laid him, I entreat, 255
And I will take him thence immediately.

JESUS

JESUS ſaid, MARY. She well knew the voice,
And turn'd herſelf, and anſwer'd, RABBONI.

Then JESUS ſaid—Embrace me not as yet;
(*That is*, At this time take not leave of me) 260
You ſhall behold my face ere I depart.
Go to my brethren, tell the joyful news,
That I am riſen, and ſhall ſoon aſcend
Unto my Father, and my God and yours.
Bid them prepare to ſee me ere I go. 265

She was the firſt to whom the Lord appear'd
After his reſurrection from the dead;
And ſhe firſt carried the diſciples word,
And told them ſhe had ſeen the Lord himſelf;
And that he had declar'd theſe things to her. 270

As ſoon as JESUS thus to Mary ſpake,
He quickly went to meet thoſe fearful ones
Who lately had departed from the tomb:
To whom he thus addreſs'd himſelf—All hail!
Thus kindly diſſipating all their fears: 275
And as they needed greater evidence
Than Mary did (having been terrify'd)
He ſuffer'd them to hold him by the feet,
And pay their humble worſhip to him there.
Then farther ſpake to them in mildeſt terms— 280
Be not afraid: Go tell my brethren dear
To meet in Galilee, to ſee their Lord;

As

As I appointed them before my death;
And now command you to declare the fame.

Then, with great joy, they ran to tell the news
To the apoftles: But in th' interim, 285
Another company of women went
Unto the fepulchre, and enter'd in;
But could not find the body of their Lord:
And as they were perplexed thereabout, 290
Behold two angels, like two men, appear'd
In fhining garments, ftanding near to them:
(Whereas the other women faw but one;
He on the right fide fat, but thefe ftood up)
They were afraid, and bow'd their faces down. 295
But filence then the beauteous angels broke;
No mufic ever was fo ravifhing
As their fweet voices, and the news they told.
Thus kindly they addrefs'd the tim'rous train—
Why feek ye now the living 'mongft the dead? 300
He dwells no longer in his late abode;
He's ris'n. Remember how he fpake to you
While he was yet alive in Galilee;
The Son of man muft be deliver'd up
Into the hands of bloody finful men: 305
He muft be mock'd, and fcourg'd, and crucify'd;
But he fhall rife again on the third day.

At this they well remember'd JESU's words,
And foon returned from the fepulchre.

And

while the other women were detain'd 310
ng their adoration to their Lord,
e firſt arriv'd where the diſciples met,
told thoſe things to all aſſembled there.
hough they knew their characters ſo well,
iends to the Redeemer and his cauſe, 315
r news, ſo ſtrange, appear'd like idle tales;
they believ'd their tidings not at all.
'eter, hearing of the angels there,
tly went a ſecond time to ſee;
vent alone; and ſtooping down beheld, 320
inen cloaths laid by themſelves; and then
rted, greatly wond'ring in himſelf
thoſe things ſo ſtrangely come to paſs.
s return, two of their company
hem, to go to Emmaus that day, 325
: the other women had come in,
had beheld the Saviour on the road,
ary Magdalen herſelf return'd:
ter their departure ſoon arriv'd.
vidence increaſing by degrees, 330
'd th' apoſtles minds for farther light.
homas, probably offended much
ıny credit ſhould be giv'n to thoſe
propagated a report ſo ſtrange:
ıing their brains were much diſturb'd, 335
nat their fancies were impos'd upon;
veakneſs, terror, or credulity,
nade them to imagine that they ſaw

Strange apparitions, and as ſtrange things heard.
All which he did not credit in the leaſt : 340
And therefore ſeems to have withdrawn himſelf.

Here we muſt leave them for a little time,
While we attend another circumſtance.

Now while the women were returning, fraught
With the glad news that they had ſeen the Lord, 345
Convers'd with him, and worſhipp'd at his feet;
Th'affrighted guards in terror ran, and told
That they had ſeen ſurprizing dreadful things ;
An angel, of appearance terrible,
With raiment white as ſnow, face like the ſun, 350
Had drove them from their ſtand, poſſeſſion took.
So our firſt parents were from Eden driv'n,
By cherubim, arm'd with a flaming ſword.
Nor with leſs tremor did the ſoldiers flee
Than Lot from guilty Sodom, when in flames; 355
Or Iſraelites from Korah and his troop,
When earth firſt open'd, ſwallowing them alive.
They were in no condition to diſpute
The paſs with ſuch a warrior ſent from heav'n,
Arm'd with more terrors than the fabled Jove, 360
On fam'd Olympus, hurling thunder-bolts,
By Vulcan form'd, to wound his enemies.
Though hardy ſoldiers, they did faint through fear;
(So terrible is holineſs to ſin) :
Glad to eſcape with life, they hardly turn'd 365

Till

'Till in Jeruſalem they found themſelves;
Where ſoon they propagated the report,
To the amazement of the citizens.
Some of the watch to the chief-prieſts repair'd,
And told the horrors of the wond'rous tale, 370
And added, likely, col'rings of their own;
With a deſign to exculpate themſelves.
So cowardly commanders never fail
To repreſent the dangers great indeed
From which they flee; for fear creates its ills, 375
As well as magnifies thoſe which exiſt.

No doubt, the prieſts might partly be convinc'd
That JESUS CHRIST was riſen from the dead;
But ſuch amazing malice dwelt in them, 379
They would not own the leaſt conviction wrought.

Thus faith alone is worſe than unbelief;
And therefore wiſely hath the Scripture join'd
Confeſſion with the mouth, free, open, full,
And correſponding holineſs of life,
With faith, to make it ſaving, ſound, ſincere. 385
For if thou with thy mouth confeſs CHRIST Lord,
And in thy heart believe GOD rais'd him up;
Abiding thus in faith, thou ſhalt be ſav'd.
Man with the heart believes to righteouſneſs,
And with the mouth a good confeſſion makes 390
Unto ſalvation; ſaith the word of Truth.

But many of the rulers did believe
On JESUS, but his name durſt not confeſs,
Leſt they ſhould be expell'd the ſynagogue : 394
They lov'd men's praiſe more than the praiſe of God.

Thoſe who deny the Saviour in the world,
And will not own his name before mankind,
Although they may believe, he will deny
Before his Father, and his holy ones,
When he ſhall come in glory : and the more 400
He will deny them for their barren faith,
Or ſtubbornneſs of will againſt their light.

Theſe wicked prieſts with pride and envy fill'd,
Inſtead of turning from their evil ways,
Purſu'd their courſe, and added ſin to ſin. 405
Together they took counſel, and agreed,
To give large money to the ſoldiers hands,
(O love of money! what an evil root!)
And hir'd them to report a wilful lie;
And promis'd to ſecure them from all fear 410
Of the diſpleaſure of the Governor.
But would theſe Prieſts have taken equal pains
To ſpread the truth, or further good deſigns?
The guard by money brib'd, were bid to ſay,
This man's diſciples ſtole him while we ſlept. 415
Oh! fooliſh lie! too groſs to be believ'd;
Not only void of probability,
But quite impoſſible to be perform'd.

Methinks

Methinks the devil muſt have been aſham'd
Of ſuch a ſlender ſtory, ſo abſurd; 420
Tho' by his children rais'd to ſerve his cauſe.
For who could think a few diſhearten'd men,
Who fled away the moment Chriſt was bound,
Should on a ſudden ſo courageous grow,
As to proceed together, in the night, 425
To take their maſter's body from the grave;
Though there a guard of armed men kept watch,
On purpoſe plac'd, the action to prevent?
The ſepulchre in ſolid rock was hewn,
So could not eaſily be undermin'd; 430
All entrance was deny'd but by the door,
And that was cloſed with a pond'rous ſtone;
That ſtone was ſeal'd, the ſoldiers plac'd around,
Were order'd diligently there to watch,
For one night only, no neceſſity 435
For ſleeping, ſince their watching time was ſhort.
Beſides they knew 'twas death to ſleep on guard;
And Roman diſcipline was moſt ſevere.
Parents their children would condemn to death,
For diſobedience in the ſmalleſt point, 440
Againſt their military orders giv'n;
Though ev'ry circumſtance ſhould plainly prove
The deviation was deſign'd for good,
And the event ſhould correſpond thereto;
So jealous were they of authority. 445
And is it likely that theſe ſoldiers charg'd
With ſuch a matter of importance, ſlept?

Slept! though expecting ſuch a bold attempt?
When e'en the novelty of ſuch a ſcene
Could hardly fail to keep them all awake: 450
And was it likely all would ſleep at once?
And ſleep ſo ſound as never to awake
While the diſciples roll'd away the ſtone,
And took the body out, and bare it off?

Thieves chooſe the darkeſt nights for their de-
ſigns; 455
But now the moon was full, and brightly ſhone:
Which made th' attempt to rob more dangerous.
Can it be thought that thoſe who came to ſteal,
Suppoſe them ſafely got within the tomb,
Should be ſo void of fear when enter'd there, 460
And act with ſuch deliberation calm,
As to diveſt the body of its clothes,
(Although glu'd faſt with myrrh and other gums,)
And fold them up in order, laying down
Each by itſelf; then marching off in peace, 465
Carry their prize in triumph, unpurſu'd?
But grant theſe things all happen'd; how could they
Who own'd themſelves aſleep, pretend to tell
With ſuch exactneſs, how they came to paſs?
Are men aſleep allow'd as witneſſes? 470
How could they know who took the corpſe away?
Or how pretend to ſay, It did not riſe?
Or if 'twas ſtolen, and the robbers known,

Why

Why did they not purſue them when they wak'd,
And bring the body back, the thieves expoſe, 475
And cruſh Chriſtianity in embrio?
But theſe abſurdities were overlook'd;
And that notorious falſehood, ſcandalous,
Was commonly reported through the land:
And was perhaps believ'd; for things as groſs 480
Are fully credited by many now.
For ſuch as give no credit to God's truth,
(Though fully prov'd by demonſtration plain)
Are eaſily perſuaded to believe
The moſt improbable, palpable lies. 485
Thoſe who the Chriſtian revelation hate,
Pretending that they can't believe it true,
Becauſe of difficulties they eſpy;
Moſt commonly becauſe their lives are bad;
(For ſtubborn infidelity begins 490
In love of vice, and endeth in deſpair;)
Believe a thouſand falſehoods moſt abſurd,
And greateſt inconſiſtencies maintain,
The groſſeſt contradictions ſwallow down,
And are more credulous than other men, 495
As might be fully prov'd if need requir'd.
But if no greater proof can be produc'd,
To prove that Jeſus did not riſe again,
Than this vain lie, by heathen ſoldiers ſpread,
Invented by the Prieſts, and Phariſees, 500
Who hir'd them to ſupport ſo vile a cauſe;
I ſhall believe more firmly that he roſe,

Than if this falſehood never had been fram'd.
For if the ſmalleſt reaſon had appear'd
To doubt the reſurrection of our King, 505
This would have been inſiſted on, and we
Had never heard of ſuch a vague report,
So falſe, unlikely, vain, ridiculous.

But to return: the day our Saviour roſe
He ſhew'd himſelf to Simon. Oh! what grace!
That he who thrice deny'd him at his death, 511
Should be the firſt of all the choſen band
To whom he ſhew'd himſelf alive again.
Chriſt ſaw he needed comfort; and he gave
The greateſt conſolation he could wiſh: 515
Appear'd, and ſpake to him of things divine,
And gave him tokens of his pard'ning love.

The two diſciples walking on their way
Towards Emmaus, ſorrowful, convers'd
Of all things which had happen'd in thoſe days. 520
As they together reaſon'd, and commun'd,
Jeſus himſelf drew near, and went with them:
(Oh! happy ſouls to have ſuch company.)
But him they knew not; for 'twas his intent
Their underſtandings to enlighten firſt; 525
That they might in the ſacred pages trace,
Thoſe plain predictions, of his life, and death,
His reſurrection, and aſcent to Heav'n;
In glory there to ſit, which frequent are

Throughout

Throughout the pſalms and holy prophets found;
Nor is the law of Moſes deſtitute 531
Of proofs, by types, and ſhadows of the ſame;
All which the Saviour open'd to their view.

O what a wond'rous ſermon Jeſus preach'd!
Which made their hearts in glowing raptures burn.
When juſt as he had finiſh'd, they drew nigh 536
Unto their journey's end, but he aſſay'd
Farther to go, but they conſtrained him
To enter in with them; for being fed
With heav'nly food, the doctrine of his lips, 540
They wiſh'd to entertain their unknown friend,
And profit more from his diſcourſes ſweet.
(The love of God receiv'd expands the heart.)
He knew their earneſtneſs, and with them went;
Sat down with them at meat; but when he took 545
The bread, and bleſs'd, and brake, and gave to them,
Their eyes were open'd, and they knew their Lord;
But inſtantly he vaniſh'd from their ſight.
Then to Jeruſalem they bent their courſe,
To carry tidings to their brethren there; 550
Whom they aſſembled found, in ſecret met,
Saying with joy, The Lord is ris'n indeed,
And hath appear'd to Simon verily.
The two diſciples then in turn declar'd,
How they had ſeen, and heard him in the way;
And how he was made known in breaking bread. 556
As thus they ſpake, behold the Saviour ſtood

Among

Among them visibly at once confess'd;
And thus address'd them, Peace be unto you.

Nothing could equal their amaze and fear; 560
Joy was with wonder, love with trembling mix'd,
At this event so sudden, new, and strange.
For 'twas the first appearance he had made
To them collectively; the manner such
As most was calculated to surprize. 565
A spirit they supposed him to be,
Because he enter'd when the door was shut;
And unperceived by their senses came:
But soon he spake again and calm'd their minds;
Why are ye troubled? Why do thoughts arise 570
Within your trembling hearts? 'Tis I myself.
Behold my hands and feet, the marks they bear!
Be satisfy'd; come handle me, and see;
A spirit hath not flesh and bones; I have;
As to your senses must be evident. 575
When thus he spoke, he shew'd his hands and feet:
And while they yet believed not for joy,
But were through fear and wonder quite amaz'd;
He spake yet more familiarly, and said,
My children, have ye any meat at hand? 580

Some broiled fish and honeycomb they gave;
Which he receiving, ate it in their sight:
Not that he needed food; they needed faith.
While he was eating he reminded them

Of

Of what he had convers'd with them before. 585
Theſe are the words (ſaid he) I ſpake to you,
That all the prophecies muſt be fufill'd,
Which Moſes and the ſacred Prophets wrote,
And which the pſalms declare concerning me.
Then he their underſtanding open'd ſo, 590
That they might underſtand the Scriptures plain.
Thus it is written, thus it Chriſt behov'd
To ſuffer, and to riſe on the third day;
And that repentance and forgiveneſs both
Should in his name be preach'd through all the world.
At firſt beginning at Jeruſalem: 596
And ye are witneſſes of all theſe things.
My Father hath ſent me, and I ſend you:
With my authority you ſhall be cloth'd.

Then did he gently breathe on them, and ſaid,
Receive the Holy Ghoſt, that gift divine. 601
Whoſe ſins ſoever ye remit, they are
Remitted unto them, they are releas'd;
And whoſe ſoever ye retain, ſhall be
Retained unto them, they ſhall be bound. 605

Behold, my Father's promiſe I will ſend!
The Holy Ghoſt, my meſſenger divine,
Shall reſt on you, with you for ever dwell;
Shall fill your ſouls with wiſdom, love, and pow'r;
Wait for his coming in Jeruſalem; 610
And then to ev'ry nation preach my word.

This

This ſaid, he left them to that evening week,
That they at leiſure might conſider well,
What things had paſt, what they had ſeen and heard;
That they might recollect his words, and read 615
The Scriptures, and the prophecies compare
With their accompliſhments; and be confirm'd
In theſe eſſentials of the Chriſtian ſcheme;
That Jeſus Chriſt the true Meſſiah is,
That once he dy'd for all, and roſe again, 620
And that ſalvation comes through him alone.

Thus have I briefly trac'd the hiſtory
Of that good day on which our Saviour roſe,
A day renown'd above all other days;
For then the ſun of righteouſneſs came forth, 625
To bleſs the world, and give the nations light.

Hail, Prince of Peace! in ſpite of all thy foes
Thou art alive, and liveſt evermore.
And by thy riſing from the grave fulfill'd
The ſacred oracles, which thus expreſs'd 630
Thy glorious reſurrection from the dead;
Before my face Jehovah have I ſet,
From him I never did nor can depart;
I never ſhall be moved; he's my ſtrength;
He always is my aid, at my right hand; 635
Therefore my heart is glad, my glory ſhouts
With joyfulneſs, my fleſh ſhall reſt in hope;
Becauſe thou wilt not leave my ſoul in hell,

Nor

Nor let thine Holy One corruption ſee.
The path of life, which leads to thine abode, 640
My raviſh'd eyes with great delight ſhall view:
Fulneſs of joy is in thy preſence known,
At thy right hand are pleaſures evermore.

The reſurrection of our Lord declar'd
He was the Son of God with pow'r divine; 645
And ſhew'd that he was no impoſter vile,
But was the One of whom the Prophets wrote.
It ſhew'd his labours, toils, and ſuff'rings o'er,
And his humiliation at an end;
And that he had obtain'd a full diſcharge 650
From all the mighty load that on him lay;
That he had gain'd the vict'ry over death;
Conquer'd the grave, and triumph'd over hell;
Open'd the road to everlaſting life.
For though through weakneſs he was crucify'd, 655
He liveth now by God's almighty pow'r;
Though once he dy'd to ſin, he lives to God.
And death ſhall never more dominion boaſt
O'er ſuch a captive, now for ever free.

Theſe grand events fulfill'd our Saviour's words,
(As well as many ancient prophecies) 661
And as a prophet thus his character
Eſtabliſh'd firmly; for he often ſaid,
The Son of Man muſt be deliver'd up
To wicked hands; him they ſhall crucify; 665

But

But on the third day he ſhall riſe again.
Theſe ſayings were not underſtood at firſt;
But fully juſtify'd by the event,
Were afterwards remember'd, and declar'd
By lawful witneſſes, who heard them ſpoke; 670
But were afraid to aſk their meaning then.

The prophet Jonah, ſwallow'd by the whale,
And by the ſame caſt up on the third day,
A figure of Chriſt's reſurrection ſtands;
And was the only ſign he would vouchſafe 675
Unto that generation moſt perverſe;
Who did his nobleſt miracles reject,
Imputing them to Satan's influence;
Nor would the plaineſt prophecies believe;
Yet clamour'd frequently for ſigns from Heav'n; 680
And were as conſtantly by him deny'd,
And to the prophet Jonah ſtill referr'd.

Doubtleſs theſe things employ'd the ſerious thoughts
Of the diſciples all the following week,
And were the conſtant theme of their diſcourſe, 685
Until they ſaw their bleſſed Lord again.

But Thomas, being abſent at the time
When Jeſus firſt appear'd, could not believe
That he was truly riſen from the dead,
Though all his brethren teſtify'd the ſame. 690
He judg'd the thing impoſſible, and thought

They

They by a ſpectre were impos'd upon:
So pow'rfully his unbelief prevail'd,
He would not credit them, and raſhly ſaid,
Till in his hands the nail prints I ſhall ſee, 695
Nor will I truſt my ſight alone, but muſt
Have farther proof, and put my fingers in,
And thruſt my hand into his open'd ſide,
I never will believe what you aſſert.

But when the ſecond viſit Jeſus made 700
To his apoſtles, Thomas was with them:
Thus he ſalutes them, Peace be unto you.
Then ſaith to Thomas, Reach thy finger forth,
Behold my hands, ſee where the nails went through;
Reach here thy hand, and thruſt it in my ſide; 705
And be not faithleſs, but believing now.
Great was the condeſcenſion of our Lord,
In off'ring this diſciple what he aſk'd,
To cure his unbelief; he thus convinc'd,
Immediately exclaim'd, My Lord, my God! 710
His ſtubborn unbelief confirms our faith;
For he believ'd not till he ſaw and felt,
And therefore could no longer heſitate.
Now hear the Saviour's mild reproof to him,
For not believing on good evidence; 715
Thomas, thou haſt believ'd, for thou haſt view'd;
Bleſſed are they who have a faith ſo ſtrong,
That though they have not ſeen have yet believ'd.
This bleſſing may be ours, if we believe;

For

For though we ſee him not, we may adore, 720
And love our JESUS now inviſible.

Chriſt ſhew'd himſelf a little after this,
Upon the ſhore of the Tiberian ſea,
Where ſev'n of his apoſtles had agreed
To go a fiſhing, but had no ſucceſs 725
During the night, although they labour'd hard:
(How little we can gain when Chriſt helps not!)
But in the morning Jeſus ſtood on ſhore,
(Though chooſing to remain awhile unknown)
And hail'd them, Children, have ye any meat? 730
They anſwer'd, No. Caſt ye the net once more
Upon the ſhip's right ſide, and ye ſhall find.
At his command they caſt the net again,
And a large draught of fiſhes caught at once.
An emblem of the multitudes of ſouls, 735
That ſoon were taken in the goſpel net.
This wonder wrought, no longer left them room
To doubt who gave command. It is the Lord,
Said John to Peter; which when Peter heard,
He did not wait to bring the ſhip to land; 740
But caſt himſelf into the ſea to ſwim.

On ſhore another miracle appear'd,
A fire of coals, and fiſh thereon, and bread,
Created there at once, awaited them.
Bring of the fiſh which ye have caught, ſaid he: 745
This done, a plenteous meal was ſoon prepar'd.

Chriſt

t gave the invitation, Come and dine.
hat a bleſſed dinner! Chriſt was there!)
durſt through doubt to aſk him, Who art thou?
reſent knowing that it was the Lord. 750
ame, and took the bread, and gave to them,
likewiſe fiſh. O happy gueſts indeed!
ainties crown'd their board, no coſtly wines
os'd their bill of fare; but plaineſt food
ſh and bread, and water from the ſpring, 755
doubtleſs all they had to eat or drink:
ne utenſils, no, nor table cloth,
they; nor ſervants waiting their commands:
out which many cannot take a meal.
hey enjoy'd a portion better far, 760
loving preſence of their riſen Lord:
vaited on them, and with them partook.
was the third time that he ſhew'd himſelf
is apoſtles after he aroſe.

hen they had din'd, our Lord to Peter ſaid,
thou, O Simon, love me more than theſe? 766
was cur'd of all his raſhneſs now,
therefore ſpake with decent modeſty,
Lord; thou knoweſt that I love thee well.
vhich the Saviour anſwer'd, Feed my lambs.
queſtion was repeated o'er again; 771
the ſame anſwer was again return'd.
vhich the Lord reply'd, Feed well my ſheep.
'eter had deny'd his maſter thrice,

Th' important queſtion was the third time put. 775
Peter was griev'd at this, and thus appeal'd
To him, from whom no ſecrets can be hid:
Lord, thou that knoweſt all things, knoweſt well,
That ſtill I love thee, whom my lips deny'd.
Then feed my ſheep: ſaid JESUS, love them too.
This bleſt command he never did forget; 781
But fed them with the words of knowledge ſound:
And warn'd the elders, ſaying, Feed God's flock:
Taking the overſight not by conſtraint,
But willingly, and of a ready mind; 785
For love, and not for filthy lucre's ſake.
Neither be lords over God's heritage;
But always be enſamples to the flock.
And when the heav'nly Shepherd ſhall appear,
Ye ſhall receive from him a glorious crown, 790
Of bliſs unfading; giv'n with high applauſe;
And thus be honour'd by the Judge of All.
Who would not ſtrive to gain ſo great a boon?

Thus as St. Peter from his ſtation fell,
By thrice denying that he knew the man; 795
So was he reinſtated in the ſame,
By thrice to him profeſſing ardent love.
JESUS then warn'd him that he muſt expect
Upon the croſs to ſuffer martyrdom:
And him commanded, ſaying, Follow me. 800
Peter obey'd, but turning round ſaw John;
And feeling eager curioſity

To

To know the lot of him whom Jesus lov'd,
Cry'd, Lord, what shall he do? or what of him?
But Christ reply'd, 'Tis no concern of thine; 805
And if my pleasure be that he remain
Until my coming, What is that to thee?
Follow thou me, and my commands attend;
This only is thy business and concern.
From this a saying went abroad among 810
The brethren, that John should not die at all.
But Jesus said not this, but, If I will
That he should tarry till I come again,
Pray what is that to thee? Follow thou me.

But now the time approach'd which Christ had set,
To meet his followers in Galilee. 815
Of his appointment there was notice giv'n,
And all who chose assembled at the time.
This meeting was upon a mountain held;
Thither our blessed Lord in person came. 820
This was no doubt the time that Jesus was
Of more than half a thousand brethren seen;
Who long remain'd as living witnesses,
Of what with greatest joy at once they saw,
The Saviour (who was crucify'd) alive. 825
They worshipp'd him as Lord with rev'rence there:
Receiv'd his public blessing and commands.
And O the sweetness of his gracious words!
All pow'r in Heav'n and earth is giv'n to me;
Go therefore teach all nations, and baptize 830

Such as receive my gospel, in the name
Of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Teach them the observation of all things,
Which I at any time commanded you.
My presence shall be with you evermore. 835
He that believes, and is baptiz'd, shall be
From condemnation freed, and shall partake
My great salvation: such as me reject
Must still remain condemn'd, and sorely feel
The consequences of their unbelief. 840
These signs shall follow such as do believe,
Demons shall be ejected in my name,
By those who follow me, and do my will;
With tongues of other nations shall they speak:
They need not fear the serpent's fatal bite; 845
If deadly poisons they should chance to drink,
No harm shall happen to their health thereby:
Their laying on of hands shall cure the sick.
Thus shall they be preserv'd from hurt themselves;
And furnish'd with the means of doing good. 850
And more than this what human heart can wish?
Thus spake the Saviour; and his words convey'd
Instruction, strength, and comfort to their hearts.
At first some doubted, all at last believ'd.

Soon after this our Lord appear'd to James, 855
Who was first Bishop of Jerusalem;
And for his virtuous life surnam'd, The Just:
He was the Saviour's mother's sister's son;

Brother

Brother to Jude, Matthew the publican,
And Simon Zelotes the Canaanite. 860

'Tis probable our Lord appear'd to him,
Not only that he might have ſpecial proof
That he was riſen from the dead, which he
Much needed as the Biſhop of the Jews;
But to communicate ſome ſage advice, 865
Reſpecting his behaviour in that ſtate.
Perhaps ſome ſingular directions gave,
Not needful for the reſt to know; or elſe
Encourag'd him to bear his ſuff'rings well.

As Jesu's reſurrection is the ground, 870
On which the Chriſtian faith muſt ever ſtand;
'Twas needful that it ſhould be ſo confirm'd,
As not to leave the ſhadow of a doubt
In the diſciples minds; and this was done.
He gave them all the evidence they wiſh'd; 875
More than ten times he ſhew'd himſelf alive
By many proofs infallible, that ſo
Their faith might on a ſure foundation reſt;
Not built on fables, but on well known facts.
The Scriptures he explain'd, himſelf made known
By breaking bread; he ate and drank with them: 881
Them he reminded of his former words;
Freely convers'd with them at different times;
Their underſtandings open'd, on them breath'd;
Bleſs'd them, and gave them ſureſt proofs of love;

Shew'd them his hands and feet; invited them 885
To handle him, and feel his flesh and bones:
That by the testimony of each sense,
Beyond all possibility of fraud,
Deception or mistake, it might be plain 890
That it was he himself, rais'd from the dead.

Thus it is evident beyond dispute
That Jesus rose, and triumph'd o'er the grave.
Th' apostles had the means most certainly,
They had the fairest opportunities 895
Of knowing whether he was rais'd or not:
They could not be in this deceiv'd themselves,
And from their character and chief design,
And their amazing progress and success
In propagating true Christianity, 900
Without the force of arms, or human help,
By preaching, and by miracles alone;
Their steady perseverance to the end,
Amidst reproach and suff'rings manifold;
The wond'rous spread of Christ's religion then, 905
So opposite to Gentiles, and to Jews,
And all the prejudices of mankind,
And its existence to the present day;
These circumstances altogether join
To prove they never did the world deceive; 910
And that Christ's resurrection is a fact,
That never was disprov'd, nor e'er can be;
But on the other hand is fully prov'd,

If

If human teſtimony or divine
Can ever be eſteem'd ſufficient proof; 915
And if 'tis poſſible for us to know
That any thing was done which we ſaw not;
Then may we know with greateſt certainty,
That JESUS ſuffer'd death, and lives again:
And conſequently, that Chriſtianity 920
Bears all the marks of truth we could deſire.
Glory to GOD, we have full evidence
Of JESU's death and reſurrection too;
By the apoſtles witneſs, ſo confirm'd
By lives unblameable, and mighty ſigns; 925
That not the leaſt exception can be made
To their report; nor any cauſe be ſhewn
Why we ſhould diſbelieve a fact ſo plain.
It could not be their int'reſt to deceive;
They never ſought to gain the world's applauſe; 930
No earthly proſpects ever led them on.
Beſides they all perſiſted to the end;
Although it coſt their lives, they teſtify'd
The death and reſurrection of their Lord.
Theſe faithful ſervants never did forget 935
To tell this glorious news where'er they went;
This as the great foundation ſtone they laid,
For men to build their hopes of Heav'n upon;
And this by many miracles confirm'd;
And ſeal'd their teſtimony with their blood. 940
For as they had the greateſt certainty
That what they publiſh'd was the real truth;

With boldneſs they proclaim'd it to mankind.
They ſaw, they heard, they handled, and could ſay
That which we've heard, and ſeen, and handled too,
That we to you declare, that ye might have 946
That fellowſhip with us we have with God,
The Father, and his Son, our Saviour Chriſt.

Chriſtianity exiſts; and that is proof
Sufficient that our Lord and Saviour roſe: 950
Since had he not been rais'd, it muſt have fall'n;
And been entirely blaſted in the bud:
No witneſſes had propagated it;
Nor ſuch amazing numbers of its foes
Been ſo convinc'd, as to befriend its cauſe. 955
Its conqueſts never had extended wide,
And conquer'd Rome, the miſtreſs of the world;
Neither by words of wiſdom, force, or pow'r;
But by the Spirit of the LORD of Hoſts;
And by its truth and heav'nly innocence. 960
Nor had it ſpread in theſe remoter realms,
And in theſe latter times maintain'd its ground;
And the exacteſt ſcrutiny endur'd,
Nor had produc'd ſuch glorious effects,
Had it been founded in deceit and lies. 965
Far leſs prevail'd ſo in that very place
Wherein its falſehood might ſo eaſily
Have been detected, if indeed 'twas falſe:
Its adverſaries wanted neither will,
Nor means to have expos'd its fallacy; 970

And

And 'twas their int'reſt to deſtroy it thus:
And ſure they would had it been poſſible.

The reſurrection of our glorious Lord,
And gen'ral reſurrection of the dead,
Are things of ſuch amazing conſequence, 975
Of ſuch importance in the Chriſtian ſcheme,
That all is loſt, if they ſhould be o'erthrown.

Thus bleſſed Paul the matter doth expreſs;
For I declar'd the Goſpel unto you,
Which alſo ye receiv'd, in which ye ſtand; 980
By which ye ſhall be ſav'd, if ye retain
And keep in mem'ry what I preach'd to you;
Unleſs ye have believ'd to none effect.

Firſt, I deliver'd what I did receive,
That Chriſt our Saviour for our ſins did die, 985
According as the Scriptures had foretold;
Was bury'd, and the third day roſe again,
As types and prophecies had long declar'd.
He was of Cephas ſeen, then of the twelve;
Then of above five hundred men at once: 990
Of whom the greater part till now remain,
Though ſome are fall'n aſleep in Jesu's arms;
Enough are ſtill alive to prove him rais'd.

And after that he ſhew'd himſelf to James;
And then once more to all his choſen train, 995

Whom

Whom he ordain'd his ſpecial witneſſes.
And laſt of all he was by me beheld;
Though I appear as out of ſeaſon born;
For I of the apoſtles am the leaſt,
And am not worthy even of the name, 1000
Becauſe I was a perſecutor bold:
The church of God I hated, waſted it,
Often compell'd its members to blaſpheme;
Yet I obtained mercy by his grace,
Becauſe in ignorance and unbelief 1005
I did whate'er I did againſt the Lord.
But by his grace I am what now I am:
His grace was not in vain on me beſtow'd;
I labour'd more abundantly than all,
Yet all the work was wrought by grace alone. 1010
But whether I or they, ſo did we preach,
That JESUS dy'd, and roſe, ſo ye believ'd.

Now if a riſen Chriſt be preach'd to you,
How ſay ſome that the dead ſhall never riſe?
If there's no reſurrection of the dead, 1015
Then 'tis ſelf evident Chriſt is not ris'n;
If he's not ris'n, then is our preaching vain,
Your faith is alſo vain, of conſequence:
Yea we are found falſe witneſſes of God,
Becauſe we teſtify'd he rais'd up Chriſt, 1020
Whom he rais'd not except the dead are rais'd.
For I repeat, That if the dead riſe not,
Then is not JESUS riſen from the dead;

Since

Since CHRIST was truly dead, and if so still,
Your faith is vain, yet are ye in your sins: 1025
And they are perish'd who in CHRIST have slept;
For they have trusted falsehood, fables, fraud.
For if our hopes in CHRIST prove false at death,
Of all men we most miserable are;
Because we've hop'd for the most glorious things,
And have the greatest sufferings endur'd, 1031
In expectation of a better life.

But now is JESUS risen from the dead,
And hath become the first born from the grave:
For since by man came death, by man also 1035
The resurrection of the dead is come:
For as in ADAM all his children die,
E'en so in CHRIST shall all be made alive.
But ev'ry man must in his order rise;
CHRIST must in all things have pre-eminence; 1040
Is therefore call'd, the First Fruits; he rose first
To die no more; he first ascended up,
And enter'd Heav'n's eternal gates; which then
Were first unfolded to the human race:
He as our great fore-runner enter'd in, 1045
And took possession of his royal seat.
But at his coming, all his saints shall share
His resurrection, kingdom, crown, and throne.
Then shall he rule till ev'ry foe submits,
And death of ev'ry kind shall be destroy'd. 1050

But

But if the resurrection be not true,
Why do we stand in jeopardy each hour?
We must be fools, or madmen, to expose
Ourselves to constant suff'rings, and to death;
Without the prospect of a sure reward: 1055
For I protest to you I daily die.
Why should I fight with beasts at Ephesus,
Pray what advantage will accrue therefrom,
Except the dead arise? Let's eat and drink,
To-morrow we shall die, and be no more. 1060

But O, my brethren, be not ye deceiv'd,
Evil communications will corrupt
Good manners; but awake, awake
To righteousness of life, and sin no more.
For some concerning truth have greatly err'd, 1065
Of faith and of good conscience shipwreck made.
The resurrection they deny, or say
That it is past already, and o'erthrow
The faith of some unstable wav'ring souls.
But God's foundation standeth firm and sure; 1070
He knoweth who are his, and them he seals.
And let all those who love the name of Christ,
Depart from all iniquity and sin;
In faith and practice both, and thus approve
Themselves, indeed, as children of the light. 1075

Remember JESUS CHRIST, of DAVID's seed,
Was raised from the dead, as I have preach'd.

Thus

Thus Paul declares; and all th' apoſtles join
To teſtify the ſame; nor ſhould it be
Omitted now, ſince many Antichriſts 1080
Now riſe, and contradict th' important fact;
And ſeek to overturn the Goſpel plan;
Wreſting the Scriptures, and deſtruction bring
Upon themſelves, whoſe judgment ling'reth not.
But let CHRIST's miniſters unite to preach 1085
A Saviour born, who liv'd, and dy'd, and roſe,
Aſcended, intercedes, ſhall come again,
For purpoſes moſt awful, glorious, grand.
(Of which hereafter I propoſe to write
If God permit, if not, his will be done.) 1090

As he aroſe, ſo ſhall he raiſe the dead,
The juſt, and unjuſt, all that ſleep in death,
Shall hear his voice, and from their graves come forth;
The juſt ſhall wake to life, th' unjuſt to ſhame;
Each in their ſeaſon; ſome ſhall come with him,
Be rais'd in glory, reign with him on earth: 1695
The other dead ſhall not be rais'd again,
Until the thouſand years are finiſhed.

O that we may the pow'r of JESUS know,
In raiſing up our ſouls from ſin and death, 1100
To the bleſt life of holineſs complete;
That when he comes to earth a ſecond time,
Our bodies may be rais'd, and we have part
In the firſt reſurrection; then we ſhall

From

From the dread ſecond death be ever free; 1105
And life eternal with our Lord poſſeſs.
His reſurrection is a proof of ours;
Laid a foundation for our trembling ſouls,
Where we may truſt, and never be afraid;
Our ſouls and bodies we to him commit, 1110
Who can preſerve them to his glorious day,
And then reſtore them to each other, purg'd
From ſin and all corruption, pure and free.
We need not fear that we ſhall be forgot;
Our bodies ſhall be rais'd as JESU's was. 1115

Why is it thought a thing incredible
That God ſhould raiſe the dead? Did he not make
All things at firſt? And can he not reſtore?
Does he not raiſe the ſeed which dies, to life?
And from a germ, almoſt inviſible, 1120
The plant produces, and a body gives
As pleaſes him, to ev'ry ſeed his own?
Do we not ſee the lovely flow'rs of ſpring
Revive from winter's death, and flouriſh fair?
A figure of the reſurrection this. 1125

How many little creatures change their forms?
From loathſome worms, that on foul ordure fed,
And crawl'd on earth, become moſt beauteous flies;
Riſe in the air, expand their ſhining wings,
And feed on balmy dew? Oh, how unlike 1130
To what they were a little time before!

They

They ſlowly drew their tireſome load along;
But now they ſwiftly fly, with greateſt eaſe,
Almoſt forgetful of their former life:
Which if at all remember'd, muſt be loath'd. 1135
Their food, deſires, air, form, life, exerciſe,
Are all ſo diff'rent from their former ſtate,
That ſcarce the leaſt reſemblance now remains
Of what they were, and yet we know full well
The ſubſtance of their bodies is the ſame, 1140
Though greatly chang'd: they ſeem'd to paſs through death;
And for a time appear'd as wholly loſt;
They ſtruggled hard to caſt their cloathing off,
That ſo they might be cloath'd in better forms:
Then for a while they lay as dead, but ſoon 1145
Came forth from priſon, ruſhing into life.
But oh, how chang'd! how eaſily they move!
How free they feel! how they enjoy themſelves!
Thus ſhall our reſurrection bodies be
As diff'rent from theſe mortal clogs we wear, 1150
As the gay fly is diff'rent from the worm.
Theſe in diſhonour and corruption ſown,
In glory ſhall be rais'd, and incorrupt:
Though ſown in weakneſs, ſhall be rais'd in pow'r:
A nat'ral body ſown, like ſeed in earth, 1155
Shall ſpiritual be rais'd, renew'd, and chang'd:
All faſhion'd like the body of our King.
How glorious ſhall our raiſed bodies ſhine!
In ſymmetry or juſt proportion form'd,

With

With genuine colour and vivacity; 1160
All in the bloom of youth and beauty cloth'd;
No more a cumb'rous load of mortal flesh,
Our spirits shall oppress, nor age, nor pain.

Some shall not sleep at all, but pass at once
From mortal life to an immortal state; 1165
Chang'd in the twinkling of an eye, they'll find
There's nothing hard for Deity to do.
These would obtain a great pre-eminence
Over their brethren, if the dead rise not.
But Saints, who may remain till JESUS comes, 1170
Shall not prevent the faithful ones that sleep
From springing into life. Christ will descend,
With the Archangel's voice, and trump of God;
The dead in Christ shall be deliver'd first
From their dark prisons; then the living saints 1175
Shall all be chang'd, and with the rais'd caught up,
To meet the blessed JESUS in the air;
And so shall be for ever with the Lord.
O most exhilerating thought, to all
That love our JESUS in sincerity! 1180

Each true believer in his name, may say,
I know that my Redeemer ever lives;
That in the latter ages he shall come
In glory, and his feet shall stand on earth;
Though worms destroy this body, he can raise; 1185
And in my flesh I shall my God behold;

Mine

Mine eyes and not another's ſhall enjoy
That ſight ſo glorious, though my reins ſhould be
Conſum'd in me, for JESUS can reſtore.

O may the God of Jeſus Chriſt our Lord, 1190
The Father of all Glory, give to us
The ſev'nfold Spirit, with his heav'nly gifts
Of wiſdom, revelation, pow'r, life, love,
Sound mind, and faith, that ſo we may obtain
The knowledge of our Lord, and Saviour Chriſt:
That ſo our mental ray from error purg'd, 1196
Our underſtanding's eyes enlighten'd, we
May know the hope of God's vocation ſure,
And what the riches of his glory ſhewn,
Among the ſaints, his lov'd inheritance; 1200
And what th' exceeding greatneſs of his pow'r,
His mighty pow'r, which he in JESUS wrought,
When from the dead he rais'd him, and advanc'd
His throne above all principality,
Pow'r, might, dominion, ev'ry other name, 1205
Not only in this age, but that to come.
Put all things in ſubjection under him,
And gave to him authority to be
Head over all things to the church of God;
She is his body, He's her head and King, 1210
She is his fulneſs, He fills ALL IN ALL.

Now may the God of Peace, that brought again
From the dark grave, the regions of the dead,

JESUS our Lord, great ſhepherd of the ſheep,
Through that moſt precious blood by which he ſeal'd
The new and everlaſting Covenant, 1216
Perfect our ſouls in ev'ry holy work,
Teach us to know and do his perfect will,
Working within us all that pleaſes him;
Through JESUS CHRIST, to whom all glory be,
From age to age, world without end. 1222

AMEN.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

BOOK

BOOK V.

THE ASCENSION.

HAIL, glorious Saviour! Son of God moſt high!
Heir to the crown of earth, as well as Heav'n!
Permit a feeble worm, like me, to ſing
The glories of that bright triumphant day
When thou aſcended to the realms of light, 5
And reconcil'd the ruin'd race to God,
And took poſſeſſion of thy glorious throne:
And as a token ſure the Spirit ſent,
With all its plenitude of grace and pow'r.
With thee I've paſs'd through life, and cruel death,
With thee deſcended to the deeps profound; 11
And trac'd thy progreſs through the nether world;
Declar'd thy reſurrection from the tomb.
Theſe mighty wonders, with their grand deſigns,
In feeble ſtrains my falt'ring pen has trac'd; 15
And thou haſt been my guide. O leave me not
While I attempt to ſing immortal themes,
Themes that muſt warm the frozen heart to love;
The triumphs of thy entrance into Heav'n,
To intercede for rebel ſons of men. 20

O leave me not to flag in this aſcent!
But give my tongue to ſing in higheſt ſtrains,
In language ſuitable to this deſign,
That glorious, grand, magnificent event,
Thine entrance into Heav'n, now to appear 25
Before the face of God moſt High for us.

Now forty days had paſs'd ſince JESUS roſe;
On earth this period he abode, to prove
Himſelf alive, to comfort all his friends,
To triumph over principalities, 30
The rulers of the darkneſs of this age;
To diſconcert the foe, hell's wily prince.
The time of forty days to me appears
An æra moſt peculiar; forty days
Was Moſes in the Mount, convers'd with God; 35
Did neither eat nor drink, but heard the words
Of him that ſpake, and gave his righteous laws.
Moſes endur'd this trial to the end;
So did not Iſrael, for they turn'd aſide,
And made a golden calf, and worſhip gave 40
To the vain idol which their hands had made,
And thus provok'd the mighty God to wrath.
But Moſes to the mountain's top aſcends,
There intercedes for Iſrael, forty days,
As at the firſt, a ſolemn faſt he kept. 45
God heard him, and forgave the horrid crime.

Elias, famous prophet of the Lord,

He

He went a journey to the mount of God,
And forty days remain'd in that retreat,
Upon the ſtrength of two celeſtial meals 50
Brought by an angel's hand; no more he took
Until the days expir'd; then he return'd.
The Saviour faſted in the wilderneſs,
And forty days endur'd temptation's pow'r:
So forty days he tarry'd on the field, 55
After his bloody fight, and vict'ry gain'd;
To give his foes an opportunity
To rally all their force, and try their pow'r,
Diſpute his paſſage back to Heav'n, or take,
By force of arms, the ſpoils which he had won. 60
Diſrobe him of his laurels, bind again
The pris'ners he had freed, and him defeat.
The ſeaſon being paſt, he now prepares
To re-aſcend his native Heav'n, and give
Freſh tokens of his boundleſs love to man. 65

One viſit more the dear Redeemer made
To his apoſtles in Jeruſalem;
Not to convince them he was ris'n, for they
Were fully ſatisfy'd reſpecting that,
But to encourage, ſtrengthen, and direct, 70
And thus prepare them for the arduous work
In which they ſhortly were to be engag'd:
To ſpeak thoſe things of greateſt conſequence,
Pertaining to the kingdom of their God.
Then he repeated what he told them firſt, 75

That 'twas his pleaſure they ſhould tarry there
Till they ſhould be endu'd with heav'nly pow'r;
Aſſuring them not many days ſhould paſs
Ere they, baptized with the Holy Ghoſt,
Should be prepar'd the Goſpel to proclaim. 80

Then they demanded, Lord, wilt thou reſtore
The promis'd kingdom unto Iſrael now?
To which he anſwer'd, That concerns you not:
The times and ſeaſons hath the Father plac'd
In his own pow'r, beyond all human reach; 85
To you that knowledge therefore is not giv'n.
But when the Holy Ghoſt on you ſhall come,
(The Father's promiſe which you heard of me)
Then wiſdom, pow'r, and love, you ſhall receive
And ſhall be fully qualify'd to go 90
As choſen witneſſes of me your Lord,
Throughout Judea's and Samaria's land,
And to the utmoſt bounds of earth itſelf;
As well as in Jeruſalem to preach.

Now was the time that JESUS muſt aſcend 95
To his triumphant throne, in Heav'n above.
He choſe that his diſciples ſhould behold
This moſt tranſporting ſight, for reaſons plain;
That they in vain ſhould not expect or wait
For his returning viſits here below: 100
Though they had known him in the fleſh ſo long,
Yet from that time they knew him ſo no more.

He

He chose that some who saw him on the cross,
In his estate of shame and deep disgrace,
And had beheld him afterwards alive, 105
Should witness his ascension up on high.

The Mount of Olives was the chosen place
Where last his sacred feet should touch the ground:
And on this very Mount his feet shall stand,
As Zechariah plainly hath foretold, 110
When he shall come with all his train of saints:
Thither he led their way, they follow'd on.
Thus when the Lord would take Elias up,
Elisha went with him, until he saw
The flaming chariot, and its fiery horses; 115
Angelic guards, that in those forms appear'd,
To take the Prophet from the world of men,
To brighter realms, the regions of delight.
Elisha saw the awful parting scene,
His master taken from his head away, 120
And cry'd, My Father, O my Father dear;
The great defence of Israel's land is gone;
Her chariots and her horsemen mount aloft.
Then taking up his master's mantle, smote
Fam'd Jordan's waters, which divided were, 125
When he invok'd the great Elijah's God.

But who can paint the beauty of that day
When Christ the Saviour left the world, to go
To his blest Father's bosom; whence he came

To live on earth, to die, to rise, ascend, 130
To make atonement for the human race?
For though on earth the sacrifice was made,
The incense must be offer'd in the Heav'ns.
The law of Moses pointed unto this;
The bodies of those beasts whose blood was shed
To make atonement for the people's sins, 136
Were burnt with fire, without the camp; their blood
Was brought by the high priest within the vail.
Thus JESUS shed his blood, and suffer'd death
Without the gate, upon Mount Calvary; 140
To sanctify, and cleanse us from all sin:
But as the great high priest he must arise,
And re-ascend to Heav'n, and there present
His off'ring pure before the throne of God,
Within the vail, the holiest place of all; 145
Where none besides could enter, till his death,
And re-ascension, open'd wide the way,
A new and living way to God above,
A consecrated way through his torn flesh.

Now at the Mount of Olives they arriv'd; 150
That sacred Mount that had so frequently
Been visited by JESUS in his life;
Was his last stage on earth, and shall remain
To be his footstool when he comes in clouds,
In that great day his feet thereon shall stand; 155
Then shall it cleave asunder, and remove
Half to the north, and half towards the south,

And-

And leave a valley deep and large between.
No doubt can then remain when JESUS comes,
Becauſe theſe certain tokens will take place; 160
For what JEHOVAH ſaith ſhall be fulfill'd.

Attend with joy, and wonder, now behold
The bleſſed JESUS lifts his lovely hands,
To bleſs his dear diſciples, who ſurpriz'd,
Soon ſaw the ſeparation long foretold; 165
JESUS was parted from them, and went up;
Majeſtic he aſcended, they beheld
Till a bright cloud receiv'd him from their ſight.

Thus parted from them, up to Heav'n he went,
And thus in clouds he ſhall to earth return. 170
They fill'd with wonder, mix'd with rapt'rous love,
Stood gazing, following JESUS with their eyes,
As he ſoar'd upward, and from earth withdrew.
As thus in admiration loſt they ſtood,
They ſaw at length two men in white array, 175
Two holy angels from the realms of light,
Who near them ſtood, and ſweetly them addreſt,
In words like theſe, Ye men of Galilee,
Why ſtand ye gazing upwards into Heav'n,
As though ye never ſhould behold him more? 180
For this ſame JESUS, who is taken up
From you to Heav'n, ſhall ſurely come again,
In the ſame manner as ye ſee him go,
Thron'd on a cloud from Heav'n he ſhall deſcend;

Array'd

Array'd in glory, he'll in perſon come, 185
He'll viſibly appear in the ſame form,
With the ſame body, mark'd with the ſame wounds.
But O with what ſupreme authority
He'll come inveſted! Glorious heav'nly hoſts
Shall then attend him, as on him they wait 190
To grace his triumph to the upper ſkies.
Doubt not, for you ſhall ſurely ſee him come.
No promiſe can be plain if this is not.

Now when the choſen train had ſeen their Lord
In this triumphant manner leave the globe, 195
And heard theſe words which promis'd his return,
They bow'd their knees, and paid him homage there.
Then with great joy they backward bent their courſe,
And to Jeruſalem they all repair'd,
And cloſe abiding in an upper room, 200
In pray'r and ſupplication they remain'd,
Waiting that moſt important grand event,
The coming of the Holy Ghoſt with pow'r;
Which was the bleſſing JESUS promis'd them,
If he ſucceeded in his grand deſign, 205
Of ent'ring Heav'n, and interceding there,
And of obtaining gifts for rebel men,
A proof of reconciliation made;
And God's acceptance of his off'ring pure.

Thus when of old the conſecrated prieſt, 210
Within the veil before the mercy ſeat,

Carry'd

Carry'd with awe the reconciling blood,
To make atonement for the people's ſins,
And ſacred incenſe ſweet, with burning coals,
To cauſe a rich perfume before the Lord; 215
The congregation round the awful place,
At humble diſtance pray'd, with holy fear;
None dar'd to enter, nor ſo much as look,
Whether or not their prieſt acceptance gain'd,
But waited, trembling, hoping, in ſuſpenſe; 220
For 'twas an awful thing to enter there,
And none might hazard it on pain of death,
Except the prieſt, and he but once a year.
He muſt be clean, in holy garments clad;
With blood and incenſe, and the ſacred fire 225
He muſt be well prepar'd, and then alone
The hallow'd place muſt enter, where unſeen
By all but God, he muſt the incenſe burn.
Sev'n times before and on the mercy ſeat,
With greateſt rev'rence muſt he ſprinkle blood; 230
There make atonement, and there intercede.
But when the ſign of God's acceptance ſhone
Upon his breaſt-plate, then he leap'd for joy;
The people heard without the golden bells,
And by that certain token knew he liv'd, 235
And that he was accepted as their prieſt,
And they in him; at which they loud rejoic'd.
Still as he mov'd, the well-known ſound they heard,
Their joy continued, till at length he came,
To them, and they beheld his honour'd face. 240

So

So JESUS gave as evident a ſign,
By which his friends might know when he had gain'd
Thoſe things which he departed to procure.
And till ſuch time as he this token ſent,
He charg'd them in Jeruſalem to ſtay; 245
Nor once attempt his Goſpel to proclaim,
Until they knew from him the wiſh'd ſucceſs.
Here then we'll leave them for a while, and trace
The glorious Saviour in his journey home;
And while they ſupplicate with conſtant pray'r, 250
My muſe advent'rous, aided by my God,
Shall follow JESUS, mark his ſhining way,
Nor once deſcend to earth, until ſhe brings
Some glorious tidings of her Lord's arrival
At Heav'n's high court, and of his ent'rance there.
Nay, ſhe's determin'd not to be deny'd 256
To look within the vail, there will ſhe ſtay,
And ſee the wonders wrought before the throne!
For ſo important is the preſent ſcene,
And all mankind ſo intereſted are, 260
That all muſt periſh, if the Saviour fails
T' accompliſh his high errand to the ſkies.
Therefore attend, ye mortals, to my ſong.

Now had the Saviour journey'd on his way
Slow, as in ſolemn pomp, for at his feet, 265
Ten thouſand millions and ten thouſand more
Of heav'nly guards attended him along;
Beſides, he led in chains his captive foes,

To

To grace his triumph, and proclaim his pow'r.
Though ſore againſt their will, he dragg'd their hoſts
And leaders to the portals of the ſky; 271
For of them openly he made a ſhew,
Triumphing over them in that great day,
Before the countleſs millions of his friends.
Nor muſt I here forget his pris'ners freed; 275
For then he led captivity captive,
The trophies of his glorious vict'ries brought
From ev'ry place, where he had conqu'ring paſt;
From earth, from Hades, grave, and darkeſt ſhades.
O what a triumph had our Lord and King! 280
Compar'd to which the triumphs of the great,
Heroes, monarchs, of Perſia, Greece, or Rome,
Are trifles mean, unworthy of a name!
How angels chaunt the ſolemn joyful lay!
Pauſe here a moment, join the heav'nly ſong. 285

O clap your hands, ye people; ſhout to God;
Sing with a loud triumphant voice to him:
For he, the Lord moſt high, is terrible:
He's the great Monarch over all the earth.
God is gone up to Heav'n, with ſhouts and ſongs,
JEHOVAH, with the trumpet's joyful ſound; 291
But who is this JEHOVAH? 'Tis the Lord,
The Saviour Jeſus, and is none but he;
For the eternal Father never mov'd
His court from Heav'n above, nor chang'd his place;
But ſent his Son, his miniſter of love, 296

To

To dwell on earth a while, then rise to Heav'n.
O then sing praises to our Saviour God;
Sing praises, praises to our conqu'ring king:
Sing praises, God is king, and Lord of all; 300
With understanding sound his praises high.

Now had the conqu'ring Hero journey'd on
Through diff'rent systems, far remote from view,
And though his march to angels slow appear'd,
(Ev'n as a grand procession does to men) 305
'Twas swifter far than morning beams of light;
Through shining realms, and starry plains he past,
Nor halted on his way till he arriv'd
Before the glorious city's pearly gates,
The tabernacle of th' eternal King, 310
God's city, new Jerusalem, above.
Distant from earth ten million million miles.
Yet thought can travel this amazing length
In one small moment; JESUS was not long;
Since news return'd from thence in ten days time,
By Heav'n's express that he had safe arriv'd, 316
And had perform'd his glorious enterprize!
There halted JESUS with his num'rous train,
And now in form demanded entrance in.

Lift up your heads, eternal gates, unfold, 320
Ye everlasting doors be open'd wide,
To give the King of Glory entrance here.
Who is the King of Glory? Who can claim

Admittance

Admittance here? What ſon of Adam's race,
That can engage his heart ſo to approach 325
Theſe ſacred walls, and urge his way to God?
JEHOVAH, ſtrong and mighty, comes to dwell
In Heav'n's imperial palace for a time,
To make atonement and to intercede
For the rebellious ſons of men below; 330
He that hath fought, and overcome the hoſts
Of earth and hell, combin'd in dread array;
Behold the trophies of his vict'ries here!
The ſpoils that he hath taken on the field.
The mighty One, in battle claims his crown: 335
Whoſe name the Lord and King of Glory is.
Who is the King of Glory ſo renown'd?
JEHOVAH, Lord of heav'nly hoſts is he;
Th' eternal Father's only Son and Heir,
To whom all pow'r in heav'n and earth is giv'n; 340
The brightneſs of his Father's glory pure,
The beautiful expreſſion of his form,
In whom all fulneſs in perfection dwells.
He left theſe regions bright, his native home,
And cloath'd in clay in yonder world ſojourn'd; 345
And ſuffer'd num'rous woes and ills for men.
How often was his count'nance griev'd and ſad!
How often were his eyes in tears ſuffus'd!
At laſt he ſuffer'd death, his ſoul was made
An off'ring for the ſins of human race; 350
But though he ſeem'd to fall in battle ſore,

He

He falling conquer'd, ſoon he roſe again;
And now returns to fill his royal ſeat.

Then the eternal gates were open'd wide,
The King of Glory enter'd; but his hoſts 355
Remain'd a while without, as ſeem'd moſt fit,
For the Redeemer had a work to do
In Heav'n, ere man could ever enter there;
And hence 'twas neceſſary he ſhould leave
The earth, that ſeats in bliſs he might prepare, 360
For thoſe who love, obey, and follow him.
A work remain'd which he muſt do alone,
For he alone was equal to the taſk,
To enter, and approach the face of God,
And make full reconciliation there, 365
For all the ſins and failings of mankind;
And thus remove obſtructions from the way
That leads from earth to Heav'n, and to obtain
That Heav'n's eternal gates, now open'd wide,
Should readily admit the righteous in, 370
And that the Holy Spirit might be ſent
To dwell with men, to ſanctify their ſouls;
And thus prepare them for this greateſt boon
To dwell with God in regions of delight.

Far in the center of this city ſtands 375
Upon a lofty mount, the throne of God,
Begirt with uncreated light around,
Which none of all the bright ſeraphic hoſt

Might

Might dare to look upon, far leſs approach;
Which to prevent, a vail that dark appears 380
Seems like a curtain drawn around; though form'd
Of unapproachable and glorious light.
Thither the Saviour, beauteous to behold,
In glory march'd majeſtic, with intent
Before the burning throne to offer up 385
His incenſe ſweet, and to preſent his blood;
To make atonement for the ſins of all:
To offer up his interceſſions there,
Nor ceaſe till he the bleſſing ſhould obtain
The Holy Ghoſt, with all its heav'nly gifts, 390
Which he had promis'd to his choſen ones.
But ſhall I pauſe a little and deſcribe
Th' appearance of my Lord and Saviour then?
Aſſiſt me, O divine and ſacred Dove!
Not Aaron in his coſtly, prieſtly robes, 395
Made ſuch a figure when within the vail
He enter'd on the great atonement's day.
But as thoſe things were figures, we'll attend
To their deſcription, for their patterns giv'n
By God himſelf were never giv'n in vain, 400
The breaſt plate, ephod, robe, and broider'd coat,
The mitre, and the girdle, pointed out
The garments of ſalvation JESUS wore,
When he before the Father's throne appear'd.
The gold, blue, purple, ſcarlet, linen fine, 405
Betoken precious, coſtly, royal robes,
Fit for our great high prieſt and king to wear;

Robes dy'd in blood, which he had ſhed for us.
Two precious ſtones were in the ephod plac'd,
On which the names of Jacob's ſons were grav'd,
One on each ſhoulder, worn by Aaron, ſhew'd 411
That JESUS on the ſhoulders of his pow'r
Bears all the names of thoſe for whom he dy'd.
This faſten'd by a girdle of the ſame,
Betoken'd truth and faithfulneſs in him, 415
Who hath engag'd to intercede for us.
But, O the breaſt-plate, curious to behold,
Of the ſame rich materials made; four ſquare,
A ſpan in length and breadth: there ſet in gold
Twelve ſtones, all diff'rent, yet all precious ſtones,
On each a name indelibly engrav'd, 421
Were glorious to behold, and plainly ſhew'd
That JESUS bears our names upon his heart;
And lov'd us with an everlaſting love:
Or never would he bore our load of ſins, 425
Dear Reader yours and mine! O think of this!
The ephod and the breaſt-plate firmly join'd,
Shew pow'r and love combin'd our ſouls to ſave.
The Urim and the Thummim here were plac'd,
Light and perfections dwell on JESU's heart; 430
And when he did approach the ſacred ſeat
Whereon JEHOVAH in full glory ſhone,
Our names were cover'd with the heav'nly light.
The ephod's robe of blue, upon its hem
Hung golden bells, and pomegranates around, 43
The ſweet and charming ſound of golden bells

Seer

Seems tidings of great joy, good news to men,
Good-will, peace, pardon, wisdom, love, and pow'r,
JESUS the Saviour dy'd, rose, lives for us.

The pomegranates are fruits, with homely rinds,
But full of colour'd juice, and num'rous seeds; 441
So all the saints are JESU's precious fruits,
Though not to be desir'd by worldly eyes,
They are enrich'd with grace, and now contain
The seeds of glory and eternal life. 445

Next comes the mitre and the glorious crown,
On front of which a plate of gold contain'd
HOLINESS TO THE LORD, thereon engrav'd;
To teach us no unholiness can come
Before JEHOVAH's face, whose purer eyes 450
Iniquity and evil cannot bear.
But Christ was holy, harmless, undefil'd,
And separate from sinners, free from sin,
No stain had he, in him was no defect,
Pure was his life, and perfect was his heart: 455
He kept the law, in which he did delight,
He magnify'd, and made it honourable.
Thus with a garment cloth'd down to the foot,
And girded with a golden girdle round,
Our great high priest appear'd; on him was pour'd
The holy ointment, consecrating oil. 461
He held the sacred spices in his hand,
To make a sweet perfume before the throne.

Look'd like a lamb that had been newly ſlain,
The ſcars and wounds ſhew'd freſh, his blood he held
In a clean veſſel, as an off'ring pure. 466

Thus he prepar'd, and habited, went on,
Advancing to the vaſt abyſs of light,
As the true eagle ſoars towards the ſun,
Nor fears its radiant beams; ſo he beheld 470
That awful ſight with rapture, which to us
Would cauſe an inſtant death; for this was ſhewn
Under the law, for none but the high prieſt
Might view the holieſt place on pain of death:
To ſhew that none could ſee God's face and live, 475
Except the Lord, our great high prieſt above.
For all thoſe things appointed by the law,
Were types, and patterns of the heav'nly things.

Before the throne a ſacred altar ſtands,
Whereon the holy fire for ever burns; 480
This altar ſaw Iſaiah in a trance;
And this ſaw John in viſions of the Lord.
The fire was order'd never to go out
Upon the altar which was made below,
To repreſent th' eternal fire of Heav'n. 485
Another altar made for incenſe ſtood
Without the vail, before the mercy ſeat,
On which, each morning, incenſe muſt be burnt;
Such were the figures of the heav'nly things;

Then

Then ſure the heav'nly things themſelves remain,
Perpetual, uſeful, and ſubſtantial too. 491

There is a real City, ſuch an one
As mortal eyes ſaw never, God dwells there,
But not confin'd, he's ſtill in ev'ry place;
But there his glory always is diſplay'd. 495
Upon a topleſs throne th' Almighty reigns,
Dwelling in light, and ſplendour uncreate.
But to deſcribe the glories of his court,
No tongue or pen is able: far leſs mine,
Unus'd to ſing in theſe exalted ſtrains: 500
But if I fail, 'tis in a glorious cauſe;
And ſome bright genius may hereafter riſe,
An heav'nly poet born; of virtuous ſoul;
Whoſe heart, fill'd with the pureſt flame of love,
His words with lofty elegance may riſe 505
Superior far in common to my thoughts
When moſt exalted; for I muſt confeſs,
That though my ſubject be ſublimer far
Than ever poet wrote, or ſang before,
Too much I want the glowing colours here: 510
My fancy dies in the full blaze of day.
Where is the painter that can paint the ſun,
In the full blaze of noon? or draw the ſound
Of ſweeteſt muſic, on a canvaſs coarſe?
So muſt I ſink beneath my ſubject vaſt. 115
But if I can perſuade one ſoul to love
The Saviour, whoſe amazing works I ſing,

Or raiſe one cold and drooping heart to heav'n,
Or even warm my heart with heav'nly fire,
And form connection with the hoſts above, 520
I ſhall not think my labours wholly loſt.

Behold the Saviour now approach the flame,
Which on the heav'nly altar ever burns,
The golden cenſer takes in hand, and fills
With living coals, that bright for ever glow. 525
The holy fragrant incenſe laid thereon,
(Sweeter perfume than all Arabia yields)
Sent up a cloud of ſmoke, before the ſeat
Of the Eternal; now the Saviour's hid,
Enter'd where human perſon never ſtood. 530
No, nor angelic eye itſelf beheld.
All Heav'n was now attention; ſilence reign'd,
An awful ſilence; angels wond'ring ſtood,
At humble diſtance, nor did they preſume
T' approach the ſacred place, or dare to look 535
Within the vail to view the wonders there,
The great tranſactions of th' important hour.
And ſhall my muſe, more vent'rous in her flight,
Approach the blaze of uncreated day,
And tell what paſs'd in that abyſs profound, 540
Between th' eternal Father, and the man
Of his right hand, the darling Son of God,
And Son of Man, in whom both natures meet?
O 'twas a period big with grand events;
For had he fail'd—but ſtop, it could not be; 545

His perſon was ſo holy, and his life
So pure, and his obedience ſo complete,
His death ſo precious, and his ſacrifice
So efficacious, and his incenſe ſweet,
His precious, cleanſing, all-atoning blood, 550
His wounds ſo lately open'd, all appear'd;
His garments clean, while on his ſacred head
The holy oil pour'd forth, ran trickling down;
And all the bleſſings which he came to aſk,
Were ſuch as God delighted to beſtow: 555
Theſe things all promis'd, and inſur'd ſucceſs.

Sev'n times before the Holy One he bow'd;
And ſprinkled his own blood before the throne
Sev'n times; for ſo the figures plainly teach.
Meantime the ſpicy odour ſmok'd around, 560
And thus his interceſſion he began.

O Father, look on me; behold I come
In character of advocate for man;
On his behalf I did to earth deſcend,
For him I condeſcended to be born; 565
There did I labour, ſuffer, do thy will,
As thou appointed me, ere time began.
For man I yielded up my ſoul to death;
And gave my life a willing ſacrifice.
I foil'd my foes in battle, and purſu'd 570
My greateſt enemies to their retreat,
And dragg'd them to the light, and have releas'd

Their pris'ners held in bondage by their chains.
I've left my chosen train on earth below
In expectation of the sacred sign, 575
By me appointed as the token sure,
By which they might have certain evidence
That I still live, and am arrived safe
At my great Father's seat, and have obtain'd
Those blessings, that I promis'd faithfully 580
I would bestow on them. Behold I come;
Here is my blood, the reconciling blood;
Behold my wounds, the certain proofs of death!
O smell the rich perfume my incense yields!
Behold the names of all my chosen ones, 585
As heads and chiefs of all the ransom'd race:
Accept my sacrifice which I present,
My blood which I have freely shed for all.
And for my sake accept the race of men:
Though vile and black, my blood can wash them white, 590
Make them appear as new fall'n mountain snow.
Look on them all through me, and ever grant,
The penitent may pardon find; and those
Who put their trust in me, may be reliev'd.
Grant from henceforth the heav'nly gates may stand
For ever open'd wide, to entertain, 59
The righteous nation, who the truth obey.
Give me a seat upon thy throne a while,
Till I return to earth, to shew my pow'r
To crush my foes, and make the world submit:

T

There would I once exalted be, and reign,
And have my ſaints and martyrs with me ſhare.
Commit the government into my hands,
Till I have baniſh'd treaſon from thy realm,
And made each knee to bend before thy feet; 605
And ev'ry tongue to ſwear allegiance due,
To thee, the rightful Lord of heav'n and earth.
Theſe my petitions, grant, O Father, dear,
And as a proof, vouchſafe to anſwer me;
And ſend thy Holy Spirit down to earth; 610
Let not his promis'd preſence long delay.
Thus ſpake the Son before the mercy ſeat.
Nor did he ſpeak in vain, for ſoon he heard
The Father's lovely voice, addreſſing him.

My Son, the image of my perſon, fair, 615
Only begotton Son, my heart's delight,
For thou art he, by whom I made all things;
The ages conſtituted, and the wide
Creation form'd; things ſeen and thoſe unſeen
By thee were made, all faſhion'd by thine hand; 620
And thou upholdeſt all things by thy pow'r.
I am thy Father, thou my Son moſt high,
By angels thou ſhalt worſhipp'd be, by men
Ador'd, for ſuch is my decree giv'n forth.
Thy throne, O God, for evermore ſhall ſtand, 625
Ages of ages ſhall thy kingdom laſt.
Thy ſceptre juſt and ſtrong is righteouſneſs;
For righteouſneſs and truth are thy delight;

And

And all iniquity thy ſoul doth hate:
God, thine own God, hath therefore honour'd thee,
And with the oil of joy and gladneſs crown'd 631
Thy ſacred head, exceedingly above
Thy brethren of the human race, thine heirs.
Thou well art worthy to be King and Lord,
For thou didſt earth's foundations lay at firſt, 635
The heav'ns themſelves are all thy handy work.
Though they ſhall periſh; thou ſhalt ſtill remain,
Though like a garment they all ſhall wax old,
And as a veſture ſhalt thou them fold up,
And they ſhall change, and be again renew'd; 640
But thou, the ſame, paſt, preſent, and to come,
Doſt never change, thy years ſhall never fail.
Full well haſt thou perform'd my will on earth,
Thy arduous work, I ſaw, and I approv'd;
I will reward thy labours with a crown; 645
Thou by thy death eternal honours gain'd.
My dear delight, I'm ſatisfy'd in thee,
My choſen One, my ſoul approves thee well:
All thy deſires I grant, and what thou wilt,
Aſk, and I will beſtow; be ev'ry thing 650
According to thy utmoſt mind and wiſh.
Since a ſin off'ring thou thy ſoul haſt made,
Thou ſhalt behold thy ſeed, thy days prolong,
Thy Father's pleaſure in thy hands ſhall ſpeed.
So large a conqueſt ſhall thy goſpel make, 655
That thou ſhalt be completely ſatisfy'd;
And ſeeing the full travail of thy ſoul;

Shalt

Shalt have no reason to repent thy pain.
All things are subject now to thy controul,
(Except the God who gave all things to thee,) 660
Do as it pleases thee in all respects.
Ask me, and I the nations of the earth
Will give thee, as thine own inheritance;
The heathen lands shall thy possession be;
Thou with thy sceptre and thy rod shalt rule, 665
Till ev'ry nation shall to thee submit.
Resume thy royal seat at my right hand,
Sit down with me upon my glorious throne
Till I shall make thy foes to thee bow down.
Dwell here in heav'n till those important times, 670
The ages of the restitution come:
Then thou shalt go to earth to do great things;
To vindicate thine honour, and subdue
The people under thee, to reign o'er all.
Then shall the number of thy subjects born, 675
Be like the num'rous drops of morning dew:
In the mean time, send down the Holy Ghost,
To bless thy chosen ones; they shall proclaim
Thy triumph through the world, and multitudes
Shall own thee as their Lord, and thee obey. 680
Such as adhere to thee thou may'st exalt,
As kings and priests on thrones, when thou shalt rule
From sea to sea, and through the earth display
The wonders of thy justice, pow'r, and love.
In the mean time thou art a priest to me, 685
After the order of Melchisedec:

For

For predeceſſor thou hadſt none, nor ſhall
Thy glorious prieſthood e'er ſucceſſion know.
Thine off'ring pure, acceptable to me,
Hath gain'd for thee this favour in mine eyes, 690
To be my prieſt for ever; pray'rs I'll hear,
If offer'd in thy name; praiſe I'll accept:
Perſons and off'rings, if through thee they come,
Shall be receiv'd, and find a welcome here.

So ſpake th' eternal Father, and ſhone forth, 695
With all his glory, on the Son beloy'd.
The Son obedient roſe, and took his place
At God's right hand; when lo a path appear'd,
A way quite open'd to the throne of God;
The vail was cleft, and Jeſus ſhew'd his face. 700
All heav'n rejoic'd at this amazing ſight!
The trumpet ſounded loud, and hail'd the Son
Of glory, on his throne exalted high.
Now was permiſſion giv'n to all the train
Of ſaints who came with Jeſus, to come in, 705
Attended by the bright angelic hoſts:
Theſe had their ſeats in bliſs to them aſſign'd;
And ſaw their Saviour, and with joy ador'd
Their great fore-runner; who had led their feet
To thoſe celeſtial realms of joy and peace. 710

The pris'ners whom the Saviour freed from chains,
Were here admitted to a place of reſt.
This num'rous hoſt from tribulation came,
Their robes once foul, were cleans'd in Jeſu's blood.

The

The palms of vict'ry were bestow'd on them, 715
They were the Saviour's trophies, and appear'd
Proofs of his conquests over death and hell.
As for the heads of the rebellious crew
That JESUS led in chains, to shew his pow'r,
They for the present were releas'd, to rove 720
Through air and earth, as formerly, to tempt
The sons of men, until the Saviour comes
To bind their prince, and chain him in the deep;
And they with him; then shall temptations cease
A thousand years; while JESUS reigns on earth. 725

I cannot stay to sing their swift descent,
Through diff'rent spheres, till to the earth they came,
Nor how their hellish joy exulted loud,
At being suffer'd still to range at large,
Bent full on mischief, hating God and man, 730
Like roaring lions, seeking for their prey;
Employ'd to ruin man, if possible.
These things I cannot sing at large, but haste
To join the heav'nly choirs, in praising him
Now seated on a throne of dazzling light. 735
This one song ended, I must quit this place,
And to the earth descend with joyful news.

Now were the heav'nly hosts all summon'd round,
To pay their adorations to their King;
For now he was exalted far above 740
All principalities, dominions, pow'rs;

And

And all things were ſubjected to his ſway.
Angels and ſaints all join'd to praiſe his name;
They ſang his low deſcent, from Heav'n to earth,
How he was born, and how he liv'd obſcure; 7[illegible]
At length how he was crucify'd to death.
They ſang his vict'ry over death and hell,
His reſurrection from the darkſome tomb:
Theſe glorious acts they ſung, but O, how loud
The chorus roſe, when once they introduc'd 750
The grand aſcenſion ſong, which thus began:

Thou haſt aſcended, art enthron'd on high;
Haſt captive led captivity, and haſt
Received gifts for men, rebellious men,
That God the Lord might dwell with them below.
He that deſcended to the loweſt deeps, 756
To raiſe his ranſom'd pris'ners from deſpair;
Is now aſcended to the higheſt Heav'ns,
Exalted far above our nobleſt praiſe.
Behold the chariots which around him wait, 760
Thoſe angels who attended him to Heav'n!
Thouſands of thouſands wait his high commands,
Worthy is he to wear the glorious crown,
Who late was ſlain and ſuffer'd on the croſs:
Worthy all pow'r, and riches, to receive;
Wiſdom, and ſtrength, and honour, are his due
Glory, and praiſe, and bleſſing evermore.

The ſaints cry'd, Worthy is the Lamb, once

ıke the ſealed book of God's decrees,
pen and to execute them all: 770
:h none in Heav'n or earth could undertake,
ıone were worthy found, but he alone.
ıe was ſlain, and hath redeemed us,
ı ev'ry kindred, nation, people, tongue,
to our God hath made us kings and prieſts,
we ſhall reign with thee upon the earth. 776

ıis is a ſong moſt new, which none can learn
hoſe redeem'd from earth, firſt fruits to God
to the Lamb; whoſe mouths are free from guile;
ſpotleſs ſtand before the ſacred throne. 780
:hoſe compoſing the great multitude,
ations, kindreds, peoples, tongues, who came
ı tribulation great, by him releas'd,
ı'd in thoſe blood-waſh'd robes, exceeding white,
l not be ſilent on this joyful day; 785
:ry'd aloud, Salvation be to God,
ſitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb.
angels join'd the chorus, and ador'd
r King and Lord, our Saviour JESUS CHRIST.
ıim hath God exalted, and hath giv'n 790
im a name ſuperior to all names;
in the name of JESUS ev'ry knee
ld bow; and ev'ry tongue confeſs him Lord,
ſod's eternal praiſe; nothing except
eav'n above, on earth, or underneath; 795
hath decreed that all ſhall him adore.

The

The age to come, is put beneath his feet,
And ſhall be govern'd by his laws alone:
An honour this that angels never had. 800
He's head of principalities and pow'rs,
And worthy of this honour is the Lord,
Who once became obedient unto death;
To death in its moſt painful, ſhameful form, 804
The ſuff'rings of the vile accurſed croſs.

Sev'n days and nights were ſpent in this employ,
Both ſaints and angels join'd to crown their King,
Whom God hath ſet on Zion's holy hill:
They prais'd his name in ſuch exalted notes,
So ſweet the muſic, and ſo grand the ſongs, 810
In vain I ſtrive at all to imitate;
My tongue is much too feeble, and my pen,
Too weak to repreſent the airs of Heav'n.
Suffice it that I have attempted greater things
Than painter ever painted, poet ſang; 815
And if I have not fail'd in my attempt
To ſhew the great exploits by JESUS done;
And his exalted ſtate: Let God be prais'd.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

BO

BOOK VI.

THE INTERCESSION.

O Dear Redeemer, or by what lov'd name
Shall I addreſs thee? How ſhall I expreſs
The thoughts within my heart, that labour there?
Oh, how my ſoul, beneath th' amazing load
Of gratitude oppreſt, would fain have vent! 5
O Jesus, help me: raiſe my thoughts to Heav'n;
Teach me to meditate, (in ſpite of all
Impediments that weigh my ſpirits down)
Upon thy glorious interceſſion there.
Thou knoweſt all my weakneſſes and wants; 10
O help me through this work, and I will raiſe
A monument of gratitude to thee,
Who canſt inſpire my ſoul to ſing thine acts,
Thy noble acts, the wonders of thy love,
Which thou haſt wrought in favour of mankind. 15

Begin my ſoul to trace the glorious theme,
The intercesſion of thy Lord and King:
In Heav'n's high court above he pleads for thee;
He knows thy frame, thy weakneſs, and thy faults,

Yet loves thee ſtill, and interceding ſits 20
At God's right hand, and gains the Father's ear,
In ſpite of all the accuſations ſtrong
Which Satan urges, who accuſes thee
Before JEHOVAH, ceaſeleſs night and day:
And oh, his charges are but oft too true, 25
Though aggravated ſore; but JESUS cries,
Father, forgive the ſinner, I have dy'd,
My blood hath made atonement for his faults:
For him I liv'd, dy'd, ſuffer'd, roſe again,
Aſcended, and will interceſſion make. 30
Beſides, O Father, ſtill he loves us well;
His heart rejoices in our words and ways;
He is a brand pluck'd from the burning fire.
Satan to ſuch a ſoul can lay no claim;
Therefore the fiend deſerves thy juſt rebuke. 35
Thus oft my Saviour pleads, nor pleads in vain:
His plea well founded, always muſt ſucceed.

Who ſhall ſupport a charge againſt thoſe ſouls
Who love the Lord, and whom the Lord approves
God juſtifies; and who ſhall dare condemn? 40
'Tis CHRIST that dy'd, but ſtill we glory more
In that he roſe, and lives at God's right hand,
And for us conſtant interceſſion makes.
This chain of grand events emboldens us
To bid this challenge to our num'rous foes; 45
Who will attempt to break the union firm
Between the faithful ſaints, and Chriſt their head?

And

And ſeparate their ſouls from JESU's love?
Shall tribulation? or ſhall ſore diſtreſs?
Or perſecution fell? or famine drear? 50
Shall nakedneſs? or peril? or the ſword?
'Tis for thy ſake we're martyr'd all the day;
As ſheep unto the ſlaughter we are led.
The num'rous pains and cruel wounds we bear,
Are ſuch as none but faithful Chriſtians feel. 55
Without are fightings, and within are fears,
And none but God can know what we endure.
But we in all things more than conqu'rors are
Through him that lov'd us. He can ſympathize.
He bore our ſins, our ſorrows carry'd too; 60
He felt our pains, he knows our bitter griefs.
For we have not in Heav'n a great high prieſt,
That cannot feel for our infirmities;
He ſtill remembers what he once endur'd:
For he like us was tempted in all points, 65
Our inbred ſins except, for he had none.
O therefore let us ever boldly come
To his rich throne of grace, and thus obtain
Mercy and grace, to help in time of need.
And ſince our great high prieſt, the Son of God, 70
JESUS, our Saviour, into Heav'n is gone,
O let us hold our good profeſſion faſt!
Our hope's an anchor ſure within the vail;
Whither our great foreruner for our ſakes
Hath enter'd; and our courſe doth thither tend: 75
There through God's grace we ſhall arrive at laſt.

For we are well perſuaded, neither death,
Nor life, nor angels, principalities,
Nor pow'rs, things preſent, nor thoſe things to come,
Nor heighth, nor depth, nor any creature, ſhall 80
Be able to divide our ſouls from God,
Or ſeparate us from our Saviour's love.

JESUS is gone to plead our cauſe on high.
He ſits enthron'd above; rememb'ring ſtill,
His fiery trials in our lower world; 85
For it behov'd him in all things to be
Made like his brethren, that he might become
A merciful and faithful prieſt for us,
In things pertaining to the Deity;
To make atonement for the people's ſins, 90
And then to plead for them before the Lord.
As once he ſuffer'd being tempted ſore,
He's therefore able to relieve the ſouls,
The tempted ſouls, who truſt his faithful care.
JESUS behold me, ſee my great diſtreſs; 95
No comfort can I find but in thy love;
If thou forſakeſt me, where ſhall I go?
I am a wretched pilgrim, far from home,
No friend I find in whom my ſoul can truſt
But thee alone, O Saviour, leave me not; 10
Thou ſeeſt how I fall without thine aid.
JESUS, thou art our glorious advocate,
Exalted high to intercede for men,
O help me, ſave me, ſnatch me from deſpair.

My ſoul muſt periſh if thou doſt deny. 105
But thou haſt loved me, and giv'n thyſelf
A ranſom for my life, and fully made
Propitiation for my num'rous crimes.
Nor me alone, thy church was purchas'd too,
By the ſame price; nor didſt thou die in vain, 110
Thy choſen bride ſhall hear thy pow'rful voice:
Nor was thy pity bounded on that day
When thou ſo freely didſt thy life lay down,
For all mankind thou ſhed'ſt thy precious blood,
Not one excluded, all were bought by thee; 115
Not for our ſins alone, but the whole world,
Thou madeſt reconciliation then.
What boundleſs love was this! thy love conſtrains
Our hearts to love thee, and to love mankind.
And thus we judge, that if one dy'd for all, 120
Then were all dead; and that for all he dy'd,
That they who live ſhould live to him alone,
Who dy'd for them, roſe, lives, and intercedes.

All ſin we ſhould endeavour to forſake;
But if we ſin, let not our ſouls deſpair; 125
If any man tranſgreſs, and miſs the mark,
An advocate we have at God's right hand,
Th' anointed Saviour, and the righteous One;
Who having full propitiation made,
Now glorious acts the interceſſor's part, 130
He's able to the uttermoſt to ſave
All that ſhall ever come to God by him,

Becauſe he always lives to plead for them;
He is a Saviour, ſuch as ſinners need;
He's worthy of the dignity of prieſt, 135
Made higher than the Heav'ns, as he deſerves:
For he was holy in his heart and life,
And perfect innocence in him appear'd,
Was ne'er defil'd with ſin's deteſted ſtain,
And always was from ſinners ſeparate. 140

Such an high prieſt became us, he is fit
To ſtand before the lofty throne of God,
And well was qualify'd to undertake,
And having undertook, hath carry'd on,
By means the moſt conducive to the end, 145
And will complete the work he hath begun.
He with his golden cenſer ever ſtands,
With pureſt incenſe, ready to preſent
The pray'rs of ſaints (which conſtantly aſcend)
Upon the golden altar, which receives 150
Our ſacrifices offer'd by our prieſt:
Theſe with acceptance come before the throne;
For none can be deny'd that come through him.

Dear JESUS, hear my pray'rs, regard my ſighs,
For other mediator I have none; 155
And O my ſorrow's great, my woe's extreme,
But thou my advocate and Saviour art;
This is my comfort when each refuge fails.
O Lord forgive me all my follies paſt,

And

And give me grace and ſtrength for time to come.
O give me patience here to bear my croſs! 161
And as I ſuffer ſorely for my ſins,
Give me releaſe at laſt, and take me home
To dwell with thee, and all ſhall then be well.

O Saviour, pity, bleſs, and plead for me! 165
I know thou liveſt, let me alſo live,
And let my ſoul be precious in thy ſight.
Thou didſt remember me upon thy croſs,
Remember me, now, and for evermore.
O blame me not for pleading earneſtly; 170
I feel my need of thee, and cannot reſt
But in thine arms of mighty love and pow'r.
In thee I truſt, on thee alone depend,
As Saviour, ſurety, helper, advocate,
As Lord and King; as ſhelter from the ſtorm, 175
As my great all in all, my chiefeſt good.

Thus having trac'd the Saviour's proceſs o'er,
Let us review the ground which we have paſt,
And juſt ſurvey the circle he deſcrib'd;
From Heav'n to earth, from earth to death's dark's
ſhades; 180
Thence to the earth again, and thence to Heav'n:
And this review will juſt my work divide.

'Tis plain, if any truth can ſo be call'd,
That JESUS was with God, ere time began,

And dwelt in glory, was the ſole delight 185
Of his great Father, ere the worlds were made.
He was with God, and therefore he could pray,
Father I've glorify'd thy name on earth,
The work thou gaveſt me I have fulfill'd.
And now, O Father, glorify thy Son 190
With thine own ſelf, with glory I poſſeſt
With thee, before this lower world began.
This pray'r was falſe, if he exiſted not
Before the univerſe itſelf was made.
For God created all things by his Son, 195
All things in earth, or things in Heav'n above,
All things inviſible, and all things ſeen,
All thrones, dominions, principalities,
All pow'rs, created by and for him were.
He is before all things, and all exiſt 200
From him, and by him; which could never be
If he exiſted not till yeſterday.
He is the brightneſs of his Father's face,
The image of his perſon fair expreſt.
All things to him their preſervation owe, 205
As well as their exiſtence, he therefore
Is heir of all things; all things to him giv'n
Are truſted by the Father in his hands.
This is that lovely perſon in the form
Of God, but who did not aſpire to riſe, 210
But low he bow'd in deep humility,
And took upon himſelf a ſervant's form,
And in the likeneſs of our fleſh was made.

He

He being found in fashion as a man,
To death became obedient. This is he 215
Who from the Father came into the world,
Who pass'd through all our states of life and death,
And through this process, back to God return'd.
Now he's ascended where he was before.
He came from Heav'n, and therefore did return,
When he had all his purposes fulfill'd 221
For which he came to earth; had liv'd, and dy'd,
Descended to the lowest parts of earth;
Rose, comforted his followers, promis'd them
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter divine, 225
For ever to abide with them on earth,
To teach them all things, be their constant guide,
Till he in glory should appear again.
Thus was the love and grace of JESUS shewn,
He that was rich became exceeding poor, 230
That through his poverty we might be rich.
He left the heights of Heav'n, those bright abodes,
And laid his royal state aside, and took
Our flesh, and condescended to be born
In such a low estate, that he could feel 235
The wants of human nature, and sustain
Of our infirmities and sins the load.
Through lowest scenes he pass'd, and overcame
The curse and evil that in them were found.
Temptations and distresses were his lot, 240
But he endur'd them all, and gain'd renown;
Nor was it in the pow'r of all his foes

To

To gain the leaſt advantage in the fight.
Through life he perſever'd in doing well;
Always obey'd, nor in one inſtance fail'd. 345
Accompliſh'd all his heav'nly Father's will,
And through the rude and iron gate of death
Paſs'd, as 'twas needful, to redeem mankind.
Deſcending lower than the grave, he ſaw
The ſad eſtate of thoſe who dy'd condemn'd; 250
There he wrought wonders, greater than my pen
Can e'er deſcribe, or e'en my heart conceive:
The pow'rs of darkneſs overcame, and broke
The chains in which their captives long they held.
Thus he declar'd his univerſal right, 255
To all the ſouls which he had made, and thus
Began to exerciſe the right he had
In conſequence of death obtain'd, to ſet
The pris'ners free, from darkneſs and deſpair.
For as he came from higheſt Heav'ns, he muſt 260
Deſcend to the dark centre, and paſs through,
And be the *breaker up* of all the gates
That barr'd mankind from God; and then return
Back to his native home, and thus prepare
Our manſions in the realms of heav'nly light. 265

This moſt amazing proceſs of our Lord
Has laid a firm foundation for our hope;
For by his paſſing through each ſev'ral ſtate,
He made ſalvation poſſible for all.
For the amazing circle ſo compleat 270

From

From Heav'n through ſhades of death, and thence again
To the high courts of bliſs, doth comprehend,
Encircle, and encloſe all things at once.

This proceſs gives him pow'r to conquer all;
It gives him right by all to be ador'd: 275
All are declar'd to be his due reward,
And he ſhall ſee the travail of his ſoul:
And in his times or ſeaſons ſhall ſubject,
Re-head, reſtore, and reconcile all things,
Whether in Heav'n, in ſpheres unknown to men,
Or in our ſolar ſyſtem, or in earth, 281
Our habitation while we live, or in
The grave, or in the deeps of hell beneath.

O glorious proceſs of our conqu'ring King!
The ſource of all our hopes and all our joys. 285
How low our Lord has the foundation laid
Of that amazing kingdom, which ſhall riſe
Above all kingdoms, and ſhall ever ſtand;
Shall comprehend within its limits, all
That bear the name of agents rational! 290
How vaſt the ſtructure! and how firm the ſtate
Of that dominion which our Lord ſhall have
In conſequence of what he hath perform'd,
Endur'd, and ſuffer'd, in that proceſs vaſt,
Of which in brief I've ſung! but O, how ſhort 295
My ſong has fallen of the noble theme

Which

Which I attempted! but O blame not,
Ye critics, and ye poets; try yourſelves.
Write, and exceed me, ſet this matter forth
In nobleſt ſtrains; then will my heart rejoice 300
To ſee my work into oblivion ſink,
In conſequence of your more noble ſong.
Willing my taper weak ſhould be obſcur'd
By your meridian ſun; my little ſtream
Loſt in your larger river: I'll not grudge 305
To ſee your merits ſhine ſuperior far
To what I can pretend. O take the hint,
And write on this ſublimeſt ſubject ſo
As quite to ſet aſide my work perform'd.

What theme ſo much deſerves the nobleſt ſong
As this important proceſs of our Lord, 310
And the great empire which he ſhall erect?
No ſubject fills my raptur'd ſoul like theſe!
For ages I could dwell upon ſuch themes,
Themes fitter for a ſeraph's tongue than mine. 315

Lord JESUS, ſeated on a throne of light,
To thee I would direct my earneſt pray'r;
Forgive my feeble ſong, my weak attempt,
To ſing thy glorious proceſs, and proclaim
The wonders of thy ſtrong redeeming love. 320
If I in any thing have done amiſs,
Forgive me, Lord, and teach my willing mind.

Thou

Thou knoweſt that my ſoul ſincerely ſeeks
To glorify thy great and holy name,
And to diſcloſe the wonders thou haſt wrought: 325
In which if I've ſucceeded, unto thee
Be all the praiſe, now, and forevermore.

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

BOOK

BOOK VII.

THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST,

OR, THE

WONDERS OF THE DAY OF PENTECOST.

DEAR object of my faith, my truſt, and love!
JESUS, thou bright, immortal, heav'nly fair,
Who freely gave thy life to ranſom us,
And pour'd thy blood upon the ſhameful croſs;
And undertaking to deliver man 5
Didſt not abhor the humble virgin's womb:
When thou hadſt conquer'd death, and overcome
Its cruel ſharpneſs, wide didſt open Heav'n;
For all believing ſouls to enter there.
O ſend the Holy Spirit from above, 10
That Comforter, inſtructor, guide divine,
Which thou didſt promiſe to thy ſaints of old,
And which with greateſt joy they did receive
On that bleſt day, which my poor feeble muſe
Would fain attempt to ſing. O Lord aſſiſt, 15
For thou canſt make the feeble ſtrong, and raiſe
The weakeſt ſtrains to harmony divine.

Grant

Grant me thy Spirit with its ſev'nfold gifts;
My heart inſpire while I attempt to ſing
The wonders wrought on that renowned day 20
When God, the Holy Ghoſt, came down to dwell
With mortal men, thy glories to proclaim;
And to prepare them for the ſacred work
Which they were deſtin'd to perform on earth;
And alſo for thy ſacred courts above. 25
Lord, I would pray for ſo divine a boon,
I feel the need of that celeſtial flame,
To purify my ſoul from ſin and death;
And to inſpire the loftieſt ſentiments
Of love and joy, while Pentecoſt I ſing. 30

Ten days the choſen band had ſpent in pray'r,
In earneſt ſupplication perſever'd,
With one accord they join'd in that employ,
While waiting for the promiſe of their Lord.
Six ſcore moſt precious names together ſpent 35
That bleſſed ſeaſon till the time arriv'd.
Companions are of uſe in every thing,
Each other they encourage and ſupport,
But never more than when they join in pray'r;
And mutual fervent pray'r is doubly bleſs'd, 40
And may the Saviour's mighty promiſe claim:
Where two of you agree on earth to aſk
For any thing, it ſhall be done for them,
By God, my Father, who in glory dwells,

Yet

Yet listens to the pray'rs and cries of all 45
Who offer up petitions in my name.

O that mankind on earth would now unite
In faith, by pray'r to supplicate his throne!
What blessings they might gain which now they miss!
They have not, for they ask not, or in vain 50
They ask, and not receive, for their design
Is to consume the blessing on their lusts.
Pray'r must be made in faith through JESU's name,
And be according to the will of God,
Proceeding from an heart upright, sincere. 55
These are the needful requisites of pray'r.
So the disciples pray'd with constancy
For ten blest days, till from their Lord they heard.

Now the appointed day was fully come,
The day of Pentecost, that glorious day, 60
On which the promise of the Holy Ghost,
In all its gifts of wisdom, love, and pow'r,
Should be accomplish'd to their greatest joy;
And mankind brought thereby to God again,
As first ripe fruits; sure token that at last 65
The whole shall be prepar'd for highest use:
For if the Lord hath sanctify'd a part,
The whole must share in his divine regard.
For if the root be holy, then 'tis plain
That all the branches must be so esteem'd, 70
And if the first ripe fruits are sanctify'd,

The lump, and all the harveſt, are the Lord's,
All are his rightful due, none will he loſe.

The day aroſe, the morning ſun appear'd,
And found the choſen train together met, 75
All in one place, and all of one accord,
All waiting for the Holy Spirit's fire.
When ſuddenly a ruſhing mighty wind,
From Heav'n deſcending, fill'd the happy place:
Fill'd all the room with glory; every heart 80
With wiſdom, love, and pow'r, and grace divine.
In form of cloven tongues of fire appear'd
The Holy Spirit, and on each remain'd.
Inſpir'd thereby to ſpeak with other tongues,
They ſoon began the wonders to declare. 85
And O what wond'rous things they had to tell!
This was a token ſure that Chriſt their Lord
Had enter'd Heav'n, and was accepted there.
So then without delay they boldly ſpake,
And publiſh'd to the wond'ring multitude 90
The death and reſurrection of the Lord,
And his aſcenſion into Heav'n itſelf,
Now in his Father's preſence to appear.
O had I words to tell the glorious news,
As they proclaim'd it in that bleſſed hour! 95
With what unknown, aſtoniſhing ſucceſs!
Thouſands, converted to the Lord their God,
Proclaim'd the Saviour's reſurrection true.

Such a rich harveſt JESUS well deſerv'd,
A juſt reward of all his woes and pains. 100

But what a ſermon did th' Apoſtle preach!
How did he win ſo many ſouls at once?
O could we learn that heav'nly uſeful art
Of winning ſouls! how wiſe and happy they
Whom JESUS calls, and ſtrengthens for that work?
For he that winneth ſouls is truly wiſe! 106
And they who many turn to righteouſneſs
Shall ſhine, as ſtars in Heav'n, for evermore.

One ſermon *then* three thouſand did convert,
But *now* three thouſand ſermons ſcarce win one. 110
Yet, Lord, the harveſt ſtill remains behind.
For Pentecoſt was only the firſt fruits,
A prelude of the glorious latter day.
Peter began, and lifted up his voice:

Hear now, ye dwellers at Jeruſalem, 115
Ye men of Judah, hearken to my words,
And be this wonder now explain'd to all.
Theſe whom you ſee thus mov'd, not drunk nor mad,
Are fill'd with heav'nly wine, the grace of God,
The Holy Ghoſt is poured out on them. 120
For that which Joel ſpake is now fulfill'd:
And it ſhall come to paſs, ſaith God moſt High,
In days to come, the latter age of time,

I will

I will pour out my Spirit on all flesh,
Your sons and daughters then shall prophesy; 125
Young men shall visions see, and old men dream.
My servants and my handmaids all shall share
In such a blessing, worthy of the name!
My Spirit pour'd upon them all shall make
Their hearts rejoice, their tongues to prophesy.
In outward nature wonders shall be shewn, 131
Signs in the Heav'n above, and earth beneath,
Blood, fire, and smoky vapour shall appear:
The sun, with darkness cover'd, shall not shine;
The silver moon discolour'd, like to blood, 135
Shall shew the world the mighty day is nigh.

Such was the darkness, and the fearful sights
Which to the world appear'd when JESUS dy'd;
And which portended then great things to man.
Such awful signs forewarn'd the stubborn Jews 140
Of their destruction nigh, their bloody doom.
And such shall be repeated, ere the Lord
Shall come in clouds to reign upon the earth.

And it shall come to pass, that whosoe'er
Shall call upon the name of CHRIST the Lord,
In faith, according to the will of God, 146
He shall salvation's precious gift obtain.

Ye men of Israel, hear these words of truth:

JESUS of Nazareth, by God approv'd,
A man that went about, ſtill doing good, 150
By whom God wrought ſigns, wonders, miracles,
Among you, and before the eyes of all,
As ye yourſelves muſt witneſs that ye know;
The ſick he heal'd, the blind reſtor'd to ſight,
He made the deaf to hear, the dumb to ſpeak, 155
The lame to walk, the fouleſt lepers cleans'd,
He caſt out demons, and he rais'd the dead:
Yet him the God of Heav'n deliver'd up,
According to his counſel and foreſight,
Him ye have taken, and by wicked hands 160
Have crucify'd and ſlain the Prince of Life:
But him hath God the Father rais'd from death,
For 'twas not poſſible that all its bands
Should hold the mighty conqu'ror pris'ner ſtill.
It was of him, and in his character 165
The prophet David in the pſalm did ſpeak:
The Lord before my face I did foreſee,
Always attending to direct my ſteps;
He my defence is ſtill at my right hand,
And never ſuffers me to move amiſs. 170
Therefore my heart rejoic'd, my tongue was glad;
My fleſh ſhall alſo reſt in higheſt hope:
Becauſe thou wilt not leave my ſoul in hell,
Nor let thine Holy One corruption ſee;
Thou haſt made known to me the ways of life, 175
Thy countenance ſhall make me full of joy.

Men

Men, brethren, let me freely ſpeak to you,
Concerning David, patriarch, and king;
You know that he is dead, and bury'd here,
His ſepulchre with us remaineth ſtill: 180
And therefore of himſelf he could not ſpeak.
But as he was a prophet, and foreſaw
The coming of the bleſſed One, yea, knew
That God had ſworn to him with ſolemn oath,
That from his ſtock and offspring he would raiſe 185
Chriſt, the anointed Saviour, on his throne
To ſit, and rule the world in righteouſneſs;
This he beheld in viſion, and foretold,
And therefore of Chriſt's reſurrection ſpake
With certainty, how that his righteous ſoul 190
Was not in hell detain'd, nor yet his fleſh,
That mortal part, did foul corruption ſee.
This JESUS God hath raiſed from the dead,
Whereof we all are faithful witneſſes.
For as he is by God's right hand of pow'r 195
Exalted in the Heav'ns in glory high,
And having of the Father now receiv'd
The promiſe of the Holy Spirit, he
Hath ſhed forth this which now ye ſee and hear.
For David hath not yet aſcended up, 200
Into the Heav'ns, but he himſelf hath ſaid,
JEHOVAH ſaid unto my Lord, Sit thou
At my right hand, until I make thy foes
Become thy footſtool, and ſubmit to thee.

Therefore let all the houſe of Iſrael know 205
Aſſuredly, receive it as a fact,
That God hath made Jeſus of Nazareth,
Whom ye have crucify'd, both LORD and CHRIST.

This was the ſermon crown'd with ſuch ſucceſs,
And therefore worthy of remembrance here. 210
Though plain, ſhort, ſimple, with ſuch force it came,
As made its conſequences greater far
Than any ſermon preach'd before or ſince;
So far as writing, ſacred or profane,
Informs us. Then our Lord began to ſee 215
The travail of his ſoul, with holy joy.
Joy was in Heav'n that day, the angels ſang
The riſing glories of their Lord and King.
For if one penitent makes them rejoice,
How great their pleaſure when they thouſands ſaw,
Who pricked in their hearts at what they heard, 221
To Peter, and th' apoſtles, cry'd aloud,
Men, brethren, tell us, O, what muſt we do?
Repent, and be baptiz'd, both one and all,
In that great name of JESUS CHRIST the Lord, 225
For the remiſſion of your ſins, and then
The gift of God, the Holy Ghoſt, receive.
The promiſe is to you, and to your ſeed,
And to the people who at diſtance dwell,
As many as the Lord our God ſhall call. 230
With many other words of like import,
He them exhorted, ſaying, Save yourſelves

From

From this untoward generation; ſtand
Afar from all the maxims of this age,
And wicked cuſtoms of this ſinful world. 235
As many as the ſaving word receiv'd
Were then baptiz'd, and added to the church,
Who on that day receiv'd three thouſand ſouls
To its embraces, who were join'd in heart.
Oh! what a glorious body then was ſeen! 240
Who all continu'd ſtedfaſtly agreed
In the true doctrine of our bleſſed Lord,
Taught by his holy meſſengers, who brought
Glad tidings to the ears of ſinful men.

Thoſe new converted ones had fellowſhip 245
With the Apoſtles; each to each was join'd
In the ſame reciprocal bond of love.
Born of the ſame free Spirit from on high,
Join'd in communion with the God of grace,
They dwelt in love, continu'd much in pray'r, 250
And breaking bread from houſe to houſe, they liv'd
Like one united family. No broils
Nor fierce contentions were amidſt them found.
One heart, one ſoul, one mind, and one accord,
Dwelt conſtantly within this peaceful fold. 255
Their food they took in ſingleneſs of heart,
Eating their meat with gladneſs, they rejoic'd
In the Salvation of their Saviour King.
The name of God they prais'd, and Chriſt ador'd,
Had favour with the people, and the Lord 260

Daily increas'd their number, with ſuch ſouls
As were diſpos'd ſalvation to receive.

What glorious days were thoſe! while they remain'd
Firmly united in one heav'nly band!
No diff'rent doctrines, jarring ſentiments, 265
Were found among their leaders, all agreed
To teſtify of JESUS, of his life,
Death, reſurrection, and aſcent to Heav'n,
And of his interceſſion there for men.
The church who in his name believ'd, was one, 270
Like as the Father and the Son agree,
In perfect union, ſo the Chriſtians were,
All of one mind, and all agreed in love,
Were one in underſtanding, and deſign.

With glorious pow'r, the bleſt apoſtles gave 275
True witneſs of the Saviour's love to men,
And of his reſurrection from the tomb;
And greateſt grace upon them all was ſhed.
They walking in the fear and love of God,
And in the comforts of the Holy Ghoſt, 280
Were multiply'd; and fill'd with ev'ry good
And perfect gift deſcending from above,
From God the Father, Lord of love and light.
Thoſe who believ'd continu'd in the truth,
And by the truth were freed from ſin and guilt, 285
From ſelfiſhneſs, and envy, pride, and wrath:
Fill'd with humility, meekneſs, and love,

And

And resignation to the will divine.
Love, fervent charity in them prevail'd,
Join'd with true piety, and godly zeal. 290
Such was Christianity in ancient days.
Professors were possessors, and they liv'd
Unto the glory and the praise of Christ.
Justly they did, lov'd mercy, humbly walk'd,
Liv'd in sobriety, and righteousness; 295
In godliness they exercis'd themselves.
They liv'd to him in whom they liv'd, and bore
The precious fruits of holiness sincere,
Express'd by holiness of heart and life.
They thought and spake like JESUS, liv'd like him,
And were in disposition like their Lord; 301
In them his sentiments and motives rul'd,
The same their principles, like his divine.
The Holy Ghost brought forth its fruits in them,
Love, joy, and peace, long suff'ring, gentleness,
Goodness and faith, meekness and temperance; 306
They in the Spirit liv'd, and walk'd therein.
They found the promises of Christ fulfill'd,
Which he had giv'n before he left the world.

These, as the legacy of our best friend, 310
Bequeath'd before his death, let us review
With more attention than we would a will
Wherein our names as legatees were found,
And we thereby entitled to estates
Of greatest worth, with titles high adorn'd. 315

The

The promiſe of the Spirit, richer far
Than all the dignities that earth can boaſt,
Was thus proclaim'd by JESUS CHRIST our Lord.

If ye love me, then my commandments keep.
And I will pray the Father, he'll give you 320
Another Comforter, who ſhall abide
With you for evermore (though I depart:)
He, the Great Spirit of eternal truth,
Whom worldly men cannot receive, becauſe
They ſee him not, nor know his character: 325
But ye're acquainted with his influence,
For he ſhall dwell in you, and rule your hearts.
I will not go, and leave you comfortleſs,
(For though I leave you, I will come again)
Becauſe I live, your life is ſafe in me. 330
(Lord, let my ſoul in thee be found at laſt.)

Theſe things I ſpeak while I am yet with you;
But he, the Comforter, the Holy Ghoſt,
Whom the Great Father in my name ſhall ſend,
He ſhall inſtruct you in the ways of peace, 335
Shall teach you all things, and all things ſhall bring
To your rememb'rance what to you I've ſpoke.
My peace I give and leave with you always,
Not like the world do I my gifts beſtow;
Let not your heart be troubled nor afraid. 340
The Comforter, the Holy Ghoſt ſhall come,
Whom from the Father I will ſend to you,

Whoſe

Whoſe name is call'd, Spirit of grace and truth,
Who from th' Almighty Father doth proceed,
This Comforter ſhall teſtify of me. 345
And alſo ye ſhall faithful witneſs bear,
Becauſe, from the beginning ye have ſeen
My works; and heard my words, and been with me.

For you it is expedient that I go
Unto my Father, for unleſs I thus 350
Depart, the Comforter will not deſcend;
But if I go, I'll ſend him from on high.
And when he comes, he will the world reprove
Of ſin, of righteouſneſs, and judgment too;
Of ſin, becauſe they don't on me believe; 355
Of righteouſneſs, becauſe I go away
Unto my Father, and ye ſee me not;
Of judgment, he'll reprove, becauſe the prince
Of darkneſs of this age, Satan, is judg'd.

I yet have many things to ſay to you, 360
But ye are weak, and cannot bear them now;
But when the Spirit of all truth is come,
He will inſtruct your ſouls, and guide your hearts,
And ſacred knowledge to you all impart,
And teach your underſtandings all the truth, 365
And animate your wills to keep the ſame.
The bleſſed Spirit he will ſpeak of me,
Not of himſelf; whatever he ſhall hear
That ſhall he ſpeak, and ſhew you things to come.

Much

Much he ſhall glorify and honour me; 370
For he ſhall take of mine, and ſhew it you.
All things that God the Father hath are mine;
Therefore I ſaid to you, that he ſhall take
The things of mine, and ſhew them unto you.

Thus JESUS ſpake, and promis'd them this boon,
And thus they found his promiſes fulfill'd, 376
On that bleſt day which now I celebrate:
Oh, could I ſpeak upon a theme ſo grand,
As juſtly it deſerves; but oh! my pow'rs
Are far too weak for ſuch a noble ſong. 380

The Holy Spirit with his various gifts
Came down upon th' apoſtles, and on thoſe
Who heard the word from them, and turn'd their minds
From darkneſs unto light, and from the pow'r
Of ſin and Satan to the living God. 385
Then were they ſometimes bleſt with ſpecial pow'rs;
They had diverſities of heav'nly gifts,
But all proceeded from One Spirit pure.
To one thereby the word of wiſdom giv'n,
Made him a teacher wiſe and excellent: 390
The word of knowledge was another's boon,
Giv'n by the ſame free Spirit from above.
Unto another faith was giv'n, by which
Great things were done, and mighty works were wrought.
The gifts of healing to another giv'n 395

By

By the ſame Spirit, prov'd his pow'r divine.
Another had the gift of miracles;
Another had the light of prophesy;
Others had gifts the ſpirits to diſcern,
By which deceivers then diſcover'd were: 400
Others could ſpeak with divers kinds of tongues;
While others could interpret what they heard.
But all theſe pow'rs from the ſame Spirit came,
Who giveth ſev'rally to all the ſaints,
Juſt as he pleaſeth, is controul'd by none. 405
And though its operations vary much,
It is the ſelf ſame Spirit worketh all.
Thus by the Holy Spirit, all the Church
Was comforted, and edify'd in love.
And was prepar'd by thoſe celeſtial gifts 410
For labours, ſuff'rings, wars, and victories.

How infinitely uſeful was this gift!
Which God beſtow'd on them, nor gave in vain.
For they were wholly qualify'd thereby
For all which he appointed them to do. 415
This gave a mouth and wiſdom unto them,
Which none of all their mightieſt enemies
Were able to gainſay, or to reſiſt.
This holy gift not only was deſign'd
To qualify them for their work on earth, 420
But to prepare their ſouls for Heaven's bliſs,
And give them happy foretaſtes of the ſame,
While on the earth they dwelt; nor them alone,

The

The Holy Spirit is design'd for us,
And all the saved race in ev'ry land; 425
As our instructor, helper, comforter,
Our quick'ner, sealer, and our witness true.
By this we are enabled to perform
The will of God, as he requires of us,
And have the foretaste of the heav'nly world, 430
The earnest of the rich inheritance.

O let us ask for this most precious gift;
For thus our Saviour has instructed us,
Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and you'll find:
Knock, and it shall be open'd unto you; 435
For ev'ry one that asketh doth receive,
And whosoever seeks shall surely find;
To him that knocks it shall be opened:
For which of you that is a father now
Will give his child, that asketh bread, a stone?
Or if he ask a fish, he will not give 441
A serpent to his child to mock his wish,
And to destroy, instead of feeding him.
If children ask for eggs, will parents try
To cheat their sons with scorpions in their room?
Forbid it Heav'n! such parents can't be found. 446
If earthly parents, evil and unkind,
Know how to give good gifts to children dear,
Shall not your heav'nly Father, wise and good,
Just, holy, righteous, kind, benevolent, 450
Give to his suppliants ev'ry precious gift,

And

And bless them with the Holy Ghost, and pow'r?
The Spirit teaches us to know his will,
And to obey his words, and keep his laws:
It likewise constant intercession makes, 455
Because through darkness, we are ignorant,
And know not what to pray for as we ought;
But this kind intercessor prays for us,
With groanings earnest and unutt'rable.
And God the Father, who all hearts doth search,
He knows the Spirit's mind, because he makes 461
Request according to the will divine.

The Spirit leads the Heav'n-born sons of God,
Inspires their thoughts, words, actions, principles:
They think, speak, act, and walk like JESUS CHRIST.
This proves them born of God, born from above: 465
This Spirit beareth witness with our hearts,
That we are sons and daughters of the Lord.

O what a privilege is this we claim,
To call him *Father*, *Abba Father*, God 470
Who gave us being, made the Heav'ns and earth?
Yet this the Spirit of adopting grace
Enables sinful mortals to perform.
It makes us children, teaches us to call
JEHOVAH Father, and to trust in him. 475

God hath not giv'n the spirit of the world,
But his own Spirit, that we might be taught

To

To know thoſe things by him ſo freely giv'n.
No man can know the things of man, except
The ſpirit of the man within his breaſt; 480
Much leſs can any know the things of God,
Save by that Spirit which from him proceeds.
The Spirit God hath giv'n is not of fear,
But pow'r, and love, ſound mind, faith, wiſdom, grace.
This holy Spirit ſeals us to the day 485
Of ſure redemption which our Lord ſhall bring.
And is the earneſt pledge of bliſs in Heav'n.

Let us not grieve the Spirit of our God,
Nor quench the Holy Ghoſt, that ſacred fire,
Which warms our hearts, and animates our minds,
And moulds our ſouls according to his will. 491

Lord, pour thy Spirit down upon our ſeed,
Thy bleſſing on our offspring, copiouſly.
Come, like the former and the latter rain;
Deſcend like dew upon the graſs new mown, 495
As ſhow'rs that fructify the barren earth.

Jesus, our Saviour, give our ſouls to drink
The water of ſalvation, that may riſe
And ſpring within us like a living well,
Up to eternal life; a fountain rich, 500
That cannot be exhauſted, always pure,
And ever flowing with a conſtant ſtream.

For

For thou haſt promis'd, Who on me believes,
As ſacred Scripture ſaith, from him ſhall flow
Rivers of living water, full and free. 505

This was a promiſe of the pouring forth,
Of the effuſion of the Holy Ghoſt,
Which was fulfill'd upon that bleſſed day,
When JESU's followers were all baptiz'd
With heav'nly fire, the Spirit from on high. 510
O might ſuch bleſſed times return again!
And laſt much longer than before! and fill
The world with knowledge, truth, peace, love, and joy,
That grace and glory might appear on earth!

Thus was the Chriſtian Church at firſt ſet up, 515
Neither by might, nor pow'r, nor force, nor art,
Nor ſtrength, nor ſword, nor riches, nor the arm
Of man, but by the Spirit of the Lord.
Human eſtabliſhments were then unknown;
The arm of God was then the ſole ſupport 520
Of his own cauſe and int'reſt in the world.
Oh that it always had remain'd the ſame!
Then true Chriſtianity had flouriſh'd ſtill.

The firſt believers, worthy of the name,
Walk'd in the comforts of the Holy Ghoſt, 525
And in the Spirit's love were edify'd.

They were a body firmly join'd in heart,
With ſympathetic love and kindneſs fill'd.
The members for each other had ſuch care,
That none could want, for giving was a joy, 530
Far greater than receiving: each one bore
A part in all the ſorrows of the whole.
The body in return, to ev'ry one
Shew'd kindneſs in diſtreſs, and gave relief.
Thus if one member ſuffer'd, all were griev'd; 535
If one was glad, of joy they all partook.
This was a Church well worthy of the name,
The Spouſe of Chriſt, the Bride, the Virgin pure,
The Lamb's beloved wife, the heav'nly Queen.
The daughter of JEHOVAH, one with *him*, 540
Who claims a One-neſs with the living God.

Such was the Church by the apoſtles built,
And ſuch the beauty of its diſcipline;
Such were its leaders, ſuch its members too:
Such was its flaming love, its unity, 545
And ſuch its pow'r, and ſuch its ſure defence.
GOD was its founder, CHRIST its only head;
The SPIRIT its inſtructor, leader, guide;
God's glory was its *pole-ſtar*, and his word
The faithful compaſs was by which ſhe ſteer'd; 550
Her hope was firm, faith pure, her love was warm;
Her zeal was fervent, and her doctrine clear,
From error free; her worſhip was devout.

The

The twelve apoſtles of the Holy Lamb
Were her firſt miniſters and faithful guides. 555
She was a perfect body, organiz'd
In ev'ry part, for ev'ry duty fit.
Taught by the Spirit, ev'ry truth ſhe knew,
And practis'd ev'ry precept of her Lord.
And ſo ſucceſsful were thoſe choſen ones, 560
Who firſt proclaim'd the Saviour's name to men,
That in a little time they ſpread the word
Throughout the *Leſſer Aſia*, and the *World*;
For ſo the Romans call'd their empire vaſt.

Thouſands and millions heard, believ'd, and own'd
The Goſpel of our Lord, and were baptiz'd. 565
Liv'd holy lives, and dy'd moſt happy deaths:
Conform'd to JESUS in their time of life,
They ſlept in him, and ſhall with him deſcend,
When he ſhall come again to reign on earth. 570

Ten thouſand preachers of the Goſpel roſe,
Proclaim'd the word in many diſtant lands.
Ten thouſand times ten thouſand own'd its pow'r;
Ten millions ſuffer'd deaths of various kinds,
In teſtimony of the faith they held. 575
Until at length the force of truth prevail'd,
And idols throughout all the empire fell;
And JESU's name was every where ador'd.

Thus far my Saviour's proceſs I have trac'd,
And ſketch'd ſome part of that important plan 580
Which ſev'ral years ago, in diſtant climes,
I drew, with pleaſure, hoping to compleat.
But all my times are in the hands of God,
And he can call me in a moment hence,
To render up before his awful bar 585
A full account of all my words and deeds.
And if my Lord and Saviour, and my judge,
Shall give his plaudit, and pronounce, Well done!
I ſhall not fear the num'rous hoſts of hell,
Nor in the leaſt regard what men can ſay; 590
Whether they praiſe or blame, 'twill be alike.
If God is pleas'd, all Heav'n will ſmile on me,
But if he frowns, who can his anger bear?
Not me; a worm, a creature of the duſt:
But, Lord, I fly to thee, to thee commit 595
My ſoul and body, and my feeble works,
Intended for thy praiſe: accept them all,
Through JESUS CHRIST, in whom may I be found,
Now and for ever. Bleſſed be my God,
Who thus far has aſſiſted me to ſing 600
His praiſe, who gave his precious life for me,
And whom I love with all my nobleſt pow'rs:
In whoſe bleſt ſervice I would wiſh to ſpend
Whatever part of my ſhort life remains:
In him I hope to live, in him to die, 605
And may I dwell with him forevermore,

Where

Where peace, and love, and joy, and glory reign.
Where in a nobler ſtrain his praiſe I'll ſing,
In notes ſublime, and imitate the lays
Of ſeraphs thron'd in light, and Chriſt himſelf 610
Will not diſdain to liſten to my ſong.

END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

BOOK VIII.

HIS SECOND COMING,

AND

COMMENCEMENT OF THE MILLENIUM.

HASTEN, O Lord, the long expected day,
When JESUS shall again from Heav'n descend,
No more to bleed and suffer, but to reign!
At thought of this my soul is fill'd with joy.
My heart is fraught with matter rich and free, 5
And from the sacred volume I will draw
Divine instruction, knowledge deep and large.
Oft has my feeble mind fresh pleasure felt
While ruminating on the joyful scene,
The bright appearing of my Saviour, God, 10
And his succeeding reign, which is to last
A thousand years, before the day of doom.
This period shall my present subject be.

But little time remains from now till then,
And yet great things and mighty must be done 15
Before the reign of JESUS can begin.

The

The Jews muſt to their ancient land return,
And ſafely dwell therein as heretofore.
And then their enemies once more muſt riſe,
And think to take a ſpoil, and take a prey: 20
They like a ſtorm againſt the land ſhall come,
And ſhall by force Jeruſalem reduce,
Rifling the houſes, plund'ring all the goods,
Abuſing feeble women, leading men
Forth from the city to captivity, 25
Shall think the day and victory their own.
But when they ſhall have taken half away,
Before the time permits to take the whole,
Behold, the Lord JEHOVAH will appear!
That glorious JESUS, who is gone to Heav'n: 30
Triumphant then to earth he will return;
Diſmay and terror on the hoſt will ſeize,
And thus their pride and fury will be ſtay'd,
Nor farther ſeek their conqueſt to purſue.

This great event the prophets have foretold 35
In plaineſt words, without the leaſt diſguiſe;
And yet, aſtoniſhing! 'tis not believ'd
By many who profeſs the Chriſtian name.
But if it ſhould be diſbeliev'd by all,
It cannot be prevented. 'Tis decreed 40
That Chriſt, our Saviour, ſhall to earth deſcend.
And incredulity itſelf's a ſign
That JESU's day is nigh, and haſtens on.
For he hath hinted, that when he ſhall come,

Faith in his coming hardly ſhall be found : 45
The world ſhall be as careleſs, unconcern'd,
As in the famous days of Noah's age,
When he was order'd to prepare an ark,
To ſave himſelf and houſe from being drown'd,
By water floods long threaten'd and delay'd. 50

How did the world at laſt begin to mock,
And ridicule the old and fooliſh man !
While each purſu'd their buſineſs or their mirth,
Nor heeded all the warnings that were giv'n !
Eating and drinking, marrying wives employ'd 55
Their time and thoughts, nor dream'd of ruin nigh,
Their nights and days paſs'd joyous, void of fear,
(As careleſs as the ſons of pleaſure now)
Until at laſt the awful day aroſe
When Noah and his children chang'd their houſe,
Forſook the land, and quarter'd in the ark : 61
Then ſoon unceaſing rains began to pour
Their copious torrents on the wretched earth ;
The great abyſs of waters broken up,
Soon overwhelm'd the globe, and ſwept away 65
Ten thouſand millions of impious men,
And thus deſtroy'd the mocking ſcoffing race,
So ſhall the coming of the Son of man
Be quite as unexpected by the world,
And all mankind will be, as now they are, 70
Engag'd in cares or pleaſures, heeding none
Of all the ſolemn warnings ſent from Heav'n.

Thus

Thus in the days of pious, righteous Lot,
The proud inhabitants of Sodom, doom'd
To dire deſtruction for their grievous crimes, 75
They ate, they drank, they builded, bought and ſold,
Thoughtleſs, and unconcern'd of what was nigh,
Till Lot departed, then the fi'ry ſhow'r
Fell ſuddenly from Heav'n, and ſlew them all:
Deſtroy'd their lives and country all at once: 80
So ſhall the coming of our Saviour be.

This grand event is haſt'ning on apace;
And though by many it is diſbeliev'd,
Yet ſoon it will appear, nor will deceive
Our hopes, who wait and long for that glad day. 85
Jesus, that once aſcended up on high,
Will come again in glory, will appear
The ſecond time, to ſave thoſe faithful ones
Who truſt in him, and wait his face to ſee.
The Lord ſhall come his counſels to fulfil, 90
His purpoſes of juſtice, mercy, truth;
He will in clouds deſcend upon that mount,
From which he did of old aſcend to Heav'n,
The Mount of Olives, where he often ſtood
While ſojourning below, ſhall feel once more 95
His hallow'd feet upon its ſurface tread.
But what a wond'rous change will then take place!
The mount towards the eaſt and weſt will cleave,
The parts divided will aſunder move,
Half to the north, half to the ſouth will go, 100

And

And leave a long extended vale between.
The Lord ſhall come, and all the ſaints with thee;
To bleſs the nations, and their foes deſtroy.

How glorious will that happy day appear,
When CHRIST ſhall come with all his ſhining train!
The ſaints who ſleep in JESUS ſhall ariſe, 105
And all the living ſaints ſhall then be chang'd,
And ſhall in glory with their Lord appear;
They ſhall be like him, ſee him, as he is.
They who ſhall in that reſurrection ſhare 110
Shall truly be diſtinguiſh'd by the Lord,
The ſecond death on them ſhall have no pow'r;
They ſhall be plac'd on thrones as kings and prieſts,
And with their Saviour they ſhall reign on earth.
This honour is reſerv'd for all the ſaints. 115

When JESUS to the mountain ſhall deſcend,
How will the hoſt of foes confounded be?
They will conſume away before his face,
And chiefly be deſtroy'd, by various means:
Their fleſh will fall away, and leave their bones; 120
Their eyes and tongues ſhall alſo be conſum'd:
And men and beaſts ſhall fall a ſacrifice,
And with their fleſh ſhall feaſt the rav'nous birds,
And by the beaſts of prey ſhall be devour'd.
But leaving theſe, and many other ſcenes 125
Of dreadful judgments, which on them ſhall fall
Who do not willingly to CHRIST ſubmit,

I paſs

I paſs now to relate thoſe glorious ſcenes
Which ſhall take place when JESUS ſhall be King,
And Lord of all the globe, when monarchs all 130
Shall yield their pow'r and kingdoms to his will.
Thoſe bleſſed days foretold by all the ſeers,
Which for a thouſand years ſhall laſt, I'll ſing;
And briefly ſketch the ſev'ral grand events,
Which ſhall unfold to the aſtoniſh'd ſight 135
Of all the nations, in that glorious day.
The firſt event, which I ſhall now attempt,
Is the converſion of the Jewiſh race,
And the ſurprizing, ſudden, ſaving change,
Which on that people ſhall take place at once. 140

They by their enemies ſhall be diſtreſs'd,
In ſuch a manner as to leave no hope,
No proſpect of relief, but wild deſpair,
With deepeſt ſorrow mix'd, ſhall pierce their hearts.
While in the midſt of this diſtreſſing ſtate, 145
Behold the op'ning Heav'n preſents to view
The Lord of Glory, ſeated on a cloud,
Enthron'd in light, attended by a throng
Of holy ſaints and angels, who ſurround
His throne of ſtate, and ſhall with him appear. 150
The great Advent of JESUS then ſhall come,
A day ſo great as never man beheld.
Behold, he comes in grandeur terrible!
All Heav'n deſcends and triumphs in his train.
More than aſtoniſhment! if more can be, 155

Now

Now ſeizes on the Jews, they lift their eyes
Aloft, and view the glorious dreadful ſcene!
An human form appears in robes of light,
In glory moſt amazing to behold!

Say, Who is that? th' aſtoniſh'd people cry; 160
Who can this be, deſcending thus from Heav'n?
A man? Yea, more, a God in human form.
But ſee his hands and feet; what marks are there?
Sure, they appear like ſcars! who can this be?
What! can this be that JESUS whom we ſcorn'd?
Is this the babe of Bethl'em? this the man 166
That groan'd on Calvary? Yes, he it is,
The man of ſorrows, whom we long deſpis'd!
But oh, how chang'd is he! what glory now 169
Surrounds his ſacred head, once crown'd with thorns!
Ah! this is he whom once we mock'd and ſcorn'd!
We, fools, his life as madneſs did eſteem,
And look'd upon his death as juſt and right;
Counted him curſed, treated him with ſcorn;
But now we ſee that he is Lord of all; 175
The Son of God in pow'r and glory high,
Behold him drawing near! behold he comes!
Where ſhall we fly to hide our guilty heads?
Can rocks, or dens, or caves, or mountains ſave?
His eye ſurveys us. See him now deſcend! 180
How quakes the earth! See where his glory ſtands,
Upon the famous Mount of Olivet!
Behold it ſplits aſunder and removes!

Alas,

Alas, alas, what will become of us?
Now they behold the man their fathers pierc'd, 185
And whom they long despis'd. See how they weep!
Like Joseph's brethren, they are troubled now
Before his presence whom they long contemn'd.
Now burst their sorrows forth from ev'ry eye:
They all retire apart, each one to weep; 190
Wives from their husbands hid, the more to wail,
And husbands weep apart, to vent their grief.
All hearts and houses now are full of moans.
Joy seems departed from Jerusalem,
And universal sorrow now takes place. 195
All hands are feeble now, and all the knees
Are weak as water, ev'ry heart is faint.
What bitter grief and sorrow now they feel!
Oh, how their tears flow down! their hearts will break!
The woes they feel can never be express'd! 200
As when a father sees an only son,
The image of himself, his dear delight,
Seiz'd with some dire disorder, and anon
Cut off by death's relentless hand; he mourns!
His sorrow seems too vast to find a vent. 205
Such shall their mourning, grief, and sorrow be,
Unfeign'd and bitter, deep and poignant too.
How can they choose but mourn, when they behold
His glory whom they ridicul'd so long?
What can they now expect but terrors dire, 210
To seize their souls, and torture them with pain,

And

And give them over to deſtruction's jaws?
What muſt they do, O whither can they turn,
To gain relief, where can they look for peace?
For how can they expect to be forgiv'n, 215
Who have incens'd the Lord by num'rous crimes,
And perſever'd in hating all his ways,
And treated with deſpite his precious blood?
But oh, the bleſſed change that now takes place;
Inſtead of wrath, behold how mercy ſhines! 220
JESUS, the Prince of Glory, Prince of Peace,
Makes known his love, and comforts all their hearts,
Calls them his people, cleanſes them from ſin:
For their uncleanneſs opens wide a fount,
In which their ſtains may all be waſh'd away. 225
Though red their ſins like ſcarlet, they ſhall be
Made white as wool, or new-fall'n mountain ſnow.
Now from this time they are renew'd, and made
A diff'rent people far from what they were
In former times, a nation now is born. 230

Rejoice, ye Heav'ns, the pain of Zion's o'er;
Her ſons, new born, to JESUS off'rings bring,
Themſelves they yield to his moſt gracious hands.
Behold Jeruſalem its bands pour forth,
To march, and fall at their Redeemer's feet! 235
They now repair unto the valley form'd
Where ſtood Mount Bethany a while before,
Now parted clean in two, and mov'd away.
As they in beauteous order march along,

Such

Such wonders they behold, as might inſpire 240
Their hearts with rapture at another time;
To ſee the living waters burſting forth,
Where never rivers were beheld before;
And to behold their foes upon the field
Fall'n ſlain, againſt them never more to riſe; 245
And alſo to behold their friends return,
Who by the enemies were captive led.
But all their thoughts are ſwallow'd up in him,
Their Lord and King, whom now their ſouls adore,
And to whoſe preſence they direct their ſteps. 250
See they advance, behold the train arrives,
The heav'nly guards on either ſide give way,
While they to his pavilion urge their courſe.
Now they before their Great Redeemer fall,
And humbly bow with rev'rence at his feet. 255

Shall I dare enter my Redeemer's Court,
And hear the homage which they pay to him?
Yes, my advent'rous muſe, which dar'd aſcend
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns, when Jeſus went
To make atonement for the ſins of men, 260
Will not be put aſide, but muſt intrude:
I would be preſent at this interview,
When JESUS and his humbled brethren meet,
When they confeſs their ſins, and he forgives
When they receive him as their Lord and King, 265
And he ſhall own them for his people dear.
Attend, for 'tis a glorious moving ſcene;

And

And here my willing ſoul a while would ſtay.
Behold them bow'd before their Saviour's face!
Hear them addreſs their Lord in humble ſtrains! 270

Lord, here before thy feet ourſelves we caſt;
Unworthy we to look upon thy face,
Since we ſo long have diſobedient been,
So long deſpis'd thy name and character,
And treated thee with ſcorn and foul contempt. 275
We never can forgive ourſelves, that we
Have ſo ungrateful and rebellious liv'd,
Without the knowledge or the love of thee.
How great have been our treſpaſſes and ſins!
We view with great ſurprize what ills we've done,
And never can forgive ourſelves at all. 281
Our fathers ſinn'd in crucifying thee,
And we've, alas! conſented to the deed,
And juſtify'd the foul and bloody fact;
And to our ſhame have glory'd in the crime. 285
We feel ourſelves moſt guilty. Thou art juſt
If thou condemn'ſt us; we are all to blame.
Thou, thou art wholly right, we wholly wrong.
Do with us, Lord, as ſhall to thee ſeem good,
Ourſelves and all we have we would reſign 290
To thy moſt gracious, wiſe, and ſov'reign hands.
O look with pity on the ancient race
Of Abraham, thy friend, ſo long deſpis'd,
And juſtly too, ſince we deſpiſed thee.
But now we mourn, and bitterly lament 295

Our

Our num'rous crimes, but this the moſt of all,
That we have ſet at nought our Saviour King.
Alas, alas, behold we are unclean,
And all our righteouſneſſes are become
Like worthleſs rags, and our iniquities 300
They like the wind have taken us away.
For ſince our fathers have rejected thee,
And we have join'd to treat thy name with ſcorn,
Moſt juſtly thou haſt hid thy royal face,
And haſt conſum'd us for our hateful ſins. 305

But now, O Lord, remember we are clay,
Thou art our potter, and by thee we're form'd.
Thou made the world, and all which it contains,
But when thou paid a viſit to the earth,
We thine own people did not know thy voice, 310
Did not receive thee as our Saviour dear.
And when into Jeruſalem thou rode
Upon an aſs's colt, as 'twas foretold,
We thy meek, lowly majeſty deſpis'd;
Thou wept, our fathers ridicul'd, thou ſaid, 315
Henceforth ye ſhall not ſee my face again,
Until that time be come, when ye ſhall ſay,
Bleſſed be he that cometh in the name
Of God the Lord, and give him honour due.
That time is now arriv'd, we welcome thee, 320
Unworthy as we are of being call'd
Thy people, we rejoice that thou art come:
We bid thee welcome to thine ancient fold.

Our holy cities are a wilderneſs,
Compar'd to what they were in former times; 325
Jeruſalem is like a deſert now,
Having been pillag'd by its deadly foes;
And would have been deſtroy'd before this time
Unleſs thou hadſt appear'd for its relief:
Behold our deſolated ſtate, O Lord, 330
How that our pleaſant things are all laid waſte,
Our holy houſe has long been burnt with fire,
And we have been deſtroy'd and ſcatter'd long:
But thou art juſt in all that thou haſt done,
Becauſe we have ſo much offended thee. 335
Whatever thou art pleas'd on us to lay,
With deep ſubmiſſion, humbly we receive.
Here paus'd the lowly orator, and thus
The bleſſed Saviour ſpeedily reply'd:

Ariſe, O Zion, ſhine, thy light is come, 340
The glory of the Lord is ris'n on thee;
The Gentiles to thy light with ſpeed ſhall haſte,
And kings unto the brightneſs of thy day.
Lift up thine eyes, and caſt them round about.
Behold the nations gather unto thee: 345
Thy ſons ſhall come from far with thee to dwell;
Thy daughters at thy ſide ſhall all be nurs'd.
Then thou ſhalt ſee, and ſhall together flow;
Thine heart ſhalt fear, and greatly be enlarg'd,
Becauſe th' abundance of the ſea ſhall be 350
To thee converted, unto thee ſhall come

The

The num'rous forces of the Gentile race.
Pure gold, and coſtly incenſe ſhall they bring,
The praiſes of JEHOVAH ſhall they ſhew.
Camels and dromedaries ſhall attend, 355
From all the wealthy nations of the eaſt;
The flocks of Kedar, and Nebaioth's rams,
Together brought ſhall miniſter to thee.
My houſe of glory I will glorify.

See, who are theſe come flying like a cloud, 360
And, as the doves, unto their windows haſte?
Surely the weſtern iſles ſhall wait for me,
The ſtately ſhips of Tarſhiſh ſhall be firſt,
To bring thy children, ſtor'd with riches, home,
Unto the honour of the Lord thy God, 365
And to the happy land by him poſſeſs'd;
The Holy One of Iſrael dwells in thee,
And by his preſence hath thee glorify'd.
The ſons of ſtrangers ſhall erect thy walls,
To thee ſhall miniſter their lords and kings. 370
For though in wrath I ſmote thee, yet I have
In favour now had mercy upon thee.
Thy gates ſhall now ſtand open night and day,
That all the nations of the world may come,
With joy thy glory and increaſe to view, 375
And to adore the Lord, thy ſov'reign King.
The nation now that will not bow to thee,
Shall be deſtroy'd, and periſh from the earth.
To thee the glory of Mount Lebanon,

The lofty cedars, firs, and pines, ſhall come, 380
To build and beautify the ſacred place,
Where I in glory and in light will dwell.
How glorious ſhall my holy Mount appear!
Which ſoon ſhall be to ev'ry nation known.
With greateſt joy ſhall all the nations flock, 385
To pay their vows and homage at my feet.
The ſons of thoſe who ſore afflicted thee
Shall with humility and reverence fall
Before thy feet, and they who thee deſpis'd
Shall lowly bend, and greatly honour thee. 390
Their language ſhall be alter'd, once they nam'd
Thy land, Forſaken, and thee, Deſolate,
But now, Sought out, A city much deſir'd:
The city of Jehovah, and the place
Belongs to God, to Iſrael's Holy One. 395
Whereas thou haſt ſo long forſaken been,
And hated by the nations of the earth,
I'll turn the ſcale, and thou ſhalt be belov'd
By all mankind, and ſweet ſhall be thy name.
An honour to Jehovah thou ſhalt be, 400
A joy for many ages to the earth.
All people ſhall take pleaſure in thy fame,
And with their choiceſt treaſures thee ſhall bleſs.
Then thou ſhalt know that I JEHOVAH am,
Thy Saviour, thy Redeemer, Jacob's God. 405
Thy braſs into the pureſt gold I'll change;
Thine iron choiceſt ſilver ſhall become;
Braſs ſhall become as plenteous as the wood,

Thy

Thy ſtones more valu'ble than iron ore.
Thine officers ſhall all be men of peace, 410
And thine exactors ſons of righteouſneſs.
No more ſhall violence in thee be heard,
Nor waſting and deſtruction in thee known.
Thy walls are nam'd Salvation, and thy gates,
Praiſe ſhall be call'd; now ſhame is thine no more.
The Lord ſhall be thine everlaſting light, 416
Thy God ſhall be thy ſtrength and glory too;
Thy mourning now is paſt, thy joy is come.
Thy people ſhall be righteous, one and all;
The holy land they henceforth ſhall poſſeſs, 420
And never ſhall be diſinherited.
The nation now and henceforth ſhall appear
The branch that I have planted, and the work
Which my own hands have wrought. I will be prais'd.
I to Jeruſalem am now return'd 405
In mercy, and will chooſe it yet again;
The city ſhall in glory be rebuilt,
And deſolation there be known no more,
And ſafely it inhabited ſhall be.
Your many ſins I freely do forgive, 410
From all your filthineſs I will you cleanſe,
And your iniquities will take away,
And you ſhall be my people evermore;
And I will reign your Lord and rightful King.
I will rejoice in you, and joy always 415
In my dear people, whom I have redeem'd;
And in Jeruſalem will I rejoice.

The voice of weeping ſhall no more be heard
Within her walls, ſorrow and pain no more
Shall ever there be known, but peace and joy 420
Shall there prevail, and baniſh ev'ry woe.
No more in her ſhall little infants die,
Nor men be counted old that have not fill'd
Their days with ſev'ral centuries of years.
For he that dieth at the early age 425
Of one full century, ſhall die a boy,
Yea more, be judg'd accurſt, cut off, for ſin,
For his own ſins, and for his wilful crimes.
That proverb ſhall henceforth be us'd no more,
The fathers have the ſour grapes eaten up, 430
And lo! the children's teeth are ſet on edge!
The ſon his father's ſins no more ſhall bear,
But every man ſhall ſuffer for his own,
And that immediately, without delay;
By which the growth of ſin ſhall be deſtroy'd, 435
And ev'ry cauſe of wickedneſs remov'd.
Now ſhall my people their own houſes build,
And long and quietly enjoy the ſame.
Their fruitful vineyards, planted by their hands,
Shall yield them ſweeteſt grapes, and they ſhall eat,
Shall eat in plenty, and ſhall praiſe my name. 440
They ſhall not build for others to poſſeſs,
Nor plant for enemies, as heretofore,
Peace, health, and plenty, lives extended long,
Shall be their portion in my holy land. 445
Their years ſhall be as laſting as the oaks,

Thoſe

Thoſe long-liv'd trees, nor ſhall they live in vain.
Long ſhall my choſen their own works poſſeſs.
How profitable ſhall their labours be!
No longer uſeleſs, or for trouble wrought! 450
The curſe pronounc'd on man I now remove,
And take from woman all her part therein:
She ſhall in ſafety bring her offspring forth,
Without thoſe bitter pains of former times.
Now ye ſhall be JEHOVAH's bleſſed ſeed, 455
And all your children ſhall belong to me;
They ſhall be well inſtructed by my care,
And be an honour to their God and King.
I will be near to ſave you when you cry,
Before you call I will regard your pray'rs, 460
And while you ſtill are ſpeaking I will hear.
Great wonders I will ſhew you, for henceforth
Wars ſhall no more be known, nor ſwords deſtroy,
The very inſtruments of violence
Shall all be chang'd to thoſe of huſbandry. 465
The earth ſhall yield aſtoniſhing increaſe,
And your own God ſhall bleſs you evermore.
The beaſts, once fierce and ſavage, ſhall forget
Their thirſt of blood, and harmleſs ſhall be ſeen
Among domeſtic animals to feed, 470
And with them mildly play; fear now is fled,
Becauſe the days of joy and peace are come,
And all creation feels the rays benign.
The wolf ſhall dwell in ſafety with the lamb,
And ſhe as ſafe with him ſhall play and feed. 475

The leopard with the kid ſhall do the ſame,
Lie down together, neither ſeeking harm,
Nor fearing danger, now there's none to fear.
The lion, and the fatling, and the calf,
Together ſhall aſſemble, feed and play, 480
And children ſhall not fear to lead the train.
The bears and cows, and all their young, ſhall feed
Together in the paſtures, and lie down
In peace and ſafety, void of rage or fear.
The lion, like the bullock, feeds on ſtraw; 485
The ſerpent feeds on duſt, as 'twas ordain'd,
And on his belly prone he ſtill ſhall crawl;
But all his enmity is now deſtroy'd:
The ſucking child upon his hold may play,
The weaned child with baſiliſks may ſport. 490
Nothing ſhall hurt, deſtroy, diſturb, affright,
In all my holy mountain, ſaith the Lord.
And lo, theſe wonders now ſhall be reveal'd.
I, from my Father ſent, once ſuffer'd here,
And now I come on earth to rule and reign, 495
And here will fix my throne; with you to dwell
I am well pleas'd: and ſince you now receive
Me, as your Lord and King I will declare,
That you ſhall never be rejected more,
But always ſhall be mine, a people dear 500
To God, who greateſt honours ſhall beſtow
Upon your favour'd race, and thus fulfil
The glorious cov'nant with your fathers made.
Thus you ſhall be the bleſſed of the Lord,

And

And all the nations ſhall be bleſt in you. 505
You ſhall from me the ſaving truth receive,
And through the earth its precepts ſhall convey.
Fear then no more, ariſe, rejoice in God.

Theſe glorious words pronounc'd, they heard with joy,
Their hearts were full, and thus they gave them vent,
Lord, what are we? and what is all our race, 511
That thou for our deliv'rance ſhould appear?
Nay more, inſtead of wrath and ſore rebukes,
Should in ſuch mildeſt accents comfort us,
And ſpeak ſuch multitudes of promiſes, 515
Which though by Prophets long ago declar'd,
We ſcarcely ever hop'd to ſee fulfill'd.
With greateſt gladneſs we rejoice in Thee,
Our great Redeemer, Lord, and rightful King.
Lord, we will praiſe Thee, for we now can ſay, 520
Tho' thou with us waſt angry for our ſins,
For which thou hadſt indeed abundant cauſe,
Yet now thine anger fierce is turn'd away,
And Thou doſt comfort us, by kindeſt words,
And glorious actions in our favour wrought. 525
Thou art our ſhield, Thou art our confidence,
In thee we truſt, nor ſhall we be aſham'd.
For Thou art our ſalvation, Thou our hope,
Our ſtrength, our helper, and our joyful ſong.
Is this the way of ſinful men? O Lord! 430
Would they requite their cruel enemies

With

With ſuch kind words and deeds of love? Ah, no.
But thou art gracious, and ſhalt have the praiſe.
With higheſt gratitude our boſoms glow,
And never can we utter what we feel. 535
Our hearts are full, nor can we give them vent,
By all the words we utter; language fails.
But Thee with joy we own our Lord and King.
Our higheſt honour is to bow to Thee.
Reign thou for ever, JESUS always reign. 540
Thou art the God for whom we waited long:
Thou art our Lord, in Thee we will rejoice;
In thy ſalvation we will now confide.
Though other Lords have rul'd us, yet henceforth,
Thee, only Thee, as Ruler will we own. 545
Accept us as thy flock, we aſk no more.

O what a day was this! their grief was turn'd
To greateſt joy and gladneſs; and their Lord
Well pleas'd to ſee the great and happy change,
Acknowledg'd them his brethren, who before 550
Set him at nought, and him deſpis'd and ſold.
Thus Joſeph's brethren dealt unfaithfully
With him their precious brother, him betray'd,
And would have murder'd, but were hindered,
But ſold him as a ſlave: yet God ordain'd 555
That he ſhould riſe to greateſt dignity.
At laſt theſe brethren, driv'n by hunger ſore,
Unto the land of Egypt did repair,
Where Joſeph rul'd as Governor ſupreme:

But

But him they knew not, though he knew them well,
But made his firſt appearance rough and ſtrange. 561
The ſecond time they went, and them he brought
Into ſuch circumſtances of diſtreſs,
As made them, weeping, fall before his feet,
And there confeſs the baſeneſs of their crime, 565
Till finally himſelf he did reveal
To all his brethren, and forgave their fault,
And ſpake to them in moſt conſoling ſtrains;
Receiv'd them as his friends, and nouriſh'd them,
Became their father, brother, lord, and friend. 570
Thus JESUS, Joſeph's antitype, hath ſhew'd
Himſelf a faithful friend, and brother dear,
In dying for his greateſt enemies;
And when he ſhall appear the ſecond time,
He will conduct himſelf as Joſeph did; 575
Firſt bring them low, and then exalt them high;
And give them pardon, and obtain their praiſe.

Thus ſhall the happy period begin,
When JESUS to his brethren ſhall be known.
Great ſcenes ſhall follow, ſuch as none have dar'd
To paint in verſe heroic, but my pen 581
Would fain attempt in numbers to deſcribe.
But O, my God, thou knoweſt what is beſt,
And I ſubmit to what thou ſhalt appoint.
If I ne'er live to finiſh what's begun, 585
I truſt I ſhall have better exerciſe.

In

In that bright world of bliſs to which I ſoar,
Where I ſhall ſee my Saviour face to face,
And praiſe his name in nobler ſtrains than theſe :
Joining with all the heav'nly company, 590
His everlaſting honours to proclaim.

END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

BOOK

BOOK IX.

THE MILLENIUM.

NOW let my pen, aſſume a bolder ſtrain,
And paint in ſweeteſt words and loftieſt ſtile,
That ſubject which can never be expreſs'd
In full perfection, the Redeemer's reign.
But hence dull thoughts, and wordly cares away; 5
Let nothing hinder, nothing diſcompoſe,
While I attempt the glories of that age,
When JESUS CHRIST, our Lord, ſhall rule the world.
From ſea to ſea his kingdom ſhall extend,
And from the riſing to the ſetting ſun, 10
Through ev'ry kingdom, over ev'ry land.
All kings ſhall fall before him, and ſhall bow
In humble rev'rence at his ſacred feet;
And all the nations ſhall his word obey.
His laws how juſt! his precepts how divine! 15
How righteous ſhall his government be found!
No fraud, injuſtice, or oppreſſion, then
Shall ever more prevail among mankind,
During the glorious period of that age
When Chriſt ſhall reign on earth, and Satan bound,

No

No more ſhall tempt mankind, nor ſouls deceive. 21
What wond'rous things are ſpoken of that day!
What glories have the ancient ſeers foretold!
Nor leſs will they appear when once fulfill'd,
Than by the grand predictions they would ſeem. 25

Deſtructive wars ſhall then no more be known,
Peace and good-will ſhall ev'ry where prevail:
No more confuſed noiſe of battles heard;
Nor garments roll'd in blood ſhall then be ſeen:
Nor murd'ring inſtruments of war prepar'd. 30
The nobler arts of peace ſhall then employ
The minds and hands of men, and ſwords and ſpears
Shall form the inſtruments of huſbandry.
All ſlavery ſhall ceaſe throughout the globe,
And tyranny be extirpated then, 35
And univerſal freedom ſhall take place.
Oh what a joyful period this ſhall be!
The knowledge of the Lord ſhall ſo prevail,
That all mankind ſhall fear and love his name,
And ſhall agree together him to ſerve. 40
No more diviſion and contentious ſtrife,
Shall vex and diſcompoſe the Church of God.
All Zion's watchmen ſhall as one agree,
And all ſee eye to eye, ſpeak with one tongue,
And with one mind and mouth ſhall praiſe the Lord.
Thoſe who believe ſhall dwell in unity; 46
Then ſhall it once appear how good it is,
And pleaſant thus in harmony to live!

One

One mind, one heart, one ſoul, of one accord,
Shall all believers be, in union join'd, 50
Like that ſubſiſting in the Deity,
Between the Father and his only Son.
Then ſhall the world believe, and know the truth,
And doubt no more of the Meſſiah's claim;
But all ſhall with one heart to him ſubmit. 55
Soon through the world the Goſpel ſhall be ſpread,
Proclaim'd to ev'ry nation under Heav'n,
Pure, and from all adulteration free,
In ſuch a manner as ſhall make its way
To ev'ry heart, and turn all men to God. 60
So univerſally ſhall light prevail,
That all ſhall know the Lord, and need no more
That one ſhould teach another ſacred truth,
Which, from the leaſt unto the greateſt known,
Shall plainly ſhew the prophecies fulfill'd. 65
Love, peace, joy, gentleneſs, goodneſs, and truth,
Meekneſs and temperance ſhall then appear,
As openly as things contrary now.
Now ſelfiſhneſs, and envy, pride and wrath,
With all the num'rous train of deadly ills 70
Which ſpring from thoſe too fruitful ſources, flow,
O'erwhelm, and almoſt ruinate the globe.
Then children ſhall from tender infancy,
Be all inſtructed in the fear of God,
And educated as the heirs of Heav'n. 75
Early accuſtom'd, in the pleaſant ways
Of wiſdom they ſhall walk, and find her paths

Delightful

Delightful to their ſouls, and full of peace.
No wicked children ſhall be ſeen on earth,
All ſhall be good, obedient, faithful, wiſe, 80
All dutiful, and free from ev'ry ill.
How parents ſhall rejoice in thoſe bleſt days!
To ſee their infant race in virtue grow,
And with their learning, ſee them goodneſs take,
As eaſily as now they learn to ſin. 85
The education of thoſe happy times
Will be as diff'rent from the preſent mode
As brighteſt day, from blackeſt, darkeſt night.
Love and delight in learning will lead on
The happy youths, who will to heights aſpire, 90
That but to mention now, to moſt would ſeem
Incredible, and bord'ring on romance.
No blows, nor threat'ning words ſhall then be us'd;
All ſhall be pleaſure, noble, high delight:
And eaſily ſhall knowledge be obtain'd, 95
When vicious tempers ſhall no more defile
The ſouls of children, nor ſhall cloud their minds.
For ſin obſcures the light, ſhuts knowledge out,
And makes the underſtanding cloudy, dark;
Cauſes the will to be perverſe, and fills 100
The ſoul with idleneſs, that greateſt foe
To uſeful knowledge. But in thoſe bleſt days
Learning will be attain'd with eaſe, and then
It will be univerſal, free to all.
Our ſons ſhall be as plants grown up in youth, 105
Beautiful, chearful, gay, ſtrong, innocent,

Pleaſant,

Pleaſant, wiſe, affable, ſenſible, good.
Our daughters like to precious corner ſtones,
Poliſh'd, as if for palaces deſign'd.
Fair, lovely, gentle, kind, polite, ſincere, 110
Virtuous, modeſt, humble, prudent, meek.
Form'd to delight and cultivate mankind.
More precious than rich diamonds ſhall they ſtand,
The glorious ornaments of human race.
Domeſtic happineſs ſhall then abound! 115
What peace and love ſhall grace the nuptial bands!
Strifes, quarrels, broils, contentions, diſcords, jars,
Raging, and raving, ſcolding, curſing, blows,
Nor angry words, nor looks, ſhall then be known.
Love, kindneſs, ſofteſt language, actions mild, 120
Shall be the lot of ev'ry married pair.
Oh, how unlike the times in which we live!
What horrid diſcords are in families!
How bitter words and actions wound our peace!
And truly, far more troubles ſpring from hence 125
Than all the other woes that fill the world.
But in thoſe glorious times of which I ſing,
The Lord theſe foreſt evils will remove,
Which now prevent our mutual happineſs;
And ev'ry family ſhall then appear 130
A little picture of the world at large,
An habitation of delight and peace.
No diff'rence of opinion ſhall be found,
To break the peace of families, but all
Together ſhall agree to ſerve the Lord, 135

In thoſe reviving times, when truth ſhall ſhine,
Deceit and falſehood ſhall no more appear.
Lying and perjury, thoſe baneful crimes,
Which now ſo much prevail, ſhall wholly ceaſe.
Frauds ſhall no more be known, but honeſty 140
Shall then be practiſed by all mankind:
And juſtice, long ſince fled, ſhall then return.

Then ſhall the earth bring forth a large increaſe:
The curſe of barrenneſs ſhall be remov'd,
And God ſhall bleſs mankind with ev'ry good; 145
Health, plenty, happineſs, long life, and peace.
Briers and thorns, and thiſtles, noxious weeds,
And pois'nous plants, the ground ſhall bear no more;
But food in plenty, both for beaſts and men,
Shall be produc'd with very little toil. 150
Such plenteous harveſts ſhall the ſower reap,
As ſhall much more than ſatisfy his pains.
Labour ſhall be more pleaſant far than now,
And God ſhall proſper all the works of men.
Theſe ſhall be happy times, exceeding far 155
The golden age by heathen poets feign'd.
Bleſſings of nature, grace, and providence,
Shall all combine happy to render man,
Under the Government of Chriſt the Lord.
The bleſſings of the Goſpel, far and wide, 160
Shall be extended through the univerſe.
The name of Jesus ſhall be known by all,
And all ſhall praiſe him daily, and ſhall pray

That

That long his kingdom may continu'd be:
Because his government shall be so mild, 165
So just, so beneficial to mankind.
More beautiful and useful far than light,
More pleasant than the rising morning sun,
Th' unclouded morning shines not half so fair;
Nor dew upon the grass so useful seems, 170
Nor pleasant show'rs upon the meadows mown,
Nor the clear shining after mighty rain.
All these are emblems of good government,
But all fall short in beauty to compare
With that most glorious kingdom of our Lord; 175
To be establish'd in the latter days,
According to the famous prophecies
Of all God's holy seers since time began.
This kingdom shall extend through all the world,
Shall break in pieces all opposing pow'r, 180
Shall never be o'ercome by enemies,
Shall never have successor nor compeer,
Shall stand for ever, and shall still prevail
Till all its num'rous foes shall bow and yield.
This kingdom shall endure, and still must rule 185
Until its great designs are all fulfill'd.
The earth shall fully be inhabited,
And that as yet has never been the case.
But God who for that purpose form'd it first,
(And certainly he form'd it not in vain) 190
He shall behold it fill'd with flocks of men,
And they shall know that he is God the LORD.

The millions that on earth ſhall dwell at once,
All happy under government divine,
Shall far exceed the numbers that have liv'd 195
Since God at firſt created man, on earth,
Put all together, even though we ſhould
Suppoſe a perſon ev'ry ſecond born
During the periods of ſix thouſand years.
So Chriſt our Saviour may with pleaſure ſay, 200
Before the bleſſed thouſand years ſhall end,
I now have many million ſubjects more
Than ever ſin, and death, and Satan rul'd;
More now at once my willing ſubjects are
Than ever groan'd under their tyranny. 205

When this moſt happy period ſhall arrive,
No longer ſhall the ways of God ſeem dark,
The plan of Providence no more obſcure,
But all ſhall brighten into open day.
No more ſhall infidelity exclaim, 210
That God hath made the human race in vain,
Or but to break his laws, and him provoke;
And that from the beginning they have ſhew'd
Themſelves unworthy of their Maker's care,
And always have diſhonour'd him by ſin. 215
For in the days of which the prophets ſpeak,
Mankind ſhall be an honour to their God,
A crown and diadem of higheſt worth,
Eſteem'd by their Creator as a prize
Of greateſt dignity, and high renown. 220

Then

Then human nature, not as now deprav'd,
Shall not appear made up of earth and ſin,
A mixture vile of folly, weakneſs, crimes;
But as a veſſel pure and fit for uſe;
Worthy of him who made it, and reſtor'd 225
The ſame when ruin'd to its firſt eſtate.
Goodneſs and virtue ſhall in glory ſhine,
And human nature ſhall appear adorn'd
With ev'ry grace that can become its ſtate.
Pride, paſſion, rage and ſtrife, ſhall be deſtroy'd, 230
And all contrary virtues ſhall ſucceed.
Tatling, tale-bearing, ſland'ring, lying words,
And murd'ring characters with evil tongues,
No more ſhall credit find, nor practis'd be,
As now, to the great hurting of mankind. 235
Now hearts and tongues ſpeak different, but then
Their language ſhall be all the ſame, nor guile,
Nor falſe deceit, ſhall dwell upon their tongues.
Truth, peace, good-will, love, and ſincerity,
Shall be the language of their hearts and lips. 240
No more ſhall ſome of others make a prey;
All ſhall conduct themſelves by that great law,
As ye would wiſh that men ſhould do to you,
The ſame in ev'ry inſtance do to them.
Thus each ſhall love his neighbour as himſelf, 245
And find the ſame return'd to him again;
This ſhall increaſe the happineſs of all,
And make the earth in meaſure like to Heav'n.
But if the conduct of the human race

Shall tow'rds each other be ſo different 250
From what we now obſerve, then certainly
Their whole behaviour towards God ſhall be
Entirely diff'rent from what now takes place.
Then ſhall the firſt and great command be kept,
For men ſhall love the Lord with all their hearts;
Him ſhall they fear and worthily adore, 256
And render him their nobleſt ſervices.
What gratitude ſhall glow in all their breaſts!
And with what pleaſure ſhall they praiſe his name!
O with what rev'rence ſhall their hoſts appear 260
Before the Lord, the King of all the earth?

Who can deſcribe the great ſolemnity,
When all the nations ſhall agree to go
To pay their homage to the Lord, the King,
Aſſembling for that purpoſe ev'ry year, 265
At the great city of Jeruſalem?

This is JEHOVAH's poſitive decree,
And it ſhall come to paſs in that great day,
That ev'ry one of all the nations left
Which came againſt Jeruſalem to war, 270
Shall even go up yearly there to pay
Their humble worſhip to JEHOVAH's name,
The Lord of Hoſts, the King of all the earth;
And the great feaſt of Tabernacles keep.
And whoſoever will not thither come 275

Of

Of all the families upon the globe,
Upon their land no ſhowers ſhall deſcend.

Behold them come from ev'ry people's land,
All nations ſhall aſſemble at the time,
All kindreds of the earth, from far and near, 280
Such an aſſembly yet no eyes have ſeen.
Behold an hundred millions now ſurround
That famous city by JEHOVAH nam'd,
JEHOVAH SHAMMAH, or, *The Lord is there.*
They come from ev'ry land and ev'ry clime; 285
But though in colour various, all agree
In one deſign, JEHOVAH to adore.
O what a moſt exalted ſong they ſing,
And praiſe his name upon the higheſt key!
The muſic raviſhes our wond'ring ears. 290
Far as the eye can ſee, behold the throng!
All join to glorify the ſov'reign King,
And give him higheſt praiſe who merits all.

O joyful day, when all the tribes of earth
Shall thus in pureſt love aſſemble there, 295
Without the leaſt deſign but what is good.
No malice, wickedneſs, ſhall there be found;
No thieves, pickpockets, no deceitful men,
Shall with the happy throng aſſemble there;
All ſhall be faithful ſervants of their King, 300
Who meet to celebrate the glorious feaſt,
In honour to JEHOVAH, Lord of all,

And with design to cultivate the love
And universal friendship of mankind.
How worthy of the Lord are such designs! 305
How glorious, grand, friendly, benevolent!
How calculated for the praise of God!
And the amazing int'rest of the world!
This may be called, as its proper name,
The Feast of Tabernacles, for the crowds 310
That will assemble there will be so large,
That all the houses cannot them contain.
There in a friendly manner they shall meet
And worship all together, and shall learn
To know and do the will of Jacob's God. 315
And feast in friendship, then with joy return,
Each to their diff'rent regions, to declare
The wonders which they saw and heard; with joy
The list'ning people shall the story hear,
And long to see and know the same themselves. 320

In those blest days, instead of planning schemes
Of war and conquest, nations shall invite
Each other to assemble at the place
Where reigns the blessed JESUS on the hill
Which he shall choose, his holy mountain top. 325
For thus the sacred prophecies declare,
And it shall come to pass in the last days,
The mountain of *Jehovah*'s house shall be
Establish'd in the lofty mountain's top,
And be exalted far above the hills, 330

And

And all the nations thereunto ſhall flow.
Then many peoples ſhall with joy agree,
And thus expreſs their earneſt heart's deſire,
Come ye, and let us join with pleaſure, go
Up to the holy mountain of the Lord, 335
And to the ſacred houſe of Jacob's God,
And he will teach us all his bleſſed ways,
And we will walk in his delightful paths.

For out of Zion ſhall the law go forth;
JEHOVAH's word ſhall from Jeruſalem 340
Proceed, and ſpread, enlight'ning all the earth.
For he ſhall judge the nations of the world,
And many peoples ſtrong he ſhall rebuke,
And they ſhall hear his voice, and him obey:
As when the raging waves heard, "Peace, be ſtill."
They ceas'd, and lo, at once there was a calm.
So ſhall the mighty peoples hear his voice,
And ceaſe their violence, leave off to rage,
And beat their ſwords to ploughſhares, and their ſpears
To ſcythes, or other uſeful inſtruments. 350
No more ſhall war be follow'd as a trade,
Nor warlike inſtruments again be form'd.
The barb'rous terms ſhall be forgotten all.
Nations no more againſt each other riſe,
Nor ſwords lift up, nor learn the art of war, 355
But dwell in peace, and cultivate the ground,
And ſit each man with joy beneath his vine,
And with his family in ſafety lie

At

At eaſe reclin'd under the fig-tree's ſhade;
And none ſhall ſeek each other to diſturb, 360
Nor put the peaceful citizens in fear.
This hath JEHOVAH ſpoken, and his hand
Shall never fail his promiſe to fulfil.
Then ſhall the faſts be turn'd to days of joy,
The ancient troubles ſhall be all forgot. 365
O therefore love the truth and ſeek for peace!
For JESUS is the Prince of Peace and truth.
Thus ſaith JEHOVAH, It ſhall come to paſs
That many peoples ſhall with earneſtneſs
Aſſemble to adore their God and King; 370
Th' inhabitants of many cities join
In this delightful work of pray'r and praiſe.
The dwellers in one town their homes ſhall leave,
And to the neighb'ring town or city go,
No more to raiſe confuſion or uproar, 375
But to invite their neighbours, brethren, friends,
Come let us ſpeedily with joy repair
To pray before JEHOVAH's hallow'd fane,
To ſeek the bleſſing of the Lord of Hoſts;
And I will alſo go: each one ſhall ſay. 380
Yea, many peoples, nations great and ſtrong,
Shall come to ſeek *Jehovah Tſabbaoth*,
To pray before the Lord, and bleſs his name.
What crowds ſhall to Jeruſalem repair!
Which city ſhall be chief of all on earth. 385
There ſhall the multitudes aſſemble, there
The praiſes of JEHOVAH ſhall they ſhew,

And

And all his glories ſhall proclaim abroad.
What happen'd at the day of Pentecoſt
Was but a little ſpecimen of this, 390
Yet all the Goſpel light the world has had
Is what proceeded from that city firſt.
But O, what greater glories ſhall adorn
That choſen city in the coming days,
When thither all the tribes of men ſhall come 395
To learn the will of God, and praiſe his name!
From thence the grandeſt road, the king's high-way
Shall lead directly to the holy Mount,
Whereon the ſacred Temple ſtands adorn'd;
A noble palace, and the reſidence 400
Of JESUS, and his brethren, all the ſaints.
The mountain's top, is holy all around;
(For holineſs becomes the houſe of God)
And ſuch a houſe as this man never ſaw.
The temple built by Solomon of old, 405
No more can bear compariſon with this,
Than meaneſt cottages with princely courts.
The glory of the laſt houſe, built for God,
Shall far exceed the glory of the firſt.
Here CHRIST ſhall dwell and reign a thouſand years;
Here ſhall his glorious voice be heard and known,
And here his wonders ſhall to men be ſeen.
And in this mountain ſhall *Jehovah* make
To all the peoples of the earth a feaſt,
An heav'nly feaſt, of truth and words divine, 415
With pow'r attended, and with mighty love,

As

As with the choiceſt wine the feaſt is crown'd.
Such ſweet refreſhments will give greater joy
Than choiceſt dainties, or the richeſt wine.
O how with pleaſure will the nations ſit 420
From morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve,
To hear the Saviour his inſtructions give!
O what an heav'nly feaſt his lips afford!
But as it was when JESUS dwelt on earth,
When he had fed the multitudes three days 425
With heav'nly bread, the manna of his tongue,
He would not let them go till he had fed
Their bodies, with ſuch food as might ſuſtain
Their nature, and from fainting them prevent,
As to their homes they ſhould return; Thus he 430
Who did not think it was beneath him then
To feed the multitudes with fiſh and bread,
Miraculouſly increaſed by his pow'r,
Will alſo make a plenteous feaſt to thoſe
Who ſhall repair unto his holy hill, 435
To hear his words, and learn his righteous ways,
And bow before him and his name adore.
And he that with ſuch pleaſure once beheld
About five thouſand men in order ſit
On the green graſs, in ranks of fifties plac'd, 440
Waiting their food from his moſt bounteous hands,
How will he joy all nations to behold
Aſſembled at his feet to hear his words!
Ten thouſand times ten thouſand ſhall attend;
Numbers immenſe, compar'd to which the hoſt 445

Of

Of Xerxes, when he march'd againſt the Greeks,
Was but a little feeble company.
Yet all this num'rous hoſt ſhall hear his voice
With eaſe, for ev'n the dead themſelves ſhall hear,
And ſhall forſake their graves at his command. 450
For what to him ſhall be impoſſible?
This bleſſed company ſhall ſeated be
Around the holy mountain of their God,
And inſtantly, at his command divine,
The choiceſt bread, and food of richeſt kinds, 455
Shall be diſtributed to all the gueſts,
For all his ſaints and angels ſhall attend
As miniſters on this occaſion grand;
Then ſhall the choiceſt wine to each be giv'n.
Such was the water when it ſaw its God, 460
And bluſh'd upon the famous wedding day,
Where JESUS firſt began his pow'r to ſhew,
And his diſciples then his glory ſaw,
And from that time believed on his name.
The water from the river chang'd to wine, 465
Shall chear the hearts of all the num'rous hoſts,
And thoſe who chooſe may drink the water pure.
Then ſhall the fruits of thoſe eternal trees
That grow upon the river's banks, be giv'n
To ev'ry one, as they themſelves deſire. 470
And then the bleſſing of the Lord pronounc'd,
Shall from his holy hill diſmiſs the throng.
Who ſhall diſperſe, and to their homes return,
Praiſing the Lord for all his goodneſs ſhewn.

Thus

Thus ſhall their minds be purg'd from ſin and doubts;
For in this mountain ſhall the Lord deſtroy 476
The face of cov'ring o'er all peoples caſt,
The vail that is o'er all the nations ſpread.
Darkneſs and ignorance, and ſlaviſh fear,
Shall all be chas'd away by light and truth. 480

How will the ranſom'd of JEHOVAH come
To this high mountain with exceeding joy!
With ſongs and joyful ſhoutings as they go,
The happy ſtreets and villages ſhall ring;
Great joy and gladneſs ſhall they all obtain, 485
When ſorrow, grief, and ſighing are no more.
The happy ſcenes which then ſhall common be,
Would ſcarce gain credit ſhould they be deſcrib'd.
But as the ſacred writings have foretold
The glorious wonders of that future age, 490
I venture to attempt to follow on
Where ſuch a guide as truth eternal leads.
How vaſt ſhall be the changes in the earth,
And in its ſoil and climates, and produce,
And in the diſpoſitions of mankind! 495
The earth ſhall all be fruitful, and with eaſe
Yield its productions to the lab'rer's hand;
And ſandy deſarts ſhall be fruitful plains,
The barren wilderneſs a fertile field:
New ſprings ſhall flow, and rivers glide along, 500
Where nothing now appears but burning ſand.
How glad ſhall be the ſolitary place!

Deſarts

Defarts rejoice and bloffom as the rofe;
Bloffom abundantly, like gardens fair,
Well water'd as the garden of the Lord. 505
The dwellers in the barren land rejoice,
With joy and finging, how they fhout aloud!
For Carmel's mount, and Sharon's vale no more
Are us'd proverbially for excellence;
For all their glory and their beauties fhine 510
In far fuperior dignity in lands
Once barren, frightful defarts! dreary waftes!
Inftead of thorns, behold the fir-trees fpring!
Inftead of briers, fee the myrtles grow!
Thefe to *Jehovah* are a name and praife, 515
An everlafting fign of truth fulfill'd.
The plowman fhall the reaper overtake,
So vaft the crop, fo heavy is the grain!
The threfhing time fhall to the vintage reach,
And vintage to the fowing time extend. 520
All climates fhall be healthful, blafting winds
And fickly damps, and burning heat, no more
Shall breed diforders, and deftroy the lives
Of thofe who in or near the burning zone
Have their abodes; nor fhall the hurricane 525
Deftroy the food and labours of the year.
Thofe violent concuffions of the earth,
Which have fo fatal prov'd in ages paft,
And cities in a moment have ingulph'd
In earth's dark womb, they fell no more to rife: 530
Thefe dreadful evils fhall no more affright,

The

The earth ſhall reſt in quiet all the days
That JESU's bleſſed reign thereon ſhall laſt.
The peſtilence, that now its thouſands kills,
Shall then be wholly driven from the world; 535
And famine that with deadly rage deſtroys
Both ſoul and body as it were at once,
No more ſhall reach the dwellings of mankind;
The fields ſhall yield their meat, the trees their fruit,
In ſuch abundance, that no pinching want 540
Can ever more be known upon the globe.
The famous bread-tree fruit, plant of renown,
Shall be ſo common then, that all may eat
That bread which God himſelf hath ſo prepar'd,
That little labour needs to make it fit 545
For our immediate uſe. This plant alone
Famine for ever may prevent, becauſe
The trees once planted need but little care,
And ſuch abundance do their branches yield,
That one ſmall orchard planted, will produce 550
More fruit than any family will need.
And God hath many ſtores of various kinds,
From whence he can ſupply the world with food,
Although it ſhould contain a thouſand times
As many more as ever liv'd in all. 555

But, oh, how ſhall the human race be chang'd,
When CHRIST ſhall rule the world! how different
Mankind ſhall be from what they ever were!
When God ſhall take the ſtony hearts away,

And

And give them hearts of flesh; and write his law 560
Upon their inward parts; and deep engrave
His just commands upon their yielding minds.
And God will be their God, and they shall be
His people, worthy of that sacred name.
For he will wash, and purify their souls 565
From their iniquities, and make them clean.
On them he will bestow one heart, one way,
To their advantage, and their children's too.
They shall not from his precepts turn aside,
Nor will he hide his glorious face from them. 570
He will rejoice to do them ev'ry good,
And he will take their sins and guilt away,
And make them clean and pure, and sanctify,
And fit them for his service and his use.
His Spirit shall be pour'd upon their seed, 575
His blessing on their offspring, and themselves.
JEHOVAH will rejoice to see them pure,
And they shall joy and triumph in his love.
His love and kindness shall be so display'd,
That they with greatest wonder shall adore. 580
Their hearts, all fill'd with love and gratitude,
Shall cause their noblest pow'rs to praise his name.
Their love to God shall form their tempers right,
And fill them with benevolence to men,
From whence all acts of kindness shall proceed. 585

O what exalted friendship shall abound,
And make the race of men like angels pure!

Deceit and guile, and flattery and fraud,
Ambition, hellish rage, those passions foul,
Shall all be banish'd from the peaceful scene. 590
A thousand promises the Lord hath made,
That he these mighty wonders will perform,
His holy word abounds in such as these,
My people they shall be; and I their God.
And this is ev'ry thing express'd at once; 595
Nor can our largest wishes ask for more.
If God shall be the God of all mankind,
The God of all the families of earth,
Then ev'ry blessing needful he'll bestow.
If they shall be his people, he will make 600
Them such whereof he shall not be asham'd.

Another glorious blessing shall attend
The happy race of men in that bright day;
The saints of ancient times shall reign on earth,
With CHRIST, their Lord; and doubtless shall at times 605
Converse with men, and them instruction give.
Nay, they shall be appointed to preside.
Daniel, the wise and good, shall have a lot,
In which he shall with honour stand, and shine,
As the bright lustre of the firmament. 610
The blest apostles on their thrones shall sit,
And judge the chosen tribes of Isr'el's race.
The servant who improv'd his pound so well,
As ten to gain, ten cities shall receive,

And

And have authority o'er them to rule: 615
He that gains five, shall have five cities giv'n,
For the same glorious purpose as the first.
They who have faithful in a little been,
Pow'r and authority shall have o'er much.
To him that overcometh, CHRIST will give 620
Pow'r over nations, as himself receiv'd;
Will give a right to such to sit with him,
Upon his throne, as when he overcame,
The Father plac'd him on his glorious throne,
Above all principalities and pow'rs. 625
Now, if we suffer with our Saviour dear,
He will advance us in his glory high.
What are the suff'rings of this mortal life,
Compar'd to glory which shall be reveal'd?
For if we suffer, we shall reign with him. 630
Behold, the souls of such who lost their lives,
To bear a witness for the Saviour's name,
And who had worshipp'd God, and not the beast,
Nor yet his image, nor receiv'd his mark;
These live and reign with CHRIST a thousand years.
These are the faithful souls in ev'ry age, 636
Who bear a living witness for the truth.
These shall be privileg'd above the rest,
For none shall live again but such as these,
Until the thousand years shall be fulfill'd. 640
How blessed and how holy must they be
Who in this glorious resurrection share?
On them the second death shall have no pow'r:

But they to JESUS ſhall be prieſts and kings,
And with him reign a thouſand years on earth. 645
This honour all the ſaints of God ſhall have,
Thus to rule over, and to bleſs the world.
The ſaints of God the kingdom ſhall poſſeſs,
The greatneſs of the kingdom under Heav'n,
Shall be their portion and inheritance; 650
Which they for ages ſhall in peace enjoy.
Thus Saviours ſhall upon Mount Zion ſit,
To judge, ſubdue, and govern all the world.
Thus ſhall the kingdoms of this world become
The kingdoms of our God, and of his Chriſt, 655
And he ſhall to the age of ages reign.
Then ſhall that pray'r in meaſure be fulfill'd,
Thy kingdom come, O Lord, thy will be done
Upon this earth, as it is done in Heav'n.

How ſure is prophecy! the time makes haſte; 660
Theſe things muſt be accompliſh'd in their time,
However ſcoffers may our faith deride
With their old taunt, Where is his promiſe now?
For an appointed time the viſion ſtays;
But though it ſeems to tarry, wait, ere long 665
It certainly will ſpeak, and will not lie.
Behold it comes, and will not long delay!

Remember me, O Lord, and let me know
That favour which thou beareſt to thy ſaints,
And let mine eyes this great ſalvation ſee, 670

And

And gladly with thy favour'd ones rejoice,
And glory with thy own inheritance.
JESUS, when thou ſhalt to thy kingdom come,
Then, my dear Saviour, then remember me.
Let this my earneſt pray'r on record ſtand, 675
Nor be forgotten in that awful day
When thou ſhalt from the higheſt Heav'ns deſcend,
To take poſſeſſion of this lower world.
O raiſe me from the duſt to ſee thy face!
Before thee may I ſtand with boldneſs then; 680
In glory with my Lord may I appear.
Thou art my life, for thee, in thee I live.
O make me like thee in this preſent world.

That day ſhall be moſt glorious, and that age
Wherein the bleſſed JESUS ſhall be King, 685
Will far exceed in ſplendor, grandeur, grace,
All the deſcriptions of my feeble pen.
But yet, before I leave the charming theme,
I would attempt, in one collective view,
Our Saviour's bleſſed kingdom to deſcribe. 690

Why do the heathen rage, and madly join,
The Lord, and his Anointed to oppoſe?
Why do they ſeek to caſt their cords away?
JEHOVAH, in the Heav'ns, ſhall laugh to ſcorn
Their vain attempts, their feeble rage deride. 695
Thus will he ſpeak in thunder to their ears,
In ſpite of all your proud rebellious rage,

Behold the King, my King, whom I have set
Upon my holy mountain, Zion's hill.

I will declare JEHOVAH's great decree. 700
Thus hath he said, Thou art my only Son,
This day have I begotten thee, my Love,
My sole delight, the image of myself.
Ask me, and I will give thee heathen lands,
And earth's remotest bounds thou shalt possess; 705
The world is thine inheritance by right.
Thou shalt with ease all opposition quell,
The kingdoms of the universe subdue.

Now therefore, O ye Kings of earth, be wise;
Ye judges, hear instruction, and regard; 710
Serve God with fear, with holy awe rejoice:
Kiss ye the Son, submit to his commands,
Or else you die and perish at his word.
His frown can kill, his smiles are Heav'n itself.
How blest are all that put their trust in him! 715

JEHOVAH, Lord, how excellent thy name
In all the earth! thy glory thou hast rais'd
Above the highest Heav'ns in dignity.
Out of the mouths of sucklings, weakest babes,
Thou hast ordain'd both wisdom, pow'r and might,
That thou might still thy proudest enemies, 721
And lay in dust the haughtiness of man.
When I survey the Heav'ns, with all their host,

The

The moon and ſtars, which thou of old ordain'd;
How is my rapture'd ſoul with wonder fill'd,
That thou ſhould'ſt ever deign to notice man,
The helpleſs ſon of man, the child of duſt!
How doſt thou ſtoop, if Heav'n thou would'ſt ſurvey!
But infinitely more to viſit thoſe
Who dwell in duſt and tenements of earth!
Yet haſt thou human nature dignify'd,
By ſetting it ſuperior to the brutes,
And gave to man at firſt unbounded rule
O'er all thy handy works on earth below,
All cattle, beaſts, fowls, fiſh, and creeping things.

But how much more haſt thou exalted man,
And human nature highly glorify'd,
By ſending thine own Son to take our form,
And join our meaner nature to his own!
But when he ſhall a ſecond time appear,
Cloth'd in our nature, and with glory crown'd,
The univerſal kingdom ſhall be his,
And all ſhall bow, and his dominion own.
That age to come to him alone belongs,
Not in ſubjection to the angels put.
The world with all its peoples, nations, tongues,
He claims, who bought them with his precious blood,
And they to him their firm allegiance owe.
They who inhabit earth's remoteſt bounds,
Shall with fix'd purpoſe to the Lord return;
And all the kindreds of the nations come,

And worſhip at thy feet, and thee adore.
The kingdom to JEHOVAH appertains,
Pow'r, glory, and dominion, are his due:
Among the nations he is governor. 755
The living and the dead muſt all ſubmit.
They who now ſerve him truly, ſhall return
With him to earth, when he ſhall come to reign;
And ſhall declare to peoples yet unborn
His truth, love, righteouſneſs, and wond'rous works.

My willing heart indites a matter good: 761
Touching the glorious King; my tongue ſhall ſpeak
As fluently as ready penmen write;
Becauſe my ſubject, copious, grand, ſublime,
Hath ſo my ſoul with all its pow'rs inſpir'd. 765

Thou faireſt of ten thouſand fair ones, none
Of all our race may be with thee compar'd.
Bleſſed for ever is thy glorious name,
For God hath infinitely bleſſed thee.
Gird now thy ſword victorious on thy thigh, 770
With majeſty and glory deck thyſelf,
O Lord moſt mighty, and magnificent!
Ride forth to conquer, and thyſelf array
In righteouſneſs, and truth, and majeſty,
Yet full of meekneſs, and of love divine. 775
Proſperity ſhall ſurely thee attend,
Thy cauſe is good, and God is on thy ſide.
Thy ſtrong right hand, well arm'd, ſhall wonders do;

Terrible

Terrible things, O Lord, thou wilt perform.
Thine arrows sharp shall pierce the stubborn hearts
Of all thine enemies, and bring them down 781
At thy blest feet to fall, and own Thee King.
Thy throne, O God, shalt to the ages stand,
Just is thy sceptre, and thy kingdom built
With righteousness and truth, shall long endure. 785
In righteousness thy soul hath such delight,
And wickedness so hateful is to thee,
That God, thy God, with oil of sacred joy
Hath thee anointed, and proclaim'd Thee Chief
O'er all thy brethren; Thou in all things hast 790
Pre-eminence, for sov'reign pow'r is thine.
For thou hast pow'r to give eternal life
To all thy followers who Thee obey;
And to subdue thy strong, thy num'rous foes:
And finally all ruin'd things restore, 795
Thy name is, like the costly ointment, made
By God's command, and all thy garments smell
Of cassia, myrrh, and aloes, and perfumes,
Of sweetest scent, whereby they made Thee glad,
As when blest Mary broke the box of Nard, 800
And pour'd it on thy head, the house was fill'd
With that sweet savour, which obtain'd from Thee
High commendation, and eternal fame:
Though some were fill'd with rage, Thou didst approve;
And hast declar'd, that in whatever place 805
The Gospel shall be preach'd, this shall be told.
I in my feeble measure have fulfill'd

What

What Thou didst prophecy, and now I set
That pleasing circumstance in this my work;
And O, my Lord, accept my love to thee! 810
And this attempt of mine, O Lord, preserve
From dull oblivion; let it still survive
Until thou in thy glory shalt appear.

Kings daughters shall appear to grace thy train,
The nations of the world shall own thee Lord; 815
Thy bride, thy chosen people shall be seen,
Adorn'd with rich attire, and crown'd with gold.
All people shall their idol Gods forsake,
And their vain customs and traditions leave,
And serve and worship Thee, their Lord, alone: 820
Then beauteous in thy sight they shall appear.
The kingdoms of the earth to Thee shall bow,
Strange nations shall intreat and seek thy face.

But oh, how glorious shall thy Church look forth!
Like morning light, and fairer than the moon; 825
Clear as the sun, as Tirzah beautiful;
Comely as once appear'd Jerusalem,
And as a warlike army terrible.
No longer weak, despis'd, sunk down, oppress'd.
For though among the pots she long has lain, 830
Yet as a beauteous, golden winged dove,
She shall appear in beauty all divine.
Glorious within, no painted hypocrite;
Nor meanly clad, wrought gold her clothing forms:

In

In ſplendor and in glory ſhall be brought, 835
Unto the King, with needle-work array'd.
And all the virgins, her companions, join
Him to adore, who is the Lord of all.
With gladneſs and rejoicing ſhall they come,
And with profoundeſt rev'rence enter there 840
Where JESUS, Lord of Glory, holds his court.
How num'rous ſhall thy happy offſpring grow!
Whom thou mayſt princes make in all the earth.
Thy name, Redeemer, ſhall remember'd be
Throughout all generations evermore. 845
And all the peoples ſhall adore thy name,
And ſhout thy praiſe to earth's remoteſt bounds,
Through all the ages of thy future reign.

O glorious King, how moſt divinely fair!
O happy bride, the object of his love! 850
O heav'nly kingdom, full of righteouſneſs!
Happy the world when thus by JESUS rul'd!
And happy nations who ſhall feel his rays!
Thrice happy they who with their Lord ſhall ſhare!
My ſoul exults even at this diſtant view; 855
O then what joy muſt the beholders feel!
What glorious words are ſpoken by the Lord,
Reſpecting that triumphant ſtate of things!
Which by his leave I further will relate.

O clap your hands, ye peoples, ſhout for joy, 860
And with the voice of triumph ſing to God!

JEHOVAH,

JEHOVAH, God moſt high, is terrible,
And over all the wide creation reigns.
The Son of God once to our earth came down,
In perſon, our ſalvation to procure ; 865
And when the glorious work he had perform'd,
Back to the Heav'ns he went, with ſhouts of joy.
God with a ſhout aſcended to his throne,
JEHOVAH, with the heav'nly trumpets ſound.
Sing praiſes unto God, ſing praiſes loud, 870
Sing praiſes to our King, ſing praiſes high ;
For God moſt High is King of all the earth,
With underſtanding his high praiſes ſing.

The Lord, our Saviour, ſhall from Heav'n return,
And over all the heathen nations reign, 875
Shall ſit upon the throne of holineſs.
The princes of the peoples ſhall agree
Then to aſſemble, and their homage pay ;
And own the God of Abrah'm for their God.
For not one only ſhall his people be, 880
But all the nations ſhall to God belong ;
And JESUS, King of nations, as of Saints,
Shall greatly be exalted, head of all :
The Monarch of the Globe, Lord of the World.

In that bleſt age the happy race may ſay, 885
Great is JEHOVAH, greatly to be prais'd,
Both in the glorious city of his choice,
And in the mountain of his holineſs.

How

How beautiful for ſituation ſtands
The ſacred mountain, at a diſtance north 890
From where the glorious houſe of old was plac'd!
This holy mountain, where the Lord reſides,
Is now the joy and wonder of the earth;
No warlike pow'rs will dare attack the place
Where the immortal King of glory reigns. 895
Should ſuch a daring mad attempt be made,
The very diſtant ſight would terrify,
And melt the courage of the mightieſt kings,
And fill their ſouls with vaſt aſtoniſhment,
Their hearts with trouble, fear, and mighty pain. 900
To this abode with joy we will repair,
Our Saviour's will to learn, and him adore.
With pleaſure we the ſacred dome ſurvey.
Nor can we now forget the favour'd place,
The city which the Lord JEHOVAH nam'd. 905
Of which ſo many wonders we have heard;
Nor have we heard alone, our eyes have ſeen.
God will eſtabliſh it forevermore.
'Tis now the Capital of all the world.
Thy name, O God, is through all nations known,
Thy praiſe is heard to earth's remoteſt bounds; 911
Thine own right hand is full of righteouſneſs.
Let Zion's ancient hill in God rejoice;
Let Judah's daughters in their King be glad,
Becauſe the judgments of the Lord are juſt. 915
Come, let us now this city well ſurvey,
Walk round this moſt delightful, wond'rous place;

Tell

Tell ye its tow'rs, and mark its bulwarks well,
Consider all her princely palaces;
How great their number, and how beautiful! 920
No city on the globe can vie with this,
In order, beauty, size, magnificence,
And holiness of its inhabitants.
We in our distant lands will tell its fame:
Nor to the present age will we confine 925
Our true report, but ages yet unborn
Shall hear the declarations of our lips.
For 'tis not now with men as formerly,
Who for a moment flourish'd, then cut down,
Their names were lost in dust, their words forgot.
This God will be our God, from age to age; 931
Long shall we live his glories to behold.
And if we follow him as our sure guide,
He safely will conduct us over death:
We from this earthly happiness shall go, 935
To an immortal life of higher joys,
And be translated as Elijah was,
And Enoch long before, and never die.

Thus may the happy millenarians talk,
Nor talk in vain, for God has promis'd much, 940
And all that he has spoken shall be done.
With what delight their hours shall pass away
In such blest conversations in those days!
No empty trifles then shall kill the time,
Nor lies, nor slanders, occupy their tongues. 945

The

The praiſes and the wond'rous works of God,
Shall infinitely better them employ.

O 'tis ten thouſand pities that our race
Should ever have their faculties abus'd,
And ſo perverted ſuch a noble gift 950
As ſpeech, almoſt peculiar to mankind,
To ſerve the worſt of purpoſes, inſtead
Of glorifying him who gave us tongues
To praiſe his name, and men to edify!

Before I farther paſs into thoſe ſcenes 955
Of raviſhing delight, which ſhall take place,
Under our dear Redeemer's happy reign,
Here let us pray for their accompliſhment.

O God, to us be merciful, we pray,
And cauſe thy loving face on us to ſhine; 960
And let thy way upon the earth be known,
Be thy ſalvation to the world reveal'd.
O let the peoples praiſe the living God,
Let all the peoples praiſe thy holy name.
O let the nations all in Thee be glad, 965
And ſing for joy, for thou with righteouſneſs
Shall judge and govern earth and all its tribes.

O let the peoples praiſe thy name, O Lord,
Let all the nations ſhout, and ſing for joy.
Then ſhall the bleſſed earth her increaſe yield, 970

And

And our own God shall bless us with his love.
O Lord JEHOVAH, all thy people bless,
And let all nations fear and serve their God.
Arise, O God, and judge the earth, for Thou
All nations shall inherit as thy right. 975
Hasten, O Lord, the long expected day,
When JESUS shall assume his kingly pow'r,
And reign on earth, as Scripture hath foretold.
He shall thy people judge with righteousness,
With truth and justice shall thy poor defend. 980
The mountains peace shall to the peoples bring,
The little hills with righteousness shall shine.
The poor especially shall be his care,
The children of the needy he shall save;
But all oppressors will in pieces break. 985
The nations of the world shall fear thy name,
While sun and moon, and days and nights endure;
Throughout all generations of mankind.
He shall descend to earth like friendly rain,
Not to destroy, but bless, preserve, restore. 990
Like fructifying show'rs, so shall he come:
The Great Restorer of the human race.
How shall the righteous flourish in his days!
Peace shall abound, and overspread the earth,
And long endure; and wars no more be known. 995
All nature shall be chang'd, and happiness
Shall be as common then as mis'ry now.
From sea to sea shall his domain extend,
And from the rising to the setting sun,

Throughout

Throughout all realms, to earth's remoteſt bounds.
The dwellers in the wilderneſs ſhall bow 1001
Before his feet, his foes ſhall lick the duſt.
The kings of Tarſhiſh, and the diſtant Iſles,
Their choiceſt gifts ſhall bring with one accord;
The kings of Sheba and of Seba join, 1005
To yield their richeſt treaſures to his will.
Nor theſe alone, but all the kings on earth
Shall fall before him, and his name adore;
And if the kings ſhall yield, no doubt remains
But all the nations ſhall his ſervants be. 1010
The common people, when the Saviour preach'd,
With gladneſs heard him, while the great deſpis'd;
And certainly when he ſhall come to reign,
And all the heads and leaders ſhall ſubmit,
The common people will obedient be. 1015
His government ſhall be what kingdoms ſhould,
Friendly, ſafe, peaceful, happy for the poor,
Juſt, righteous, meek, beneficent, and kind,
Where poor and needy gain their rights at once,
Without expence, vexation, or delay; 1020
Where no reſpect of perſons can be found,
Nor bribes accepted, nor injuſtice done.
But judgment, mercy, truth, and equity,
All reign together; ſuch all governments
Should be, and ſuch will be our bleſſed Lord's. 1025
The needy and the poor ſhall be his care.
And ſuch as have no helpers, wealth, or friends,
When they ſhall cry, he will deliver them.

The friendleſs, poor, and needy, he ſhall ſpare,
The ſouls of all the needy he will ſave. 1030
From fraud, deceit, and vi'lence, them redeem,
And precious in his ſight ſhall be their blood.

O what a kingdom ſhall our Saviour's be!
Long ſhall he reign, ſhall live forevermore.
To him the gold of Sheba ſhall be giv'n; 1035
For him ſhall conſtant, earneſt pray'r be made,
And daily ſhall his worthy name be prais'd.
His name to endleſs ages ſhall endure,
Long as the ſun it ſhall continu'd be.
In him ſhall all the tribes of men be bleſt, 1040
And all ſhall call him BLESSED in return.
O bleſſed be JEHOVAH, God moſt High,
The God of Iſrael, who alone performs
Thoſe wond'rous things, which fill the world with awe.
And bleſſed be our Saviour's glorious name; 1045
Let the whole earth be with his glory fill'd:
O let his kingdom ſpeedily approach,
Spread far and wide, and over all extend,
And long continue, to the end of time.
Let all the friends of JESUS ſay, Amen. 1050
This pray'r is of the greateſt conſequence;
Let it be ſeal'd with higheſt fervency,
And be with loud amen, amen, confirm'd.
What ſongs of joy, and ſhouts of loudeſt praiſe,
Shall in that day be to JEHOVAH ſung! 1055
Of which the following are a ſpecimen.

JEHOVAH

JEHOVAH reigneth, cloth'd with majesty,
Girded with strength, with truth and glory clad.
His kingdom is establish'd in the world,
So that it never can be overthrown. 1060
Of old thy throne was settled long ago,
Because thou, Lord, from everlasting art.
But what an opposition has been made,
By swelling floods, loud billows, roaring waves,
Against thy government upon the earth. 1065
All pow'rs and peoples rose against thy right,
But Thou art mightier far than all thy foes.
The proudest waves, with their tumultuous noise,
Can never shake thy kingdom or thy throne.
Thy testimonies sure, shall firm abide, 1070
And holiness becomes thy dwelling place,
And all who would approach to worship Thee.

O come, and let us to JEHOVAH sing,
And make a joyful noise to God, our strength.
Let us with thanks into his presence haste, 1075
And make a joyful noise to him with psalms.
JEHOVAH is our God, our King most High.
He made the sea, dry land, hills, mountains, vales:
And claims a right to rule the world he made.
Come, let us worship, and with rev'rence bow,
And kneel before the Lord, our Maker's face. 1081
He is our God, and doth our worship claim:
He is our Father, Shepherd, Saviour, Friend;
We are his people, sheep, his constant charge.

O let us hear his voice, and him obey! 1085
Nor let our hearts be harden'd from his fear,
Left we ſhould be depriv'd of this his reſt.

O ſing unto JEHOVAH God a ſong,
New and melodious; all the earth ſhall ſing.
Sing to JEHOVAH, bleſs his holy name, 1090
From day to day his great ſalvation ſhew.
Declare his glory in the heathen lands;
His wond'rous works to all mankind proclaim.
Great is JEHOVAH, greatly to be prais'd,
Above all gods JEHOVAH ſhould be fear'd. 1095
The heathen's idol gods, how worthleſs they!
But God, JEHOVAH made the earth and Heav'ns.
Honour, ſtrength, majeſty before him dwell,
His ſanctuary doth with beauty ſhine.
Give to the Lord, O nations, kindreds, tongues,
Give to JEHOVAH glory, might, renown; 1101
Give him that glory which is juſtly due
To his great name, moſt worthy of regard.
O bring an off'ring, come into his courts,
Him in his glorious ſanctuary praiſe; 1105
Let all the earth before him ſtand in awe.
Proclaim among the heathen, JESUS reigns;
His throne is now eſtabliſh'd on the earth:
His kingdom now erected ſhall remain,
And ſhall not be remov'd while time endures. 1110
Moſt righteouſly he ſhall the people judge.

O le

O let the Heav'ns rejoice, the earth be glad;
And let the noiſy ſea with gladneſs roar,
And all the num'rous things therein rejoice.
Let all the fields be joyful, and the trees 1115
Join in the joy and harmony of ſong;
Before JEHOVAH, judge of all the earth,
Who comes in righteouſneſs to judge the world,
And all mankind with truth and equity.

JEHOVAH reigneth, let the earth rejoice, 1120
Let the whole multitudes of iſles be glad;
Though clouds and darkneſs do his ways ſurround,
His throne eſtabliſh'd is in righteouſneſs.
When he deſcended from the Heav'ns above,
To take poſſeſſion of his glorious throne, 1125
A fire before him went, his foes conſum'd,
His lightnings flew, enlightning all the world;
The earth beheld, and trembled at the ſight;
The mountains clave aſunder, and the hills
Diſſolv'd like wax before the melting fire; 1130
And ſpoke the preſence of the mighty Lord,
The Lord of all the earth, in perſon come,
To ſave the ruin'd world from ſin and death.
The Heav'ns above his righteouſneſs declar'd,
And all the people have his glory ſeen; 1135
But worſhippers of idols were amaz'd:
Confounded ſorely were thoſe ſtupid fools,
That adoration paid to ſtocks and ſtones.
Now all the nations idols, have renounc'd,

And all their worſhip have to him transferr'd. 1140
Angels in Heav'n, and princes here below,
Agree the Lord's Anointed to adore.

Zion, in great diſtreſs, was glad to ſee
The judgments of the Lord on idols fall;
And Judah's daughters did in him rejoice, 1145
Who came to judge their foes, and them redeem.
Thou, Lord, art high, and ruleſt all the earth,
And art exalted far above all gods.

Now one JEHOVAH reigns, his name is ONE,
In oppoſition to all images. 1150
All ye that love the Lord all evil hate,
For He is come on purpoſe to deſtroy
Sin, darkneſs, all iniquity, and crimes
Of ev'ry ſort, theſe muſt be borne no more.
He will preſerve the ſouls of all his ſaints, 1155
And from the wicked's hands deliver them.
Eternal light is for the righteous ſown,
And gladneſs for the men upright in heart.
Rejoice in God, ye righteous, and give thanks
At the rememb'rance of his holineſs. 1160

O ſing unto the Lord a new made ſong,
For things moſt marvellous he hath perform'd;
His own right hand, his holy mighty arm,
Hath fully gotten him the victory.
The LORD hath made his great ſalvation known,

His

His righteousness hath openly reveal'd, 1166
In sight of all the heathen nations round.
He hath remember'd mercy, truth, and love,
Towards the tribes of Israel his friend;
Nor them alone, for earth's most distant lands 1170
Have seen the great salvation of our God.

O make a joyful noise unto the LORD,
Let all the earth, now happy, bless his name.
Make a loud noise, rejoice, and sing his praise.
Sing loud unto JEHOVAH with the harp, 1175
And join the noise of harps with pleasant psalms:
Let voices mix with choicest instruments;
Let solemn trumpets blow, and cornets make
A joyful noise before the Lord, the King.
Let the great ocean with its fulness roar 1180
With joy and gladness, and the universe,
The world, and all that dwell therein, rejoice.
Let all the floods of waters clap their hands,
The hills and mountains all together join,
In grandest chorus of eternal joy, 1185
Before the great JEHOVAH, Jesus, Lord.
Behold he comes, he comes to judge the earth,
With righteousness he comes to judge the world,
And all our race with equity and truth.
JEHOVAH reigneth, let the people fear; 1190
Upon the holy mountain now he sits,
Surrounded with the host of all his saints.

O let the earth be mov'd with rev'rend awe!
How great JEHOVAH is in Zion's hill!
How much exalted is the Lord our King! 1195
How glorious his high throne of holineſs!
And let all people praiſe thy holy name!
Thy glorious name is terrible and great.

The righteous judgment of the Lord, our King,
Is by his ſtrength and pow'r ſupported well. 1200
O Lord, Thou doſt eſtabliſh equity,
And righteouſneſs and judgment doſt perform.
Exalt JEHOVAH, God, and worſhip him.
For he is holy; bow before his feet.
Nothing but holineſs and purity 1205
Can be acceptable to God, our King.
Exalt the Lord, and magnify his name,
And pay your homage at his holy hill;
JEHOVAH is the God of holineſs.
Make to the LORD a joyful noiſe ye lands, 1210
JEHOVAH ſerve with gladneſs, and approach
His ſacred preſence with moſt joyful ſongs.
Know that JEHOVAH he alone is God,
He is our Father, Maker, Shepherd, Lord,
We are his people, workmanſhip, and ſheep. 1215
Enter into his gates with thankfulneſs,
Into his holy courts with ſongs of praiſe.
Be thankful unto him, and bleſs his name.
For O how good is our JEHOVAH God!

His

His mercy doth from age to age endure! 1220
His truth and goodneſs ſhall for ever laſt.

Such are the ſongs of the millenial age;
And O how lovely muſt thoſe ſcenes appear
Which juſtify ſuch lofty ſtile as this?
Nor can the boldeſt words, or higheſt thoughts,
Expreſs the vaſt exuberance of praiſe, 1226
Which ſeems too big for birth, and riſes high
To rapt'rous notes of joy, extatic joy,
And by redoubled efforts ſeeks to gain
Its end, unbounded gladneſs to expreſs. 1230

This glorious period JESUS had in mind,
When he the glories of his reign foretold
To his diſciples, while he dwelt below;
And after he was riſen from the dead,
He ſpake to them of things that appertain'd 1235
Unto the kingdom of the bleſſed God.
But when he did in ſtate to Heav'n aſcend,
God, the eternal Father, ſpake, and ſaid,

My Son, belov'd, ſit down at my right hand,
Until I ſhall thy foes thy footſtool make. 1240
JEHOVAH ſhall from Zion ſend thy rod,
Thy rod of ſtrength, wherewith thou ſhalt ſubdue
Thine enemies, and rule them by thy ſway.
How lib'ral ſhall thy choſen people be,
When thou ſhalt govern in thy day of pow'r! 1245

Thy

Thy converts, like the drops of morning dew,
Shall ſhine in beauties of thine holineſs:
How num'rous ſhall thy happy ſubjects be!
Jehovah ſware, and never will repent;
Thou art a prieſt to him for evermore, 1250
After the order of Melchiſedec,
Without a predeceſſor in thy line,
Or a ſucceſſor in thy office work.

JESUS, our Lord, now ſits at God's right hand,
Heav'n has receiv'd him, and muſt him retain, 1255
Until the Reſtitution times begin;
Of which moſt glorious age the Lord hath ſpoke,
By all his Prophets ſince the world began.
Then ſhall the Father ſend his Son again
To viſit earth, and dwell, and reign below. 1260
Then ſhall his enemies be cloth'd with ſhame,
While on his head the crown ſhall flouriſh long.
Then ſhall a King in truth and juſtice reign,
And princes rule in ſtricteſt righteouſneſs.
The God of Heav'n ſhall ſet a kingdom up, 1265
And give it to his Son, and to his Saints:
This kingdom ſhall endure a thouſand years,
Without the leaſt diſturbance, or attempt
From any of its foes to break its peace.
For no oppoſing pow'rs ſhall be on earth, 1270
And Satan all this age ſhall be confin'd
In cloſe impriſonment, in the abyſs.
During this happy period men ſhall know

Thoſe

Thoſe glories which the Scriptures have deſcrib'd,
And which my feeble pen hath briefly touch'd. 1275
But ſo abundant are the prophecies
On this important ſubject, that the time
Would fail, ſhould I attempt to quote them all.
But from this little ſpecimen, we ſee
That nothing can be more abundantly 1280
Confirm'd, than this ſo intereſting ſcene.

Our Lord will come, and with him all his ſaints,
Whom he will raiſe, and they with him ſhall reign.
His kingdom ſhall be righteouſneſs and peace,
And all ſhall be obedient to his ſway. 1285
All men ſhall know the Lord, both ſmall and great,
And all ſhall ſerve him with one free conſent.
No jarring diſcords ſhall on earth prevail,
No difference of faith and worſhip then.
Believers ſhall be all in harmony, 1290
And all the world ſhall the Meſſiah know.
The earth ſhall with inhabitants be fill'd,
And highly cultivated and improv'd,
And ev'ry uſeful art and ſcience brought
To full perfection. Happineſs and peace, 1295
Health, plenty, joy, delight, and chearfulneſs,
Shall overſpread the globe, and baniſh care,
Sickneſs, vexation, ſtrife, and diſcontent;
Then pleaſure ſhall be gay and innocent:
All theſe ſhall tend to lengthen out life's thread;
Which ſhall by God's appointment be reſtor'd 1300

To

To the longevity of ancient times.
And farther, men be privileg'd to paſs
Unto the life immortal, by a way
Not now to them indulg'd; by change, not death.
All the advantages of former years, 1306
Shall meet together in that happy age.
Then all the good men who have ever liv'd,
Shall be on earth at once, with Chriſt, their head.
And far more numerous ſhall be the births 1310
Within that period, than ſhall be before,
If all were counted from the birth of time.
Then all the uſeful knowledge ever known
Shall be combin'd, but all the evil loſt,
Sunk in oblivion, overwhelm'd with good. 1315

Thus ſhall that age roll chearfully away,
While Jesus reigns on earth, and all mankind
Yield willing ſervice to his holy laws,
And live in happineſs compleat and full.

O glorious day, when ſhall it once arrive? 1320
Fain would our longing eyes behold the ſight,
A world of *rationals*; a government
Juſt, univerſal, free from all defects;
A Monarch wiſe, good, pow'rful, righteous, kind,
Without a fault, and who ſhall never change, 1325
Nor die, nor by his foes be overcome:
And happy ſubjects, num'rous as the drops
Of pearly dew, from morning's fruitful womb;

All

All faithful to their Sov'reign, free from vice:
An age that will diſhonour God no more, 1330
And that will prove his promiſes all true,
His laws all juſt, and all his dealings right,
Will juſtify his works, his words, his ways,
And ſhew both what God is, and man ſhould be.

END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

BOOK

BOOK X.

THE END OF THE MILLENIUM,

The Loosing of Satan, his Deception of the Nations, their hostile Attempt, and dreadful Overthrow, the second or general Resurrection, the Day of Judgment, the Sentence passed on the Wicked, the Conflagration, and the Punishment of Transgressors in the Lake of Fire.

AS I must now attend to gloomy themes,
The darkest scenes that ever have been known,
Since God created man upon the earth,
Or ever shall take place till that great day;
I choose a season when my mind is tun'd 5
To grief, and mourning, and lamenting woe.

Help me, O sacred Spirit, who didst call
The Prophet Jeremiah, when a child,
And taught his melting heart those plaintive airs,
His pen to write those mourning odes of woe, 10
For which his genius was so well design'd,
And which the times wherein he liv'd requir'd.
He was a son of sorrow, so am I!
He mourn'd a nation ruin'd, I, a world;
He saw, and he lamented Judah's fate, 15

Deceiv'd

Deceiv'd, betray'd to ruin with their king.
I mourn ten hundred thousand millions burn'd
With fire from Heav'n, because they did rebel,
In consequence of being once deceiv'd
By that deceiver, cunning, pow'rful, sly, 20
Who first or last the most hath overthrown,
But, finally, shall be himself subdu'd.
These awful scenes I now attempt to sing.

And must that glorious period have an end?
Yes; the Millenium itself must close! 25
The darkest night succeeds the brightest day!
But this most glorious thought supports our minds,
While we attempt, if possible, to paint,
The awful, mournful, sad distressing scene,
That brightest day shall finally succeed 30
This melancholy night; darkness no more
Shall light eclipse, but day shall ever shine,
And brighter grow, while God himself exists.
But hence, at present, all ye pleasing thoughts,
The mournful muse alone becomes my theme! 35
I mourn the sad disaster, greater far
Than when the tempter did of old beguile
Our common mother Eve; her virtue gone,
A horrid monster she by him conceiv'd,
And brought forth sin, which fill'd our world with woe, 40
Pain, sickness, sorrow, want, despair, and death,
Which tyrants reign'd on earth six thousand years.

The

The dreadful flood, which swept a world away
Of eighteen thousand millions at a stroke,
Because their bold rebellions had no bounds, 45
They aim'd to cast the yoke of God away,
Disclaim'd allegiance to their sov'reign Lord,
Who for a time endur'd, and gave reprieve;
But they so disobedient still remain'd,
That God at last the dreadful word pronounc'd, 50
Man whom I made, from earth I will destroy:
And soon he executed his design,
And all the race of man, by water drown'd,
Save Noah and his family alone:
But that amazing judgment can't compare 55
With this which now my pen would fain unfold.
But O, the tale so sad, so dreadful, strange,
So far beyond what language can express!
It overpow'rs my faculties of mind;
And fain I would avoid the doleful theme: 60
But having undertaken, must go through,
If my Creator, who hath long sustain'd
My tabernacle frail, will give me leave
This work to finish, ere he calls me hence.
Unless the sore afflictions I endure 65
Oblige me to relinquish all my works,
For which, indeed, I often find myself
Unfit, and sometimes ready to despair;
And wonder truly how I durst attempt
So vast a theme, so difficult a task. 70

But

But let me waſte my reader's time no more.
Now let me ruſh at once into the gloom,
That for a little ſeaſon muſt eclipſe
The glorious day of our Redeemer's reign.

When once the thouſand years are at a cloſe, 75
The *Devil* from his priſon muſt be loos'd,
And be permitted once again to rove
The earth around, and once more try his art
Of fell deception, and ſhall have ſucceſs.
A thouſand painful years of bitter woe 80
Have not ſubdu'd his proud rebellious heart,
Nor in the leaſt his nature fierce have chang'd.
But let no mortal man preſume to ſay,
That ſuch a change to him can never come.
For though no creature can his pow'r controul, 85
Far leſs preſume his courage to ſubdue,
Yet he that made him can the ſerpent ſlay,
Can make his ſword approach, and pierce his heart,
Though hard as northern ſteel, like milſtone firm.
And though his ſcales of pride, ſo cloſe ſhut up, 90
Forbid all entrance, but JEHOVAH's ſword,
Yet he can pierce, and put his heart to pain:
The ſerpent's head can bruiſe, his pow'r deſtroy,
And bring him willingly at laſt to bow
At his Creator's feet, and him adore. 95
And whenſoever this great work is wrought,
'Twill be by far the moſt triumphant ſcene
That ever did, or will take place till then.

And this makes me conclude it ſhall be done;
For nothing is impoſſible with God. 100
But long before this mighty change takes place,
He muſt be doom'd to dwell in penal fire,
A long and dreadful night of pain, and feel
Thoſe tortures which muſt pierce him through and through.

But here I now muſt trace his crafty guile, 105
By which he ſhall deceive the race of men,
And gather them, in battle to contend
With him who doth poſſeſs Almighty pow'r.
Who could ſuppoſe that ſuch would ever join
The foe of God and man, who once have known,
And felt the happineſs which all ſhall feel 111
Under the bleſt MESSIAH's glorious reign?
But never let our reaſon, proud and weak,
Prompt us to diſbelieve what God hath ſpoke.
For did not angels fall from pureſt bliſs? 115
Had they not known their Maker's pow'r and love?
Had they not ev'ry thing that heart could wiſh?
But ſtill they fell through pride, and roſe in arms
Againſt that pow'r which could not be deſtroy'd.
That this was madneſs, all who think at all 120
Will readily admit, and might conclude
That long ago theſe beings were convinc'd
That nothing can prevail againſt the Lord.
But why continue then an uſeleſs war?
Such is their rage and malice, and revenge, 125

Which

Which makes them ſeek the ruin of mankind;
Nor ſeem to care how much their woes increaſe,
If they can numbers with themſelves involve.
And they have gain'd ſuch numbers heretofore,
As will encourage them to try again. 130
But O, the cunning arts which they ſhall uſe
Such numbers to ſeduce to join in war
Againſt the Lord! alas! what tongue can tell?
And that old ſerpent, who at firſt prevail'd
Againſt our mother Eve in Paradiſe, 135
And by the ſly perſuaſion of his tongue
Perſuaded her to break the law of God,
And eat the fruit of the forbidden tree;
Thus vent'ring death her appetite to pleaſe:
He ſhall attempt, and mightily prevail, 140
The nations to deceive, delude, deſtroy.
His old deceiving arts he can't forget,
Till he has ſuffer'd juſtly for his crimes.
His rage and malice, more and more increas'd,
Will prompt him to exert his utmoſt ſkill, 145
To deſolate the globe, and ruin man.

Now round the earth he roams, with full intent
To forge and utter all his helliſh lies,
Thereby to draw mankind into the ſnare,
And bring them to rebel againſt the Lord. 150
And too ſucceſsful ſhall the tempter be!
The nations in the quarters of the earth
Shall be deceiv'd, and follow him, their foe,

In numbers like the ſands upon the ſhore.
The holy city and the heav'nly camp 155
They ſhall ſurround, and think to overcome;
And, fraught with pride, as once the angels fell,
So ſhall they fall, and periſh in deſpair.
How vain ſhall be this daring bold attempt
Againſt the city, and the camp of ſaints! 160
The conteſt ſhall decided be at once,
Fire ſhall deſcend from Heav'n, and them conſume!
The poſſibility of which is plain
From that deſtruction which on Sodom fell;
Brimſtone and fire from Heav'n deſtroy'd them all.
So ſhall this hoſt of rebels be devour'd 166
By fire from Heav'n; and Satan who deceiv'd,
And gather'd them to fight againſt the Lord,
He ſhall himſelf be ſeiz'd, and juſtly caſt
Into the lake of fire, the houſe of pain. 170
Where with the beaſt and pſeudo prophet join'd
In puniſhment, as they were join'd in ſin,
Ages of ages they ſhall ſuffer there.
There they were caſt a thouſand years before,
While he was only in the pit confin'd, 175
And afterwards releas'd a little time.
But now the meaſure of his ſins are full,
And he is doom'd to bear extreameſt woe,
Without the poſſibility of eaſe from pain
One ſingle moment, or the ſmalleſt gleam, 180
Or hope of ever gaining vict'ry more;
Or ſeeing end of his calamity,

Save

Save by entire ſubmiſſion to the Lord:
And this for many days he will diſdain,
As hitherto he has for ever done, 185
Chooſing to ſuffer laſting miſery,
Rather than to the Son of God ſubmit.
His language is, " What though the field be loſt?
" All is not loſt; th' unconquerable will,
" And ſtudy of revenge, immortal hate, 190
" And courage never to ſubmit or yield.
" And what is elſe not to be overcome?
" That glory never ſhall his wrath or might
" Extort from me, to bow and ſue for grace
" With ſuppliant knee, and deify his pow'r. 195
" To reign is worth ambition though in hell;
" Better to reign in hell than ſerve in Heav'n.
" Which way I fly is hell; myſelf am hell;
" And in the loweſt deep a lower deep,
" Still threat'ning to devour me, opens wide, 200
" To which the hell I ſuffer ſeems an Heav'n.
" O then at laſt relent; is there no place
" Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
" None left but by ſubmiſſion; and that word
" Diſdain forbids me, and my dread of ſhame 205
" Among the ſpir'ts beneath, whom I ſeduc'd
" With other promiſes and other vaunts
" Than to ſubmit, boaſting I could ſubdue
" Th' Omnipotent. Ah me, they little know
" How dearly I abide that boaſt ſo vain, 210
" Under what torments inwardly I groan,

"While they adore me on the throne of hell.
"With diadem and ſcepter high advanc'd
"The lower ſtill I fall, only ſupreme
"In miſery, ſuch joy ambition finds. 215
"But ſay I could repent, and could obtain
"By acts of grace my former ſtate; how ſoon
"Would height recal high thoughts, how ſoon unſay
"What feign'd ſubmiſſion ſwore? Eaſe would recant
"Vows made in pain, as violent and void. 220
"For never can true reconcilement grow
"Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd ſo deep:
"Which would but lead me to a worſe relapſe,
"And heavier fall: ſo ſhould I purchaſe dear 224
"Short intermiſſion bought with double ſmart.
"So farewel hope, and with hope farewel fear;
"Farewel remorſe; all good to me is loſt:
"Evil be thou my good: by thee at leaſt
"Divided empire with Heav'n's King I hold;
"And over more than half, perhaps ſhall reign *."

This is the native language of his heart, 231
Firm are his reſolutions to remain
A bold determin'd rebel to the laſt.
But God who made him is as much reſolv'd
That he ſhall bow the knee, and fealty ſwear 235
To the great Sov'reign of the univerſe.
Let us now hear JEHOVAH's words and oaths.

* Milton's Paradiſe Loſt.

I by

I by myſelf have ſworn, this mighty oath
Shall never be retracted, ev'ry knee
Shall bow in true ſubmiſſion, ev'ry tongue 240
Shall ſwear allegiance to my ſov'reign will.
And all ſhall come to me, and ſhall reſign
Themſelves with all their pow'rs to my controul.
And all that ever hated me ſhall be
Themſelves aſham'd of all which they have done. 245

This is the counſel of JEHOVAH's will,
Which to his choſen ones he hath reveal'd.
His own good pleaſure, which he purpos'd, is,
That in the diſpenſation of the times
He will all things in Heav'n and earth re-head; 250
Re-head them all in Chriſt, their rightful chief,
Who is the Father's glorious image bright,
By whom all things in Heav'n and earth were made:
Thrones, principalities, dominions, pow'rs,
Things viſible, and ſuch as are not ſeen, 255
Were all created by his pow'rful hand,
And all intended for his ſov'reign uſe.
He is before all things, and all exiſt
By his creating and upholding pow'r.
He is the head, the church his body is, 260
In all things he ſhall have pre-eminence.
For in himſelf all fulneſs richly dwells;
According to the Father's ſacred will.
He having through his blood, ſhed on the croſs,
Made univerſal peace for ev'ry one; 265

By him ſhall all things reconciled be,
All reconcil'd to God, and to himſelf:
All things in earth, and things in Heav'n the ſame,
All things terreſtrial, and celeſtial too,
Shall be included in the gen'ral peace. 270
This muſt include all angels and all men.
This is the will of God, and it ſhall ſtand.
Vain are the vaunts of Satan, which oppoſe
This fix'd determination of the Lord.
The prince of darkneſs ſhall at laſt fall down, 275
Before the face of him whom we adore.
And howſoever mortifying now
The thoughts of his ſubmiſſion, time will come
When all his reſolutions will be chang'd.
Nor will he only feign, but heartily 280
Submit to Jesus, own him Lord and King.
But long and great ſeverities he'll bear
Before his proud and haughty temper yields,
But which at laſt ſhall fully humbled be:
For God has will'd it, and it cannot fail. 285

Satan has never felt the lake of fire,
Nor knows as yet the pain he ſhall endure;
That pain ſhall bring his ſtrength and courage down,
And ſhall deſtroy forevermore his hopes
Of gaining vict'ry or advantages 290
Over the bleſſed Saviour, and his cauſe.
Here then we'll leave him in the fi'ry lake,
Under the mighty pow'rful hand of God,

Who

Who knows full well with rebels how to deal:
And turn a while to mourn the num'rous hosts 295
Of men, who in this last rebellion join'd.

Wail, O my heart, to think that those who dwelt
Under our Saviour's peaceful government,
Should ever be induc'd to rise in war
Against the glorious Lord, their rightful King. 300
What could possess them to desire a change
While they enjoy'd whatever they could wish?
Strange that a fulness of delight and joy
Should discontent engender, and create
Disgust, and murm'ring, loathing, and a brood 305
Of fatal evils, which destroy all peace!
But such has often been the state of things,
And will be till that great and glorious day,
When the Creator shall be all in all:
And all intelligences shall be drawn 310
Into a state of union with their God,
That shall prevent their ever falling more.
Angels themselves, though happy, fell through pride,
And though they felt no want, yet discontent
Could find its way to regions of delight. 315
So our first parents fell, who did enjoy
As much, and more than heart itself could wish.
And oh, alas! our nature still is prone
To murmur and complain, though Heav'n itself
Pours on us blessings with most lib'ral hand! 320
Those nations that have most, do most complain;

And

And ſuch as have no real grievances
Will never fail to feign them, and repine,
As though they were moſt bitterly oppreſs'd.
How often have I ſeen thoſe families 325
That might have liv'd in greateſt happineſs,
With all the means of plenty in their hands,
Who might have been choice bleſſings to the world,
Making themſelves moſt miſerable indeed!
And in the midſt of trueſt hearted friends 330
Eſteeming all mankind their enemies:
Thus turning all their bleſſings into bane.
And that which for their comfort ſhould have been,
Seems them to make unhappy and unbleſt.
And ſome, the more you try to pleaſe them, ſtill
The more uneaſy grow, and find more fault; 336
And hate you in proportion to your love.
Nay, think that all the good you do is ill;
Or, that you ill intend where beſt you aim'd.
This is the devil's influence over man, 340
But when into the abyſs he is caſt,
This curſed temper will prevail no more,
Until that he from thence is loos'd again,
And is once more permitted men to tempt;
Then ſhall this evil diſpoſition riſe 345
To far more dreadful heights than heretofore.
Ev'n in proportion as the bliſs enjoy'd
Shall be ſuperior far to what is paſt.

But oh the ſad and moſt affecting doom,

That

That ſhall o'ertake thoſe diſcontented hoſts! 350
Oh what a fi'ry rain on them ſhall fall!
What horror, and what torture and deſpair
Shall rack their ſouls, and put their hearts to pain!
Fire ſhall their lives deſtroy, their fleſh conſume,
And put an end to their rebellious plan. 355
And though their ruin is a diſmal ſcene,
Enough to make the heart of man to chill,
And fill his bones with terror, freeze his blood,
And make his very hairs to ſtand erect;
Yet when we call to mind, this is the laſt 360
Attempt that ever ſhall be made againſt the Lord;
And JESUS now hath quell'd his num'rous foes,
Who never ſhall combine againſt him more,
Nor for one moment hence diſturb his reign,
Our ſorrow for their fate is mix'd with joy. 365
Great is the triumph of our ſov'reign King,
And all his ſubjects hail him as their Lord.
His foes are all defeated, and their hopes
Of reigning are for ever blaſted quite.

This ſcene of bold rebellion, and its end, 370
Is far the darkeſt and obſcureſt part
Of all the providential ways of God,
And therefore ſhort the ſacred writer tells
The dreadful ſtory, here his words are few:
Though vaſt the plot, and the deſtruction dire, 375
And far more dreadful than can be deſcrib'd.
Far greater numbers are involv'd therein

Than

Than ever fell at once by war or plague,
Or fire or famine, or the total flood
That overwhelm'd the globe in Noah's time. 380
Perhaps I ſhould not go too far to ſay,
That more ſhall periſh then by fire from Heav'n,
Than ever taſted death before, or ſhall
Till then, in any of its thouſand forms.
All that remain then uninfected, ſhall 385
Be wholly ſav'd, their trials paſt and gone.
They ſhall be own'd as children of the Lord,
Worthy to be enroll'd among the bleſt;
And chang'd, ſhall paſs to an immortal ſtate.
The reſt deſtroy'd from earth; theſe fit for Heav'n.
The preſent uſes of the earth are paſt. 391
And what remains? The judgment muſt take place.
The globe itſelf becomes a theatre,
Whereon the judgment ſeat erected ſtands,
And all the dead are ſummon'd to the bar. 395
The ſecond reſurrection now takes place,
And all that ſleep in death at once awake,
Call'd by his voice, who makes the dead to hear,
Forth from their graves they come to render up
Their great accounts to Chriſt, the ſov'reign Judge;
Whoſe juſt award they muſt abide, and bear 401
Whatever doom on them he ſhall pronounce.

Now comes the day of univerſal doom
On which ſo many volumes have been wrote,
Of which the prophets ſpake, and poets ſang 405

In

In far ſublimer ſtrains than I can boaſt.
But yet I fain would bring my little mite:
Though ſmall my off'ring, yet accept it Lord;
And let this labour of my hand remain
Under the patronage of thee, my King, 410
Till that grand day which I deſcribe arrives.

The great white throne on which the Judge ſhall ſit,
Claims our attention, ſuch its majeſty,
Its ſplendor, brightneſs, like the cryſtal clear,
As would ſufficiently aſtoniſh thoſe 415
Who dare deſpiſe the terrors of this day;
And who would fain perſuade their guilty hearts
That ſuch an awful ſcene will never come.
Some fondly dream the judgment day is paſt;
But ſuch will doubtleſs find their great miſtake; 420
Since reaſon ſhews that crimes committed here
Will be on earth try'd, judg'd, condemn'd, deſtroy'd.
And all that ever dwelt on earth ſhall view
The great aſſize, and ſhall the Judge behold,
Shall hear the ſentence from his glorious mouth, 425
Shall ſee the puniſhments and the rewards,
And ſhall themſelves receive as they have done.

This awful ſcene can never be fulfill'd
Till all the human race have liv'd and dy'd:
Or have been chang'd, and all the dead are rais'd.
None ſhall be abſent on that awful day; 431
All ſhall behold it, each himſelf ſhall hear

The

The Judge's voice, and ſee him on his throne.
This cannot be a partial private thing,
Hid from the obſervation of mankind, 435
Conducted in the world of ſpirits, far
Remote from earth, and to the human race
Unknown, as many in theſe days pretend.
But O, my God, preſerve my feeble mind
In conſtant ſtedfaſtneſs amidſt theſe ſtorms! 440
O let me never from thy word depart,
To hear the inconſiſtent dreams of men!

Behold the throne is plac'd, there ſits the Judge,
In glory and in majeſty array'd;
His garments white as ſnow, his hair like wool; 445
His throne like flame, his wheels like burning fire;
Before him iſſues forth a fi'ry ſtream,
Millions of angels miniſter to him,
An hundred millions ſtand around his throne.
How ſolemn, grand, and awful is the ſcene! 450
This is the Son of Man who was accus'd,
Judg'd and condemn'd at guilty Pilate's bar,
Whom Herod and his guilty men of war array'd
In gorgeous robes, and treated him with ſcorn.
Now they in turn muſt ſtand before his bar. 455
This is the man who, hung upon a croſs,
Was mock'd, and ridicul'd in all his pangs;
Behold him now! and ſee the wond'rous change!
Now in his proper glory he appears,
And in his Father's radiant beauty ſhines; 460

While

While all the holy angels him attend,
And thus increaſe the terrors of the day.

All things prepar'd, behold the judgment ſet!
The human race are call'd by trumpet's ſound.
Behold from north, and ſouth, and eaſt, and weſt,
They flow in multitudes to hear their doom. 466
Near to the Judge's throne his ſaints are plac'd
On rows of ſhining ſeats; now men behold
What honour JESUS gives to all his friends,
Who lov'd and ſuffer'd for his name on earth. 470
Theſe ſit as judges with their glorious head.
On them no condemnation can lay hold:
Their ſins are blotted out, and all forgot;
Are caſt behind his back, who waſh'd their ſouls
In his own blood, and cleans'd their fouleſt ſtains.

But now behold the earth and ſea reſign 476
Their dead, which long as pris'ners they have held;
Both death and hell give up their num'rous dead,
Now to be judg'd according to their works.
Behold the mighty books are open'd wide, 480
The book of God's remembrance; now 'tis ſeen
That all the deeds, and words, and thoughts of heart,
Are known to JESUS, Judge of all the earth.
The book of conſcience ſhall be open'd there:
That doom's-day book, where now th' informer ſly
Is noting down the conduct of mankind, 486
Againſt that awful day, then to reveal

The

The thouſand deeds of darkneſs here conceal'd.
Alas! what guilty heart can then endure,
To hear thoſe accuſations juſt and ſtrong, 490
Which conſcience on the trial will produce?
Then ſhall the Law of God, that holy book,
Be open'd and reveal'd before the world,
And all tranſgreſſions in their full extent
And juſt deſert, appear to ev'ry mind. 495

Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?
Moſt certainly his judgment ſhall be juſt.
Man's memory ſhall then ſo perfect be,
That all his evil deeds ſhall ſtand in view,
And ev'ry criminal before the bar 500
Shall with one perfect glance his ſins ſurvey.
O what aſtoniſhment ſhall ſeize their hearts!
What guilty fear and dread ſhall fill their ſouls,
When the great Judge their doings ſhall reprove,
And ſet their ſins in order in their ſight! 505

Enoch the ſev'nth from Adam propheſy'd,
Behold the Lord, the Judge of all, ſhall come;
With him ſhall come ten thouſands of his ſaints:
To execute his judgment upon all;
And all ungodly ones ſhall he convince 510
Of their unrighteous and ungodly deeds,
Which they ungodly did againſt his laws;
And will convict them of their ſpeeches hard,
Which they have murmur'd out againſt his name.

How

How can their hearts endure, or hands be ſtrong, 515
In that great day when God ſhall deal with them?
How will they anſwer for their lawleſs deeds,
When God ſhall lay his judgment to the line,
And to the plummet, truth and righteouſneſs?
Then refuges of falſehood and of lies, 520
Shall all be ſwept away, and quite deſtroy'd.
Their covenant with death ſhall be no more,
And their agreement which they made with hell,
Shall be aboliſh'd; all their hopes are gone.
O hear the words of terror which ſhall reach 525
Their inmoſt ſouls, and fill their hearts with pain.

To ev'ry wicked one the Judge will ſay,
What doeſt thou my ſtatutes to declare,
Or take my covenant into thy mouth?
Becauſe inſtruction thou haſt hated long, 530
And caſt my words and laws behind thy back.
When thou beheld a thief, thou didſt conſent
To all his evil deeds, and didſt partake
With foul adulterers their loathſome crimes.
Thy mouth to evil thou didſt wholly give, 535
Deceit and lies were framed by thy tongue.
Againſt thy brother thou didſt ſit and ſpeak,
And thy own mother's ſon haſt ſlander'd oft.
Theſe things thou didſt, and while I ſilence kept,
Thou thought'ſt me altogether like thyſelf. 540
But now I will reprove thee for thy ſins,
And them in order ſet before thine eyes.

Who from my hands can now deliver you?
Or who will intercede for ſinners bold?
Becauſe I called long, and ye refus'd, 545
I ſtretched out my hand, and none beheld:
But ye have ſet my counſels all at nought,
And my reproofs moſt ſolemn ye deſpis'd:
Now will I laugh at your calamity,
And treat with juſt contempt your preſent fear. 550
Your fear, as deſolation, now makes haſte,
And as a whirlwind your deſtruction comes;
Diſtreſs and anguiſh now your ſouls ſhall feel.
Remember how I call'd, and you refus'd,
Now you ſhall call on me in your diſtreſs, 555
But I will do to you as you have done,
And will not anſwer nor regard your cries;
And though you may begin to ſeek my aid,
You ſhall not find me, for I will return
Back to my place, and leave you here to wail.
For that you hated knowledge, hated light, 561
And did not chooſe JEHOVAH's ſacred fear;
My counſels of eternal life refus'd;
And my reproofs, intended for your good,
Treated with rude contempt, and long deſpis'd: 565
Therefore of your own fruit you muſt partake,
And with your own devices now be fill'd.
Your turning from the ways of my commands
Will prove your ruin, O ye fooliſh ones!
How did you glory in proſperity, 570
Which brings you down to dire deſtruction now!

Alas!

Alas! theſe cutting words who can endure?
But ſuch will be their fate who now reject
The glorious Goſpel of the bleſſed God,
And trample under foot his darling Son; 575
They ſhall be then rejected from his ſight,
And puniſh'd from the glory of his pow'r.
But now another open'd book appears,
Which is the book of life, wherein are wrote
The names of ſuch among the new-rais'd dead 580
As have ſubmitted truly to the Lord;
Theſe are divided from the num'rous throng
Of thoſe who ſtubborn rebels ſtill remain.
Theſe, though they were not worthy to have part
In the firſt reſurrection of the juſt, 585
And were not kings and prieſts to God and Chriſt,
And did not reign with him a thouſand years,
And do not with the Judge in judgment ſit;
Yet having been to due ſubmiſſion brought,
By various methods which the Lord hath us'd, 590
Them to reclaim; they ſhall be ſav'd at laſt,
And not be doom'd to ſuffer in the lake
Of fire and brimſtone, and the ſecond death
In all its pains and horrors to ſuſtain.

The boundleſs mercy of our God in Chriſt 595
Shall be extended to this num'rous throng,
Compos'd of nations, kindreds, peoples, tongues,
Perhaps the bulk of all the heathen world,
Who dy'd in darkneſs, nor had greatly ſinn'd

Againſt the little, feeble light they ſaw; 600
And probably the ſmall among the dead,
Who dy'd in childhood, and in tender youth,
(Except thoſe noted by their early vice)
Shall be admitted then among the ſav'd.
For ſo amazing is God's boundleſs love 605
And tenderneſs towards the human race,
That none ſhall drink this dreadful cup of woe,
And feel the torments of the lake of fire,
Whom any gentler methods could reclaim.
But ſtill the holineſs of God is ſuch, 610
That nothing falſe, unholy, or unclean,
Imperfect or impure, can dwell with him:
He therefore tries a vaſt variety
Of ways and means, all ſuited to the caſe
Of all his fallen creatures, whom he wills 615
To raiſe from depths of ſin, and to reſtore.
So when you read of torments, fire, and pain,
Brimſtone and fire, the lot of wicked men,
Who ſhall with devils ſuffer puniſhment,
Conſider this moſt dreadful fiery doom 620
Is juſt, and only ſhall inflicted be
When lighter puniſhments have prov'd in vain,
Bold rebels to ſubdue, reclaim, reſtore.
God never acts without a grand deſign
In all his works, and in his judgments too. 625

Thoſe who are found in this great trying day
Enroll'd among the living in the book,

Shall

Shall be deliver'd from the ſecond death,
And from thenceforward join'd with all the ſaints.
All others ſhall the dreadful ſentence hear, 630
(Which, O what heart of ſtone can e'er endure?)
Depart from me, ye curſed, into fire,
Which to the age unquenchably ſhall burn;
For Satan and his angels firſt prepar'd,
Appointed and ordain'd, but now for you, 635
As you have join'd them in rebellion bold,
So muſt you ſhare with them in puniſhment:
The living worm, the fire unquenchable,
Muſt to the ages be your dreadful doom.

Oh, how intol'rable is ſuch a lot! 640
Let not my ſoul be join'd with wicked men!
O let this ſentence ſtand before mine eyes,
And in mine ears its awful periods ring
Whenever I am tempted to tranſgreſs.
How often have I thought my troubles great! 145
Too much for mortal fleſh and blood to bear:
How has my ſpirit fainted when oppreſs'd
With many ſorrows, and afflictions dire!
Which only God's almighty pow'r can eaſe,
And which, without his kind aſſiſtance giv'n, 650
I ſcarce could bear one moment, or ſupport,
And keep my ſoul from ſinking in deſpair!

But while this dreadful ſcene is kept in view,
Our greateſt troubles vaniſh from our ſight.

Alas! what is the loſs of health, and ſtrength? 655
The want of wealth, and life's conveniences?
What is the loſs of character, and fame?
And what the bitter woundings of the tongue,
That ſharpeſt ſword, though heated with hell fire,
And all the woes that ſo imbitter life, 660
Compar'd with but one moment of their pain,
Who ſhall endure the torments of the lake
Of fire and brimſtone, or the ſecond death?

Yea, what are all the pains and tortures borne
By martyrs, criminals, or wretched ſlaves, 665
Fires, racks, whips, chains, and deaths of ev'ry ſort,
That ever men have felt, or did inflict,
Compar'd to what thoſe wretches muſt endure
Who to the burning lake ſhall be condemn'd?
Well then our bleſſed Saviour did forewarn 670
His ſervants, not to fear what men could do,
Who but at moſt the body can deſtroy.
But he forewarns us him alone to fear,
Whoſe pow'r extends beyond the preſent life,
And ſoul and body into hell can caſt. 675

Oh, how ſhould ſin by men avoided be,
Which doth expoſe them to ſuch dreadful woes!
Since thus the terrors of the Lord we know,
Let us attempt our brethren to perſuade
To ſhun the ways of ſin, that lead to death: 680
And let us carefully the ſame avoid.

O Lord

O Lord our God, to whom ſhall we addreſs
Our fervent pray'rs, but unto thee alone,
Who for our ſins moſt juſtly art diſpleas'd?
O thou, moſt holy, and moſt mighty God, 685
O Saviour holy, and moſt merciful,
Into the ſecond death's moſt bitter pains
Deliver not thy ſervants, deareſt Lord!
Thou knoweſt, Lord, the ſecrets of our hearts,
Shut not thine ears of mercy to our pray'rs; 690
But ſpare us, Lord moſt holy, God of might;
O Saviour holy, merciful and kind,
Moſt worthy Judge eternal, do not leave
Our ſouls through any ſnares to fall from thee!
Nor let us ever feel thoſe horrid woes, 695
Of which the bare deſcription chills our blood,
And makes the hair upon our fleſh ſtand up.

My Saviour, never let me hear thy voice
Command me to depart from thee, my Lord;
Thy frown, O righteous Judge, I cannot bear! 700
Thou art my life, from thee where can I go?
I truſt in thee, O caſt me not away.
Keep me from ſinning, then I fear not hell:
And while I contemplate the ſinner's doom,
May I remember ſin hath caus'd the whole. 705
And may theſe lines of terror wholeſome prove
To wake the ſouls of men, who ſleep ſecure,
Forgetful of the dreadful judgment day,
And of that awful ſentence which ſhall paſs

On the rebellious; and the fiery lake, 710
Where their juſt puniſhment they ſhall receive.
Of which I will attempt in brief to write.

The awful ſentence being now pronounc'd
Upon the wicked and ungodly race,
The ſentence juſt, from whence lies no appeal: 715
The dreadful execution ſoon begins.
But who among the feeble ſons of men
Can bear the proſpect, or the ſcene deſcribe?
Can my faint heart attempt it! Can my tongue
Or pen attempt its terrors to diſplay? 720

The glorious Judge ariſes from his ſeat,
And re-aſcends to Heav'n with all his train,
And leaves the criminals to feel their doom.
The fiery torrent now begins to fall
Upon their guilty heads with awful force, 725
And not the leaſt protection can they find.
Where can they fly to hide? Their hopes are gone,
And terminated all in keen deſpair.
Alas! how terrible ſhall be that day
When all the atmoſphere ſhall be on fire! 730
The elements ſhall melt with fervent heat,
The earth with all therein ſhall be diſſolv'd.
When the great ocean ſhall be all on flame,
And, in the language of the ſacred text,
The ſtreams of water ſhall be turn'd to pitch, 735
And all the duſt to ſulphur ſhall be chang'd.

Through

Through all the tracts of land upon the globe,
And all the deeps which waters did contain,
There's nothing ſhall be ſeen, nor ought diſcern'd,
But one prodigious fi'ry ruin vaſt. 740
Behold the burning cataracts of fire
Guſh from the mountains tops, and overſpread
In fiery torrents all the fertile plains:
Down ſink the mountains in the horrid gulph,
And in one common ruin mix and melt. 745

The ſev'ral burning mountains of the earth
Are awful ſpecimens of that great day,
And ſtand as warnings to a careleſs world.
How dreadful Ætna and Veſuvius ſeem
In their eruptions, when the liquid fire 750
Burſts from the crater, and in torrents flows,
And overwhelms, and buries cities deep!
And burning rocks, hurl'd from the flaming pit,
With noiſe and force tremendous fly aloft,
To diſtances almoſt incredible; 755
And then returning, fall with thund'ring ſound.
A frightful ſpectacle to all who dwell
Near to the dreadful place: their hearts are faint,
They trembling fly, and leave their houſes fair
To fall a prey to the devouring flames. 760

But O, when all the mountains of the earth
Shall far outflame Veſuvius, and ſhall róar
Louder than raging Ætna in its throws,

Before

Before its flaming torrents are diſgorg'd;
Where ſhall the guilty fly for refuge then? 765
No part is free from the devouring fire,
The ſtately cities fall a ſacrifice.
London and Paris, Liſbon, and Madrid,
Vienna, Amſterdam, and Peterſburgh,
Berlin and Stockholm, Copenhagen, Prague, 770
Conſtantinople, Bergen, Bazil, Hague,
Breſlau and Bruſſels, Dreſden, Edinburgh,
Florence, Genoa, Moſcow, Naples, Rome,
Dublin and Venice, Turin, Koningſburg,
Palermo, Preſburg, Parma, Mantua, 775
Theſe capitals of Europe and her ſtates,
Or leſſer provinces, are now no more.
Pekin and Canton, Chineſe cities, ſhare
With all the famous cities of the eaſt,
In this dire conflagration of the world. 780

But moſt of all Jeruſalem I mourn,
That famous city, chief of all the earth,
Which falls a prey in this ſo gen'ral doom,
Together with the temple of the Lord;
But all the bleſt inhabitants are gone 785
Up to Jeruſalem, which is above,
That city which can never be deſtroy'd,
Built by the great JEHOVAH for his ſeat.
There all the happy ſhall together dwell
In perfect pleaſure, and divine delight, 790
So that no real loſs can be ſuſtain'd

By

By thoſe who leave this lower world on fire:
Nor will they feel the ſhadow of regret
At this dire conflagration of the world.
Not ſo the wicked, who are left below, 795
To bear the horrors of this dreadful ſtorm.
Such terrors will upon their ſpirits ſeize
As cannot be deſcrib'd by tongues of men,
Nor even yet conceiv'd by human hearts.
Let all the real terrors or the feign'd, 800
And all the torments, pains, or miſeries,
That ever were experienc'd by mankind,
Be put together, yet the burning globe
Will be a ſource of greater pains and woes
To all its wretched loſt inhabitants. 805
Join all the tempeſts, fires, and ſtorms, and plagues,
Thund'rings and lightnings, earthquakes, whirlwinds, hails,
Eruptions of volcanos, vapours, ſigns,
That ever have been ſeen, or felt, or fear'd,
Since man was firſt created, to that day, 810
The world on fire would more than equal all.

Conſider ye that laugh at puniſhment,
And treat it with contempt if limited,
How would ye bear this dreadful ſcene of woe
One ſingle day, or even for an hour? 815
Combine the pain of hunger, ſharpeſt thirſt,
The keeneſt ſenſe of ſhame and deep diſgrace,
The pungent tortures of a guilty mind,

A wounded

A wounded ſpirit, fill'd with black deſpair,
A ſtrong remembrance of tranſgreſſions paſt, 820
A feeling ſenſe of God's reſentment juſt,
The unmix'd vials of Almighty wrath;
And all the frightful terrors of the mind;
And add to theſe the real pains of fire:
Suppoſe a man in ſoul and body form'd 825
In ſuch a manner as to feel the whole,
Without the leaſt abatement all at once;
Think what his pain and miſery muſt be!
This is the real ſtate of thoſe who fall
Under the dreadful ſentence of the Lord, 830
And ſhall be left to feel the burning lake,
With all its horrors and tremendous pains.
Their bodies ſhall be form'd more capable
Of feeling pain than in this mortal ſtate,
And yet endure theſe torments manifold 835
For many ages ere they ſee an end;
Nor for one moment reſt or eaſe enjoy.
Their ſouls ſhall be with ſharp reflections fill'd,
Enough to form in ev'ry breaſt a hell
Of woe unutterable. Who can bear 840
Theſe dreadful tortures for one moment's ſpace?
Much leſs for ages? Think before ye leap,
Ye bold and daring ſinners, think, O think!
Preſent this wholeſome ſight before your minds,
And let me aſk you, Will you madly ruſh 845
Into theſe burning flames for preſent toys,

And

And vain delights, the trifles of an hour?
Would ſenſual pleaſures for an hundred years,
Repay you for one moment of this woe?
Remember, this is not an idle dream, 850
A fiction of my brain, but Scripture truth,
The threat'nings of the God who cannot lie;
And what each ſtubborn foe muſt ſurely feel.
Therefore ſurvey your puniſhment ſevere,
Before the awful execution comes. 855
Conſider all the threat'nings of the Lord,
And all thoſe hateful and forbidden crimes
For which ſuch puniſhments ſhall be prepar'd.
Think not God's righteous judgment to eſcape,
If ſtill ſuch things you practiſe: oh, repent! 860
Nor dare to venture torments ſuch as theſe.
And if you can receive a friend's advice,
Laugh not, I pray you, at the lake of fire,
As though it was a thing impoſſible,
For God, (who once a world of wicked drown'd 865
With water, unexpectedly to all,
Though long they had been warn'd;) at laſt to turn
The globe of earth and water to that lake,
And leave the wicked there to ſuffer long.
O be not ignorant of what has been! 870
That once the world was wholly overflow'd,
And all th' unrighteous periſh'd by the flood:
But now the earth and Heav'ns are kept in ſtore,
Reſerv'd to fire againſt that awful day,

The

The day of judgment, when ungodly ones 875
Shall there be doom'd to ſuffer loſs and pain.

There, but imagination ſure muſt fail
To paint the millionth part of all their woes;
They muſt endure the puniſhments ordain'd,
The juſt rewards of lives employ'd in ſin; 880
Till God ſhall ſee it proper to releaſe,
And free them by his mercy from their griefs,
And them reſtore unto himſelf again:
Changing them wholly by his pow'rful grace,
Nor leſs their habitation than themſelves. 885
Of theſe moſt grand and noble works of God,
I will not fail to ſing with gladſome heart,
If my Creator will prolong my life,
And give his kind aſſiſtance to a worm,
A feeble child of man, who fain would praiſe 890
His holy name for all his wonders wrought,
And all that he hath promis'd to perform;
Which here by faith my ſoul anticipates.

END OF THE TENTH BOOK.

BOOK

BOOK XI.

THE NEW CREATION;

OR,

The Renovation of the Heavens and Earth after the Conflagration.

WHAT ſhall I render to my gracious God,
For all his loving kindneſſes to me?
And that he ever led my feeble mind,
To view his vaſt unbounded plan of grace,
And his intention to reſtore at laſt 5
All who have fallen from their firſt eſtate.
What though on this account I loſt my friends,
And all my Chriſtian brethren turn'd their backs,
And caſt my name as evil out to men,
And would have glory'd to behold my fall, 10
To ſee me cover'd with the deepeſt ſhame!
Yet all that I have parted with for this
Is nothing to the glorious treaſure gain'd.
The joy and ſatisfaction that I feel
In this great truth, that God himſelf is Love, 15
Is more than pays me for whate'er I loſt
For being faithful to the light receiv'd.
For could my former friends and brethren know

The

The ſolid pleaſure which my ſoul has found
In this moſt glorious ſcheme of love divine, 20
They would not wonder why I ſtill remain
As firmly now attach'd as at the firſt.
My heart is ſtill as warm, my tongue prepar'd
As much as ever, to proclaim God's love,
His univerſal love to all mankind. 25
O bleſſed be his name, that he hath led
My thoughts to ſketch this comprehenſive plan,
And thus far hath ſupported me to trace
His Proceſs and his Empire hitherto.
But far the grandeſt part remains to ſing; 30
The new creation, and the ſcenes of bliſs
Which ſhall attend and follow that event.
But, oh, my God, my raptur'd ſoul inſpire,
To ſing of this in ſtrains of loſti'ſt ſound.

Behold the wonders which demand our ſong! 35
The Lord returns, and looks upon the globe,
Welt'ring in fire, with its inhabitants:
He comes in mercy to create anew
What ſin had ruin'd, and deſtruction ſeiz'd.
As when at firſt the chaos he beheld, 40
The ruins of the ſeat of Lucifer,
He ſaw it ſhapeleſs, rude, without a form,
Compos'd of jarring elements; but he
By his own word, both light and order brought:
Beauty, variety, and harmony, 45
The place of wild diſorder occupy'd.

So in this laſt creation of the earth,
By which he will reſtore it to a ſtate
The moſt compleat and glorious poſſible,
No more to be forſaken or deſtroy'd; 50
He will come forth in his almighty love,
And ſpeak the word, and nature ſhall obey,
And ſuddenly, before the wond'ring eyes
Of all his ſaints, ſee the new world appears!
The floods of liquid fire at once ſubſide, 55
And form a ſolid pavement, clear as glaſs,
More beautiful than Paradiſe at firſt.
In this new earth no ſea at all exiſts,
For none is needed, as this globe renew'd,
Is quite for other purpoſes deſign'd 60
Than in its firſt, or any after ſtate.

How chang'd the globe! and how the atmoſphere
Is purify'd, from noxious vapours free!
The earth is now created to exiſt
For ever in eternal permanence, 65
An habitation fitted for the ſeat
Of all its old inhabitants, reſtor'd
To righteouſneſs, and ſpotleſs innocence;
And fitted thus for endleſs happineſs.
Of this amazing work the prophet ſpeaks 70
In language lofty, rapt'rous, and divine.

Behold, ſays God, new heav'ns and earth I make,
So far ſuperior to thoſe I form'd

In the beginning, ere I formed man,
That those shall be remembered no more, 75
Nor come to mind as worthy of a thought.
But let my saints and holy ones rejoice,
Be glad forevermore in what I make,
Which never shall decay, nor change its form,
Nor lose its glory, nor be ever marr'd. 80
The earth and heav'ns, which I create anew,
Shall evermore continue in my sight,
The seat of joy and happiness unchang'd.
The fashion of that world shall never pass,
But in its pristine glory shall abide. 85

Oh what a heart-refreshing view is this,
To see a world in full perfection rise,
A Phœnix from the ashes of the first!
This great discovery will reconcile
Our minds unto the burning of the world, 90
Which otherwise appears a gloomy scene.
This charming prospect made th' apostle glad,
When he by faith beheld the earth dissolv'd,
The heav'ns on fire, the world itself consum'd,
And all the things therein contain'd burnt up: 95
But yet in pleasing chearful words he adds,
Nevertheless, according to his word,
His gracious promise, we with joy expect
New heav'ns and earth, created by his pow'r,
Where righteousness, and righteous ones shall dwell.
Though sinners once, yet they to righteousness 101

Shall

Shall be reſtor'd, and wholly freed from ſin,
Shall always then obey God's righteous laws.

Behold, ſays John, I ſaw new heav'n and earth,
The former heav'n and earth were paſs'd away, 105
And lo, the ocean now no more appear'd!
What bleſſed animating thoughts are theſe!
The earth itſelf ſhall be at laſt reſtor'd,
(After the fire its ſubſtance hath diſſolv'd,)
And will appear more beautiful by far 110
Than ever Eden's Paradiſe was ſeen:
And as the earth itſelf ſhall thus be chang'd,
No doubt all men ſhall in its glory ſhare.

But lo! behold what wonders ſtrike mine eyes!
Aſtoniſhing! ſurpaſſing miracle! 115
Behold, the New Jeruſalem deſcends,
The New Jeruſalem, which is above,
That city glorious, built by God himſelf;
Behold it cometh down from out of Heav'n,
Deſcending to the new-created earth, 120
For the accompliſhment of purpoſes
Moſt grand and glorious, worthy of a God.
This is by far the moſt amazing ſight
That ever was by eyes of man beheld.
Hark, hear the voice of God aloud proclaims, 125
Behold, God's tabernacle is with men,
And he will dwell with them upon the earth,
And they ſhall be his people; He their God.

O moſt amazing change! the God of thoſe
Whom he had long rejected and caſt off. 130
Behold, he comes to ranſom and reſtore
Thoſe who have ſuffer'd in the lake of fire.
And God ſhall wipe all tears away from them,
And ſorrow, crying, pain, and death ſhall ceaſe;
For all the former things are paſs'd away, 135
The reign of ſin and miſery is paſt.
The Lord, our Saviour, ſeated on his throne,
Proclaims, Behold, I faſhion all things new!
Theſe are God's ſayings, faithful, true, and juſt.

Behold, the heav'nly city ſtands on earth! 140
Fill'd with the ſaints and faithful of all times,
Who long immortal glories have poſſeſs'd,
And long have dwelt in New Jeruſalem.
Not for their ſakes this city does come down,
(For they dwelt there while it remain'd in Heav'n)
But that ſalvation might to all men come, 146
To all without exception who were loſt.

O how amazing is the love of God,
Who firſt did ſend his darling Son to die,
To lay a ſure foundation for our hope, 150
Gave him to ſuffer, die, and riſe again,
And reaſcend to Heav'n, from thence return
To reign on earth before his mighty ones,
And at the cloſe to raiſe and judge the world!
In all theſe num'rous methods his deſign 155

Is ſtill the ſame; to ſave the human race.
And more and more he ranſoms ev'ry time,
That his great love another method tries.
But this his laſt and grandeſt effort gains
The whole without exception, none are left. 160
All now ſhall be recover'd, all reſtor'd,
And not one creature finally remain
To mourn and wail in endleſs black deſpair.
T' accompliſh this moſt grand and glorious work,
God and the Lamb in glory now deſcend, 165
With all the ſaints who in this city dwell;
The holy city, their moſt bleſt abode,
Gently deſcending, brings them from above,
Here to remain till the great cloſing ſcene;
Which now my muſe haſtes quickly to deſcribe. 170

Now let us take a ſoul-delighting view,
Of this amazing city, rich and large,
As far excelling all that eyes have ſeen
As Heav'n can be ſuperior to the earth.
For that which God hath built, by his own pow'r,
Muſt far exceed the nobleſt works of men. 176
Beſides, this city is no common work,
But built by God a palace for himſelf,
And far ſuperior to the ſtarry ſky.

Behold the city, and its wonders view! 180
The glory of JEHOVAH there appears;
Her light to ſtones moſt precious is compar'd,

'Tis like a jaſper ſtone, as cryſtal clear.
Its wall is great and high, and none can ſcale,
Or gain admiſſion there but by the gates. 185
Its gates in number twelve, by angels kept,
Admit of none but whom the Lord approves,
Who keep his laws, and his commands obey.
On theſe twelve gates the names of Iſrael's tribes
Stand written, as the repreſentatives 190
Of Abraham's ſeed who there admittance gain.
On ev'ry ſide three pearly gates appear,
Towards the eaſt and north, and ſouth and weſt.
The city wall hath twelve foundations ſtrong,
And in them are the worthy precious names 195
Of all the twelve apoſtles of the Lamb.

This glorious city is a perfect cube,
Length, breadth, and height, are equal and exact.
Oh, ſee how vaſtly large! and glorious bright,
And wonderful beyond deſcription far! 200
One thouſand and five hundred miles in length;
In breadth and height the ſame; it lieth ſquare;
And might with eaſe contain upon its ground
Vaſt numbers more than ever have been born.
The wall is thick proportion'd to its height, 205
Rais'd by the great almighty architect,
Crea ed by his pow'r, for his own uſe:
Keep this in mind, or you can ne'er believe
That ſuch a city really exiſts,
So grand, ſo glorious, and magnificent, 210

But

But will explain it all away to mean
Some fancy'd ſtate, as many more have done.
Its grandeur and magnificence are ſuch
As far ſurpaſs deſcription; built by God,
As the chief effort of creating pow'r, 215
Worthy to be the chief and Capital
Of earth and heav'n renew'd; the bleſt abode
Of all the ſaints and holy angels bright:
The place of grand reſort, where all ſhall come
To ſee, adore, and reverence their King. 220
The ſacred city with ſuch ſplendor ſhines,
As might in glory equalize the ſun.
Its walls are form'd of jaſper, precious ſtones!
Ten thouſand worlds like ours could not produce
Materials enough to build theſe walls, 225
But nothing is impoſſible with God;
This always ſhall my fav'rite maxim be,
This anſwers all which difficult would ſeem.

The heav'nly pavement is of pureſt gold,
Which yet appears like cleareſt cryſtal glaſs. 230
Its walls are garniſh'd with moſt precious ſtones
Of ev'ry kind, as herein ſhall be nam'd.
Jaſper, of which the mighty wall is built,
The firſt foundation forms, and garniſhes.
Sapphire the ſecond; chalcedony third; 235
The fourth an emerald; fifth ſardonyx;
Sardius the ſixth; the ſeventh chryſolite;
Beryl the eighth; a topaz is the ninth;

The tenth a chryſopraſus; the elev'nth,
A jacinth; and the twelfth an amethyſt. 240

The gates, in number twelve, are ſolid pearls.
Each gate is of a ſingle pearl compos'd.
Scarce all the pearls on earth in one combin'd
Could form materials for one ſingle gate.
But God who form'd our little pearls on earth, 245
Made by his pow'r in Heav'n thoſe ſpacious gates
Each of a ſev'ral pearl: Let none diſpute
What God can do, nor yet his word deny.
The ſtreets appear like pure tranſparent gold.
Such is its grandeur and magnificence, 250
That nothing imitating it on earth
Was ever ſeen, nor will be till that time
When this great city ſhall deſcend from Heav'n,
To be the tabernacle of our God,
In which he ſhall reſide on the new earth. 255
No temple in the ſacred city's ſeen,
The Lord Almighty, and the Holy Lamb,
Therein reſide, and there ſhall be ador'd;
Seen and belov'd, and worſhipped by all.
This city cannot need the ſun nor moon, 260
Becauſe itſelf doth ſhine with pureſt light.
God's glory doth enlighten it, his beams
Of light and love with brightneſs fill the place.
The Lamb of God, in whom the Father ſhines,
Who is the brightneſs of his glory, ſeen, 265
The image of his perſon, full, expreſs,

Is

Is alſo call'd The Holy City's Light.
The ſaved nations of the earth reſtor'd,
Shall walk within its ſhining ſacred ſphere.
Their kings and rulers ſhall their glories bring, 270
Their higheſt honours to the ſov'reign Lord;
Their loudeſt praiſe within the ſacred walls
They utter to the glory of his name.

The city gates ſhall not be ſhut by day,
And day is always, for no night is there. 275
All nations ſhall their glory thither bring,
And worſhip their Redeemer and their God,
With deepeſt rev'rence, and divine delight.
Nothing impure can ever enter there,
There no defilement ever can have place, 280
Nor what would foul abomination work,
Nor that which frameth, or that loves a lie;
But ſuch whoſe names are in his book enroll'd,
Who is the Lamb of God, who dy'd for all,
And taſted death for all the human race, 285
And was the great propitiation made,
For all our ſins, and thoſe of all the world:
And will in his due ſeaſon all reſtore,
According to the purpoſes of God,
The myſt'ry of his will to us made known: 290
That in the diſpenſation of the times
He will in Chriſt again all things re-head,
Both which belong to Heav'n and to the earth.
He by his blood upon the Croſs made peace,

And

And God by him all things will reconcile, 295
Reduce to order, and again restore,
Whether their native place was earth, or Heav'n.
And to fulfil a work so great and good,
The Lord removes his Court from Heav'n to earth.

Although in earth renew'd no sea is found, 300
Yet there's no want of water, for behold
A glorious river from the throne proceeds,
Which flows with living water, pure indeed,
As clear as crystal; wat'ring all the globe;
Exceeding much fair Eden's garden, where 305
The Great JEHOVAH our first parents plac'd.
In this most glorious city grows the tree
Of heav'nly life, which bears twelve kinds of fruit,
Which ev'ry month new fruit produces, fair,
And pleasant to the eye, and to the mouth 310
Conveys the highest pleasure and delight.
The fruit produces evelasting life,
And death can never enter where it grows;
For those who eat thereof can never die.
Its leaves are for the healing of mankind, 315
And all the nations shall at length be heal'd,
And evermore remain from torment free,
From pain and sickness, sorrow, grief, and death.

The curse is now eternally remov'd,
Henceforth it shall be taken clean away, 320
And never to eternity return.

The

The throne of God ſhall be upon the earth,
Within the holy city's ſacred walls;
There ſhall the Lamb array'd in glory ſit,
And there God's ſervants ſhall his face behold, 325
His name upon their foreheads ſhall be ſeen.
No gloomy nights nor darkneſs ſhall be there,
They need no candles, nor the lamps of Heav'n,
Nor yet the beams of the refulgent ſun; 329
Becauſe the Lord ſhall give them heav'nly light;
Their God ſhall be their glory evermore:
Ages of ages they with him ſhall reign,
Till all intelligences are ſubdu'd,
And reconcil'd to God, and quite reclaim'd.
Behold, the final ſtate of this our earth, 335
This the perfection towards which it tends!
A ſtate ſuperior far to all before,
And which with greateſt pleaſure I can ſing;
Becauſe this day ſhall never end in night,
Nor this moſt joyful ſtate ſucceeded be 340
By foul rebellion, judgment, woe, or pain,
Diſorder, miſery, deſpair, or death.

This glorious ſtate is worthy to be ſung
In higheſt ſtrains. But ah, my muſe how weak!
So joyful are the ſcenes that ſtand in ſight, 345
That never more can alter for the worſe,
They make us to forget the troubles paſt,
And cauſe us to remember them no more.
Though ſin and evil long o'er man have reign'd,

Yet

Yet grace hath more abounded towards all. 350
The Saviour now hath conquer'd all his foes,
And is prepar'd his kingdom to reſign
To God the Father, who the kingdom gave
To Chriſt, that he might conquer and ſubdue,
And then reſtore, re-head, and reconcile 355
All thoſe who once did go aſtray through ſin.
This to accompliſh is the grand deſign
For which the holy city comes to earth,
And this ſhall be fulfill'd, until at laſt
There ſhall not be one foe to JESUS left, 360
In all the wide-extended univerſe:
And this my ſong towards its period brings.

But ere I cloſe the ſcene, I will attempt
To ſing the world reſtor'd, as perfectly
As I have ſung it loſt, and doom'd to fire. 365
The world I ſing is nature quite reſtor'd
To its moſt glorious, perfect, high eſtate,
Surpaſſing the Millenium far away,
For that could but endure a thouſand years;
But the new world reſtor'd, ſhall ſtill remain 370
Before JEHOVAH, ages without end.
In the Millenium ſin and death might come,
Which in the new creation cannot be.
God will preſerve his creatures evermore
From ev'ry hurtful thing of ev'ry kind. 375
In this concluding ſcene 'tis perfect day,
That day has dawn'd which never more ſhall cloſe,

Nor

Nor ever be ſucceeded by a night.
The higheſt pleaſure waits upon my ſong,
And now the joy is perfect, pure, unmix'd, 380
With greateſt pleaſure I can ſing this ſtate.
This is a ſcene that never can grow dull,
Here's ev'ry thing to pleaſe and charm the mind;
A new created world, more beautiful
Than Paradiſe with all its gayeſt charms, 385
A world entirely full of righteouſneſs,
Of righteous people cleans'd from all their ſins,
A world in which no violence is found,
No crimes committed, and no dangers fear'd.
The Great Creator now is known by all, 390
Fear'd, lov'd, ador'd, obey'd, by ev'ry one.
There's no exception now, all join to praiſe,
Worſhip and reverence their Lord and King.

To Jesus now the whole creation bows,
All creatures yield obedience to his name, 395
And thus his kingdom's come, his will is done
By all on earth, as well as all in Heav'n,
Freely, entirely, and perpetually.
The world no longer dreads its Maker's laws,
Nor ſuffers for its crimes, as heretofore. 400
Oh, what a lovely, charming ſcene is this!
What raptures ſtrike my mind, and fill my thoughts!
Oh that I could expreſs the joy I feel!
And make my gentle readers ſympathize!
No words can utter this extatic bliſs. 405

To

To ſee the great redemption now compleat,
And all the creatures that were gone aſtray
Brought back to God, for ever to abide,
No more their kind Creator to offend,
Nor ever more his juſt diſpleaſure feel. 410
The whole creation is deliver'd now
From ſin, and all its conſequences dire,
The bondage of corruption, pain, and death.
This mighty wonder plainly was foretold,
And though for many ages diſbeliev'd, 415
Yet now we ſee the ſacred promiſes
Of God, JEHOVAH, were not made in vain.

A thouſand bright and very glorious ſcenes
Muſt have their place in this moſt grand deſign,
In which I have the outlines briefly trac'd. 420
For ev'ry ſoul that ſhall reſtored be,
Shall bring freſh joy to all the ranſom'd throng.
And if ſuch joy is over one that turns
From ſin to righteouſneſs, what muſt there be,
When all that ever did or ſhall exiſt 425
Shall be reclaim'd, and humbled, and reſtor'd!
But in particular, if I ſhould write
Of all the wond'rous dealings of my Lord
Made known towards his creatures, time would fail;
And if I ſhould attempt to ſum them up, 430
They would be found in number like the ſands.
But one amazing ſcene above the reſt
Deſerves eſpecially attention here,

And

And may be reckon'd as a ſpecimen
Of the ſubduing and reſtoring pow'r 435
Of Chriſt our Lord, which he doth exerciſe
Upon his ſtubborn foes, who all muſt yield,
And pay their willing homage to his name.
This is the humbling of proud Lucifer,
Who laſt of all the tyrants ſhall ſubmit. 440
He ſhall be brought the loweſt to the ground,
His tow'ring pride ſhall fall, and he become
The humbleſt penitent that ever bow'd
Before the footſtool of our bleſſed Lord.
This is a moving, intereſting ſcene, 445
And therefore here I'll ſpend a little time.
This moſt important triumph of our King,
I'll ſing as though it was already paſt;
Although 'tis many ages yet to come. 449

Long had the Prince of Darkneſs been condemn'd,
And long had welter'd in the burning lake,
And long endur'd ſuch agonizing pains
As cannot be conceiv'd by human hearts.
I paſs thoſe dreadful periods, draw a veil
Over thoſe ſcenes too horrid to diſcloſe. 455
The rage and blaſphemy, and fell deſpair,
In which he hath continu'd ages long,
I ſhall not mention here; but paſs to ſpeak
Of his humiliation and return.

When he had paſs'd ſev'n periods in the fire, 460
(As

(As the proud King of Babylon reduc'd,
Brought down to the condition of a brute)
And long had dwelt in mournful ſolitude,
For all his ſubjects long had been redeem'd;
At length his rage and blaſphemies ſubſide; 465
His heart, more hard than nether milſtone, ſeems
At laſt to melt, and ſoften; he begins
Now to reflect, and wiſhes to repent.
How alter'd much is his dejected tone!
In melancholy language thus he mourns! 470

Ah me, how low, how mis'rably depreſs'd
Am I, who once did ſit above the ſtars,
And was the chief of my Creator's ways!
But pride, ſelf-love, and vanity transform'd
The angel to a devil, as I am: 475
Made me an enemy and traitor vile
To my Creator good, who plac'd me high,
That I might glorify his name the more,
And be a brighter image of his Son,
Againſt whom I rebell'd, and wag'd a war, 480
Refuſing him to own as ſov'reign Lord,
According to JEHOVAH's high command,
That all the angels ſhould him worſhip pay.
But my pride prompted me, and envy roſe
Within my breaſt, againſt the Heir of Heav'n,
From whence I was ejected, and caſt down 485
To Tartarus, with all my rebel hoſts,
Whom I, alas, ſeduced to rebel.
Such was my rage againſt the Prince of Light,

I left no ſtone unturn'd, but ſought revenge, 490
Though at my peril, ſtill I cared not
How much I did offend his majeſty,
Whom I determin'd never more to own,
Nor to ſubmit to aſk him to forgive.
Thinking and ſaying, 'Twas impoſſible 495
That I could aſk, or he his grace beſtow.
I thought I would maintain eternal war
Againſt Heav'n's Sov'reign; and I ſought and found
The way to ruin and deſtroy mankind.
But though I gain'd ſucceſs, I ſoon could ſee, 500
That God could check, and ſpoil my bold deſigns.
Though I perpetually made war with Heav'n,
And gain'd dominion over all the world,
Yet I could find no peace and reſt within,
But carry'd hell within my troubled breaſt; 505
And being wholly mis'rable myſelf,
I ſought to make all other creatures ſo.
My higheſt triumph was to ſee mankind
In bold rebellion riſe againſt the Lord.
And oftentimes I triumph'd, though in pain, 510
And was ador'd by nations, peoples, tongues.
This harden'd me in pride, and made me more
Determin'd ſtill to chooſe evil for good.

Thus I went on till the Meſſiah's day,
When he appear'd amongſt mankind to dwell, 515
Him I both tempted, and with might oppos'd,
But always found him ſtill an overmatch.

At laſt I had the pleaſure him to ſee
Suſpended on the croſs; but ah, how vain
Were all my hopes of overcoming him! 520
He ſhook my empire more when he expir'd
Than ever it was ſhaken ere that time.
He penetrated to my ſtrongeſt holds,
And took vaſt numbers of my ſlaves away,
And ſet them free from all my galling chains. 525
He roſe, and re-aſcended up on high,
And dragg'd me and my hoſts, faſt bound in chains,
Up to the cryſtal battlements of Heav'n;
Thus making me an open ſpectacle
Before the hoſts of Heav'n aſſembled there. 530
Then turn'd me and my hoſts, all fill'd with ſhame,
Into the void, from whence we roam'd to earth,
Where ſtill I plotted miſchief, and deſign'd
The new-form'd kingdom wholly to deſtroy,
The Church of Chriſt on earth to overthrow. 535
But though I ſo prevail'd in my attempt,
That many millions I deſtroy'd from earth,
And ſhed their blood like water on the ground,
I never could my purpoſes effect,
Wholly to ruin the Redeemer's cauſe; 540
But notwithſtanding all that I could do,
It ſtill exiſted, and ſometimes prevail'd.
And though that maxim I adopted quite,
Divide and rule, and often boaſted loud
Of great ſucceſs, yet I was mortify'd 545
To ſee the Chriſtian cauſe did ſtill ſurvive.

At

At laſt in pow'r and glory JESUS came
To reign on earth, and me did apprehend,
Bound me with chains, me into priſon caſt;
Confin'd me in the dreary, dark abyſs, 550
And ſhut me up in cloſe impriſonment,
And there I paſs'd a thouſand painful years.
Then was I loos'd again, but ſtill as proud,
As much a rebel then as ere before,
I ſought to rage the more, and countervail 555
The damages that I had long ſuſtain'd.
I found myſelf at liberty to tempt,
And to deceive mankind; and ſuch ſucceſs
Attended this moſt horrid enterprize,
That harden'd me in my rebellion more 560
Than ever I had been until that day.
I ſaw an army gather'd at my heels,
Which ſeem'd as num'rous as the ocean's ſands
That bound the ſeas, and lie upon the ſhores.
But oh, how ſhort my triumph! ſoon I ſaw 565
My num'rous hoſt devour'd by fire from Heav'n!
As juſtly was their doom; what then was mine,
Who had deceiv'd them ſo? I ſoon was ſeiz'd,
And thrown at once into the burning lake.
'Twas then that all my hopes of vict'ry fail'd, 570
I then myſelf abandon'd to deſpair,
And never ſince expected to prevail;
I ſaw that no created arm could be
A match for him whom I had long deſpis'd.

But though no more I hop'd to win the day, 575
Long was my heart as hard as northern ſteel,
Hard as the milſtone, like the adamant;
And ſtill determin'd never to ſubmit,
Or bow the knee to JESUS, or to own
Him as my ſov'reign Lord; this I diſdain'd: 580
Although I knew that God himſelf had ſworn,
That ev'ry knee ſhould bow, and tongue confeſs
That JESUS CHRIST was rightful Lord and King;
Yet I determin'd always to ſtand out,
And never yield to ſuch diſgrace and ſhame. 585
Thouſands of years this pain did I endure,
Before I once could think of owning him
To be my Lord, whom I had hated thus,
And ſought to render him implacable.
All my companions long ago did yield, 590
And all in deep ſubjection have ador'd
Him whom JEHOVAH hath anointed King.
And I have long remain'd ſhut up alone.
My obſtinacy and my pride were great, 594
But he that made me, made his ſword approach,
And pierce my heart; no longer can I ſtand
In my rebellion; here, behold I fall,
And own myſelf ſubdu'd by JESU's pow'r:
He is my conquer'r, and I muſt reſign
Myſelf unto his pleaſure and his will. 600

Now at the laſt I make my willing pray'r,
And him addreſs, an humble penitent,

Whom

Whom once I would have tempted me t' adore.
Him I adore, and homage to him pay;
Unworthy I to ſee his bleſſed face! 605
Seed of the woman, if a drop remains
Of love or mercy towards one ſo vile,
Have pity now on him whom thou haſt bruis'd!
So poor and wretched I do feel myſelf,
I cannot lift mine eyes, nor thee behold 610
Without the utmoſt ſhame and ſelf remorſe.
I ſee what fatal madneſs puſh'd me on
To ſuch a height of bold impiety,
As ſeems impoſſible to be forgiv'n.
But who can bound the love of God, or ſay 615
How far his grace and mercy ſhall extend?
Whatever he may chooſe to do with me,
I heartily ſubmit, and bow to him.
If JESUS will accept me for his ſlave,
To be his loweſt waiter is my choice. 620
I never can be humbled half enough
To make due ſatisfaction for my pride,
My foul contempt of God and of his Chriſt,
And all the num'rous evils I have done.
Bitter and deep ſhall my contrition be, 625
Whether it ſhall accepted be or not.
And ſuch confeſſion ſhall my lips pronounce,
If ever I'm admitted to his feet,
As none of the reſtor'd have ever done:
Becauſe my ſins have ſo exceeded theirs. 630
And if the Saviour can deliver me,

'Twill be an inſtance of ſuch mercy ſhewn,
As never hath took place ſince time began.

Thus now the fallen angel humbled, mourn'd,
And ſhew'd the real ſigns of penitence. 635
So Babel's tyrant king, of madneſs cur'd,
Deliver'd from his pride and cruelty,
Lifted his eyes toward th' Almighty's throne:
Th' appointed time of puniſhment was paſt,
It had accompliſh'd all that was deſign'd; 640
His underſtanding then return'd to him,
He bleſſed the Moſt High, and prais'd his name,
And honour'd him who liveth evermore;
Whoſe grand dominion doth extend o'er all,
Whoſe kingdom endleſs ages ſhall endure. 645
Before whoſe ſight proud monarchs are but duſt,
Kings of the earth as graſshoppers eſteem'd.
All earth's inhabitants with him compar'd
Reputed are as nothing, and as leſs,
Smaller than duſt, lighter than vanity. 650
He doth according to his ſov'reign will,
In Heav'n's bright army, and among the hoſts
That dwell upon the globe, all theſe he rules,
And none can ſtay his hand, or dare to aſk,
What doeſt thou? or, Why conduct'ſt thou ſo? 655

This mighty change in Lucifer, ſoon reach'd
The holy city, and great joy it caus'd
Among the bleſt inhabitants who dwell

In

In presence of their God, and of the Lamb.
Such a completion of their wishes brought 660
A large addition to their heav'nly bliss.
Mean while th' eternal Father thus address'd
His darling Son, the image of himself.

Se'st thou, my Son, thine enemy subdu'd!
At last behold him humbled, fill'd with shame; 665
He that rebell'd against thee, now submits,
Now falls before thy face, and fain would ask,
In humble tone, thy pardon, but he feels
His heart quite broken with the deepest sense
Of his rebellions, and his evil deeds. 670
This is thy noblest conquest; now behold
My greatest promises to thee fulfill'd.
This is my covenant, which I confirm'd,
That if thy soul was made a sacrifice,
Thou should'st with highest pleasure see the fruit 675
Of all thy labour, and be satisfy'd.
The gracious purpose of JEHOVAH God
Shall prosper in thy hand, and thy success
Shall more than recompense thy bitter pains.
I promis'd thee that ev'ry knee should bow, 680
And ev'ry tongue should swear, and thee confess
Their sov'reign Lord, to my eternal praise.
I gave thee all things, and did promise thee,
That all should be submissive to thy will,
That all things under thee I would re-head, 685
And through thy blood all creatures reconcile,

Whether earth born, or ſprung of high deſcent.
Thrones, principalities, dominions, pow'rs,
All have become obedient to thy ſway,
And now their head himſelf to thee reſigns. 690
Soon thou wilt finiſh and compleat that work,
Which I have giv'n thee nobly to perform.
Now ſhall thy triumph to perfection riſe;
Thou ſhalt be hail'd as univerſal King,
All things are put beneath Thee, Me except. 695
Thou haſt the ſceptre ſway'd in righteouſneſs,
And all thy foes are now at peace with thee.
The proclamation grand ſhall ſoon be made,
Rebellion is no more! nor ever ſhall
Prevail, nor riſe throughout the univerſe. 700

So ſpake the Father, while his glory beam'd
With heav'nly radiance on his bleſſed Son;
Who ſhone with equal, undiminiſh'd rays,
And all his Father's love to him return'd.
And thus in ſweeteſt accents to him ſpake. 705

Father, the day of triumph and of joy
To all the hoſts of Heav'n at laſt is come,
The day I looked for, which thou ordain'd,
In which thy gracious promiſe is fulfill'd,
That all ſhould bow to me, and own my pow'r. 710
How infinite thy love has been to me!
How vaſt the truſt thou haſt in me repos'd!
All things in Heav'n and earth thou gav'ſt thy Son,

And

And will'd that nothing he at laſt ſhould loſe.
Thy will I have perform'd, and have reclaim'd 715
All that have gone aſtray, all that rebell'd
Againſt thy government and holy laws.
Ev'n Lucifer at laſt ſubmits himſelf.
This great event was in thy word reveal'd, 719
That ev'ry knee ſhould bow, and tongue ſhould ſwear,
And all thine enemies be reconcil'd:
But ſo aſtoniſhing was this diſplay
Of love and mercy, goodneſs, grace, and peace,
That men for ages durſt not this believe; 724
And ſuch who lov'd thee ſtill were much in doubt,
Whether thy goodneſs could ſo far extend,
As finally to reach, reclaim, reſtore,
All fallen creatures, all the human race,
And all the hoſt of rebel angels too.
Nay, thoſe who ventur'd to proclaim thy love 730
Thus boundleſs and benign, were diſeſteem'd,
Inſulted, treated with contempt and ſcorn.
But ſtill the counſel of eternal peace
Which was between us both, ſtood faſt and ſure, 734
Thy thoughts and ways as far tranſcended man's,
As higheſt Heav'ns above the earth were plac'd.
Now thy decrees fulfill'd have made thee known
A God of boundleſs love, a God of truth.
From henceforth thou ſhalt be by all ador'd;
And henceforth no rebellion ſhall appear 740
In thy dominion to eternity.

Thus

Thus ſpake the Son, while all the ſaints rejoic'd,
And all the ranſom'd throng their anthems ſung.
Loud hallelujahs through the city roſe
To God JEHOVAH, and the holy Lamb, 745
Who by his blood redeem'd their ſouls from death,
And laid the baſis of a gen'ral peace,
Throughout the boundleſs empire of the Lord,
A peace which never ſhall be broken more.

Meantime poor Lucifer remained ſad, 750
Far in the diſtant regions of the north,
Where he deploring lay, for none as yet
Had been diſpatch'd to him with news of peace;
But JESU's pow'r and grace had reach'd his heart,
And like a ſov'reign fuſion made it melt, 755
And in proportion as it had been hard
'Tis ſoften'd now, and doth like water flow.

He from the lake of fire had been releas'd,
Which now was quite diminiſh'd to a pool,
And ſoon ſhall be deſtroy'd, and wholly ceaſe, 760
As being henceforth of no farther uſe.

But now commiſſion'd from the ſacred throne,
Gabriel, ſurrounded with a choſen band,
Compos'd of holy angels, and of ſaints,
Went to convey to Lucifer the news, 765
That he was now permitted to approach

The

The city gates, and there ſubmiſſion make,
And homage pay at the Redeemer's feet.

Angels were ev'n aſtoniſhed to find
The furious lion chang'd, now like a lamb 770
Sitting in meekneſs, and lamenting ſore,
With deep contrition, all his horrid crimes
Againſt his Maker, and his creatures done.
This change effected by the pow'r of Chriſt,
Proves him the great Reſtorer of the loſt. 775
The deeper one is ſunk in depths of ſin,
The greater is the pow'r that muſt reſtore.
The more forlorn and hopeleſs is the caſe,
The more the pow'r of JESUS is diſplay'd
In the recovery of ſuch from death. 780
Why then, ſince Satan always was allow'd
To be the greateſt ſinner, and the moſt
Degenerate and harden'd rebel known,
Why was it thought that CHRIST muſt be depriv'd
Of ſuch an opportunity to ſhew his pow'r, 785
And all his higheſt charms of love diſplay?
When our Redeemer firſt came down to earth,
During his reſidence with ſinful worms,
He made his grace, his pow'r, and mercy known,
In many bright and glorious inſtances. 790
But one above the reſt, a ſtriking proof
That JESUS could redeem and ſave the loſt,
And that no miracle could be too hard
For the diſplay of his almighty pow'r,

Was

Was his deliv'rance of the man poſſeſs'd. 795
And this may be conſider'd as a type
Of what the heav'nly hoſts this day beheld,
The change apparent in proud Luciſer.

This poor and miſerable man, poſſeſs'd
Of many devils, dwelt among the tombs; 800
No man could bind him with the ſtrongeſt chains,
With chains and fetters he had oft been bound,
The chains he pluck'd aſunder, fetters broke;
No man could tame him, nor could ſafely paſs
Near to the doleful place of his abode. 805
And always night and day he fiercely rov'd
Among the mountains, and the doleful tombs,
Crying, and mad, cutting himſelf with ſtones.
But JESUS took a voyage to ſave his ſoul,
And ſoon he drave the evil ſpirits out, 810
And calm'd this mad demoniac with his words;
Cloth'd him, and gave him reaſon, fill'd his mind
With true religion, love, joy, peace, truth, grace.
Then willingly he ſat at the dear feet
Of him who had redeem'd him from ſuch woe, 815
Such complicated woe, and made him bleſt,
Fill'd him with happineſs and peace of mind.
Thus Lucifer was by the angels found,
As far from what he was, as heav'n from earth.
And they addreſs'd him in ſuch words as theſe. 820

O Lucifer, thou once a ſon of light,
Fell from that bleſt eſtate, and long didſt war,

Against thy rightful Sov'reign, and didst dare
To rouze the great Omnipotent to arms. 824
Whose pow'rful hand hath now thy pride subdu'd,
And brought thee to acknowledge him thy Lord.
He hath attended to thy plaintive cry,
And now by us doth his permission send,
That thou may'st to the city gates repair,
And make thy full submission to his face. 830
This message we deliver with such joy
As we have never known nor felt before.
Rise therefore, follow us, we lead the way:
Nor doubt his mercy, which is infinite.
To which the humbled tyrant thus reply'd: 835
O lead me to the feet of Christ the Lord,
That I may humbly first his pardon ask,
And in the dust his worthy name adore:
Then will I make confession of my faults,
Before the num'rous hosts of heav'n and earth, 840
And ask forgiveness of the universe,
Of God, of angels, and of all mankind.
For such another rebel never liv'd,
Such a blasphemer, haughty, cruel, proud!
And therefore such a penitent I'll be, 845
As never fell at Jesu's feet before.
For if his grace to me extends itself,
'Twill be the greatest instance ever known.
And more his pow'r and glory will display
Than any other instance ever did. 850

Now

Now had the guards their willing pris'ner brought
Unto the city gate, where ſat the Lord
Upon a glorious throne, in all his robes,
More ſplendid than the radiant ſource of day.
Ten hundred thouſand million ſaw this ſcene, 855
The grandeſt far that ever was beheld.
For univerſal notice had been giv'n
To all intelligences, that this day
Should be the moſt triumphant ever known.
No wonder then that all ſhould wiſh to ſee 860
The triumph of their Lord and King compleat.

Behold the Monarchs met in ſuch a ſort,
As once could not have been at all believ'd
Had it been told us; but we ſee with joy
The full and free ſubmiſſion of the Prince, 865
Once call'd fair Lucifer, the ſon of light,
Then Satan, prince of darkneſs, foe to man;
But now ſubdu'd and humbled, ſee him fall
Before the feet of JESUS, and confeſs
Him to be Lord of All, as 'twas foretold, 870
By bleſt Iſaiah, and beloved Paul.
Hear his unfeign'd confeſſion. Thus he ſpoke:

Infinite is thy goodneſs, mighty Lord,
Or thou would'ſt never ſuffer me to ſpeak
Before thy preſence, after what I've done 875
Againſt thy glorious crown and dignity;
And all the num'rous miſchiefs I have wrought

Againſt

Againſt my fellow creatures, whom thou haſt
Deliver'd long ago from all the ſnares
Wherein I drew them; but my crime's no leſs 880
For the abundance of thy ſaving grace,
Which hath ſo triumph'd over my deſigns.
This day I fall, with deepeſt ſhame and grief,
Before thy face, and own that thou art juſt
In all thy righteous dealings towards me. 885
I now reſign myſelf into thine hands,
To do as thou ſhalt pleaſe; vile as I am,
I was at firſt the handy work of God,
And in his glorious image brightly ſhone.
But ſoon I fell through vanity and pride, 890
And all my legions by deceit ſeduc'd.
Mankind I ruin'd, and thy works deſtroy'd.
Yea, fought againſt thee with my greateſt pow'r.
But now I yield to thee, the palm is thine.
Humbly I lie in duſt before thy feet, 895
And if thou ſlayeſt me, I'll thee adore.
I have deſerv'd whatever I've receiv'd;
And if thou canſt receive me as thy ſlave,
I'll think myſelf moſt happy, for I wiſh
To be the loweſt, humbleſt, leaſt of all. 900
My pride is cur'd, nor would my heart aſpire
To be again in dignity and pow'r.
O let me be a footſtool unto thee.
I have by far the greateſt ſinner been,
And fain would be the greateſt penitent. 905
And if thou canſt forgive my num'rous crimes,

I'm

I'm ſure I never can forgive myſelf.
It ſhall be my employment ſtill to weep;
And humbly aſk forgiveneſs of my God,
Of thee, my Lord, of all the heav'nly hoſts, 910
Of all that I ſeduc'd, and led aſtray,
And of the human race whom I deceiv'd.
And can all theſe forgive me? Can they look
With eyes of love, or pity upon me?
Can they forget my vile and barb'rous deeds? 915
The foul diſorders which I introduc'd
Into the univerſe, though now remov'd,
Yet can they ever be forgotten quite?
Can men forgive me? Can the angels join
In ſuch an act of kindneſs towards me? 920
But O, above them all canſt thou forgive?
O canſt thou own me for a ſubject true,
Who have ſo vile and ſo rebellious been?
And can thy Father ever me behold
With looks of pity and benevolence? 925
But as I am I now myſelf reſign,
To thee I bow that knee ſo ſtubborn once,
Thee now I own my Conquer'r and my Lord.

Then was the golden ſceptre reached forth,
And Lucifer, juſt riſing from the duſt, 930
Drew near with ſhame and bluſhing, bath'd in tears,
And meekly touch'd the ſame, and then obtain'd
Permiſſion to receive the ſacred oath
Of fealty eternal, which he ſwore

To

To God and to his Chriſt allegiance, due 935
From ev'ry creature through the univerſe.
His taking of the ſame hath put an end
To all rebellion, ſin, and miſery,
No ſooner this was done, but boundleſs joy
Burſt forth from all the num'rous hoſts of ſaints;
Angels and men all join'd to hail that day, 941
And gave ſuch glory to the ſacred Lamb
As cannot be expreſs'd, and ſhouted praiſe,
In ſuch a joyful manner as before
Was never known, nor ever could have place 945
While yet one rebel foe was unſubdu'd.

Now was the period come for which they look'd,
The Saviour's triumph was at laſt compleat,
And thus his holy name did they adore:
Thou, Lord, haſt gain'd the day, the vict'ry's thine,
Thy hand and holy arm have wonders wrought, 951
Thy foes have all ſubmitted at thy feet,
Thy glorious purpoſes are now fulfill'd;
The work which thou didſt undertake to do
Thou haſt perform'd, and that without a fault; 955
In nothing haſt thou fail'd through want of pow'r,
Or want of wiſdom, or of boundleſs love,
All is compleat, all things are now brought back
That ever went aſtray, all reconcil'd
To God the Father, and to thee, O Lord, 960
And to each other; wrath is now no more;
No more ſin, ſorrow, pain or death are found,
Grace hath abounded far above the fall,

The ruin'd are reſtor'd; the loſt are found;
The wander'd are reclaim'd; the ſcatter'd parts 965
Are all reheaded under thee again.
The whole creation is deliver'd now
From all corruption's bondage, ſin and death:
And now enjoys the glorious liberty
Which was the portion of the ſons of God. 970
No more ſhall evil any more be known,
'Tis now for ever cur'd, and done away.
The glory is to thee for ever due,
And to the Father who appointed thee
To this important work, long deem'd by men 975
Impoſſible to be performed thus.
But now 'tis done, behold 'tis finiſhed!
Darkneſs is paſt, the day for ever ſhines.
Glory and honour, bleſſing, praiſe, and pow'r,
Might, majeſty and ſtrength to thee are due; 980
Which with the higheſt joy we give our Lord.
Behold we caſt our crowns before thy feet,
And hail thee univerſal Lord of all.

Such was the triumph of that wond'rous day!
Such the important ſcene that I've deſcrib'd; 985
The grandeſt far that angels ever ſaw,
That ever eyes beheld, or thought conceiv'd,
Or tongues or pens attempted to reveal.
But here my ſoul o'erflows, my heart is full,
Then let expreſſive ſilence muſe a while. 990

END OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

BOOK XII.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE MEDIATORIAL KINGDOM.

NOW is the glorious period come at laſt,
When all things are ſubdu'd, redeem'd, reſtor'd,
And ſin and ſorrow, pain and death no more
Hold their abhorr'd dominion over men.
The ſecond death is totally deſtroy'd, 5
The lake of fire has ceas'd, no more ſhall burn;
The whole creation is compleatly free
From all corruption's bondage, ſin, and death;
And in the freedom of the ſons of God
Forevermore ſhall ſtand in glory bright. 10

One grand important act doth ſtill remain
To be deſcrib'd before I cloſe the ſcene,
The brighteſt far that ever grac'd the page
Of ſacred hiſtory, or prophecy.

What tongue can ſpeak, or mortal pen can paint
Th'amazing ſplendor of this glorious day, 16
When Nature, all renew'd, in glory ſhines,
Preſenting a fair picture to the view

Of God Almighty, pleaſed to behold
The new creation finiſh'd and compleat? 20
All things without exception are ſubdu'd,
And willingly are ſubject to the Son;
Rebellion he compleatly hath deſtroy'd,
And brought again to God whate'er was loſt;
And fully hath perform'd the ſacred will 25
Of his almighty Father, infinite.
For ſuch his pleaſure was, that what he gave
To his dear Son, ſhould ſo preſented be
Before his face, that nothing ſhould be loſt.
This JESUS undertook, and hath fulfill'd: 30
And now is ready to preſent himſelf
To his great Father, and with joy reſign
The kingdom to his hands who gave him pow'r
Over the whole creation, put all things
Beneath his feet, and made him head o'er all. 35

Hark! hear the trumpet ſound! all heav'n attends,
To ſee the Mediator now reſign
That kingdom up, which he hath rul'd ſo long,
Wherein he hath ſuch mighty wonders wrought.
But now no more is needed, all agree 40
To rendēr praiſe and homage to their God.
And never more ſhall in rebellion riſe
Againſt his juſt and righteous government.

O with what grandeur, glory, majeſty,
Doth Chriſt the Lord approach the Father's throne,
And

And lay the royal ſceptre at his feet, 46
And yield the peaceable dominion up,
With higheſt honour to the Father's hands!

Firſt, he preſents his glorious Church, his bride,
Redeem'd from every nation, kindred, tongue; 50
His called, choſen, faithful, ranſom'd flock!
The firſt fruits unto God and to himſelf:
Who reign'd with him as choſen prieſts and kings,
And ſang a ſong that no one elſe could learn.
Theſe are his joy, his glory, and his crown, 55
Theſe honour'd him in life, his word obey'd,
And patiently unto the end endur'd;
And were conform'd unto their living head;
And to the greateſt height of virtue roſe,
And did the higheſt dignities obtain. 60
Theſe were not of their glorious Lord aſham'd,
But own'd his name and words before mankind;
And he has never been aſham'd of them:
But gave them ſceptres, crowns, a kingdom, thrones.
Theſe are the ſealed and peculiar race, 65
Who like the ſun ſhall in God's kingdom ſhine.

Next follow'd the amazing multitude,
Compos'd of all the nations of the earth,
And all that ever were of women born,
Now ſav'd from all their ſins and miſeries, 70
Submiſſive they approach, and lowly bow
Before the throne of God, with humble knees.

Behind them thrones and principalities,
And all that once rebellious ſpirits were,
But now ſubdu'd, fall proſtrate to the ground. 75
In token of unfeign'd humility.

Now the eternal Father caſt a look
Of higheſt love on his beloved Son,
And on his num'rous ſubjects, all redeem'd
From ſin, rebellion, guilt, deſpair, and death, 80
While Chriſt the Son his Father thus addreſs'd:

My Father and my God, behold thy Son,
And all the num'rous throng by him redeem'd!
I have at length all enemies ſubdu'd,
And brought each rebel willingly to bow, 85
And ev'ry tongue allegiance true to ſwear,
And freely to my ſceptre to ſubmit.
Long and ſevere hath the contention been
Between my foes and me, and long it ſeem'd
A doubtful point to many of my friends, 90
Whether or not I ſhould at laſt prevail,
To change their hatred dire to ardent love.
Yea, once my faithful ſervants were eſteem'd
The worſt of men, for daring to believe
That I ſhould ever thus my foes ſubdue, 95
And reconcile them all to thee again.
But I have now ſucceeded, and have done
All which thou didſt appoint me to perform.

Thou

Thou didſt at firſt create thy handy works
To glorify thy name, and thee enjoy; 100
To bleſs and make them happy in thyſelf.
And when from thee they ſtray'd, thou didſt appoint
Me, thine own Son, thy creatures to reclaim;
This I have done, and lo, I here preſent
Thy humble willing ſubjects at thy feet. 105

My Father, now the joyful time is come,
When thy own Son, the image of thyſelf,
Having accompliſh'd all thy vaſt deſigns,
Approaches to thy throne, now to reſign
His kingdom and his ſubjects all to thee. 110

Thou didſt deliver all things to his hands,
Gave him all pow'r and might, in heav'n and earth,
Put all things in ſubjection under him,
Gave him dominion over all thy works,
That he might give eternal life to all 115
Without exception, ſince to him were giv'n
All things by Thee, for purpoſes benign.
Of all thou gaveſt, I have nothing loſt,
But all as thou didſt will, I have reſtor'd.

Behold, I now preſent them reconcil'd 120
To me, and to each other, and thyſelf.
See through this mighty throng, there's not a knee
But bows in willing homage to thy name.
There's not a tongue but ſhouts with joy thy praiſe,

Nor heart but overflows with love to thee; 125
All are thy willing ſubjects, now reclaim'd
From all their evil ways, henceforth confirm'd
In pureſt paths of virtue and of truth.
Look through the wide-extended univerſe,
(For all thy works thou ſe'ſt with utmoſt eaſe) 130
Not one rebellious creature does remain:
Where ſin once reign'd, and evil did abound,
Grace reigns, and goodneſs doth abound much more.
Confuſion and diſorder are deſtroy'd,
And every ill is baniſh'd from the world; 135
The whole creation now preſents to view
One ſcene of order, harmony, and peace.
All creatures are deliver'd, wholly freed
From fell corruption's bondage, ſin, and death,
And in the glorious freedom of thy ſons 140
They ſtand, rejoicing with unknown delight.
All things in heav'n and earth re-headed are,
All gather'd into one, and reconcil'd
Unto thy juſt and equal government:
And to thy glorious image are conform'd; 145
And henceforth never more ſhall go aſtray.
Sin, ſorrow, crying, miſery, and death,
Shall in thine empire never more be known.
The kingdom's thine, and thou art all in all.
No longer do thy happy ſubjects need 150
A Mediator, all are reconcil'd,
Wrath is no more, and there is no more curſe.
Thy creatures all are wholly freed from ſin,

And

And able now to ſee thy face with joy.
I have beheld the travail of my ſoul 155
With higheſt joy, and now am ſatisfy'd.
Thy promiſes to me thou haſt fulfill'd,
Thou who didſt promiſe haſt as well perform'd.

I have fulfill'd the covenant with Thee,
And all my words of grace which I declar'd 160
To all my ſervants, who in me did truſt.
Mankind, without exception, I've redeem'd,
All rebels I have conquer'd, and reſtor'd.
And all thy works ſhall praiſe Thee evermore.
Thy glory endleſs ages ſhall remain; 165
Thou ſhalt rejoice in all thy handy works.
This is the ſcene which makes my joy compleat,
For which the painful croſs I did endure.
To this moſt bright, this grand triumphant day,
My views were all directed through the ſcene. 170
All things I ſaw ſubdu'd beneath my feet.
The darkneſs and obſcurity of ſin,
I ſaw ſhould be ſucceeded by a day,
That ſhould ariſe upon the univerſe,
And never cloſe, but ever brighter grow. 175
'Tis come, 'tis come, the day I looked for,
Paſt is the night, eternal day is ris'n,
On all creation now for ever ſhines.
Shout, oh ye heav'ns, with joy behold the work
Is now compleated, which the Father will'd. 180
Father, this was thy purpoſe, glorious, wiſe.

Thou

Thou didſt intruſt me with the wond'rous plan,
Which I have executed to the full;
Henceforth the kingdom I to thee reſign.
Be Thou thyſelf the King and Lord of all. 185

In all my proceſs I have always been
A pattern and example to my flock,
Of which I am the Shepherd and the Head.
Now I will ſhew before the num'rous hoſts
Of Heav'n and earth aſſembled, ſuch an act 190
As never ſhall by them forgotten be,
And which ſhall thy authority confirm,
Thy right o'er all, beyond the pow'r of words.

Behold, I lay my ſceptre and my crown,
And all the enſigns of my royalty 195
Before thy feet, and ſolemnly profeſs
In preſence of thy creatures, who to me
Have bow'd their knees, and own'd my ſov'reign ſway;
That great and mighty as I am, I bow
Before thy throne, as ſubject unto Thee: 200
The head of principalities and pow'rs
I am, and rule o'er all juſt as I pleaſe,
And all have freely bow'd, and own'd my rule.
Yet now I voluntarily reſign
My kingdom, pow'r, rule, and authority, 205
To thee, who didſt deliver ev'ry thing,
Without exception, to my hands and pow'r,

And

And made me head and ruler over all,
That I might all ſubdue, redeem, reſtore.

This I have done, and now reſign to Thee 210
The num'rous hoſts that bow at my command.
I and my ſubjects bow before thy throne.
The great important work is finiſh'd now,
Which from the ancient days Thou didſt deſign,
And which I undertook to do, behold, 215
'Tis done, all, all, is finiſh'd and compleat:
With me behold thy willing ſubjects bow,
And own ourſelves obedient to thy ſway.
No more rebellion ever ſhall exiſt
Throughout thy wide domain, nor evil more. 220
But boundleſs love, and everlaſting joy.
Praiſe to thy name, obedience to thy laws,
Shall conſtitute the happineſs of all.
The kingdom of eternal love is come.
Pure, univerſal love on all o'erflows. 225
God, who is love, is henceforth ALL IN ALL;
The life of all, their endleſs happineſs:
Their portion and their ſure inheritance.
Thus ends at laſt my mediatorial reign.
Father, the kingdom, pow'r, and glory's thine, 230
From this time henceforth, evermore, Amen.

The Father heard, and anſwer'd, Worthy Son,
Thou bright and glorious image of myſelf,
Well haſt thou all the mighty work perform'd,

Which

Which I committed to thy faithful hands. 235
Thou fully haſt my approbation gain'd.
Thou haſt ſubdu'd thy foes, and reconcil'd
All things to me, whether in earth or heav'n;
With higheſt pleaſure I behold my works
Redeem'd from ſin, and miſery, and death, 240
For ever from corruption's bondage freed:
Now all the morning ſtars together ſing,
And all the ſons of God do ſhout for joy.
My works all praiſe me, ev'ry thing that breathes
Sounds and reſounds the glories of my name. 245
There's no diſcordant note, nor jarring ſtring,
Sounds in my ears throughout the univerſe;
All is the voice of ſofteſt harmony,
Such muſic as delights the heart of God.
This order Thou haſt from confuſion brought, 250
By ſuch a ſcene of ſuff'rings, pain, and death,
And ſuch a proceſs, and ſuch labours too,
As have to angels been aſtoniſhing.

The wonders which thy mighty arm atchiev'd
Have made thy name through all creation known,
And ev'ry rank of beings pay to Thee 256
Homage and adoration, and thy name
Is in the higheſt eſtimation ev'ry where.
This I did promiſe thee as thy reward,
And this by ev'ry creature has been giv'n. 260
All have thy name ador'd, and bow'd the knee,

And

And own'd Thee Lord, to my eternal praiſe.
And now Thou doſt the pow'r and kingdom give
Up to my hands; behold, I give command
To all my ſubjects, ſtill to honour Thee, 265
Not as the Mediator, but my Son.
My Son thou waſt in whom I did rejoice,
Long ere thou Mediator didſt become;
And though no more thou Mediator art,
Yet Thou ſhalt ſtill remain my darling Son, 270
The part'ner of my throne, my ſoul's delight.

Let heav'n and earth, let men and angels know,
That whoſo loves and honours thee, my Son,
Loves and regards Me, and doth pleaſe Me well.
And ſince rebellion is for ever ſlain, 275
Throughout our empire, and ſhall riſe no more,
But peace, and love, and joy, ſhall always laſt,
And glory ſhall to God be ever giv'n
By ev'ry tongue, and harmony prevail
Among all ranks of creatures, happineſs 280
Shall be their portion, never more to end,
While God and his own glory ſhall endure.
Now will I bleſs the labours of my hands,
And once for all pronounce my creatures good.
I ſee my num'rous works that ſtood, confirm'd 285
In their own native innocence; and thoſe
Who though they fell, ſoon by repentance gain'd
The pardon of their God, who promis'd them
Remiſſion of their crimes, who did repent;

Behold

Behold the ſtubborneſt have been ſubdu'd, 290
And now are all reſtor'd; I bleſs them all;
O'er all my vaſt creation I rejoice.
My works are perfect now, and very good,
And ſhall continue ſo while I exiſt.
A bleſſing to themſelves, a joy to ME. 295

Thus ſpake the Great Creator, and his voice,
More ſweet than all the muſic of the heav'ns,
Was heard with rapture through the num'rous throng
Of men and angels, who the ſcene beheld,
This ſcene the moſt important, glorious, grand! 300
Such as before had never taken place,
Nor ought that could therewith compared be.

Now all intelligences join'd at once
In ſuch a chorus, ſuch a ſong of praiſe,
As never had been heard in heav'n before: 365
For ſuch occaſion never had been giv'n,
Nor had all creatures ever been prepar'd
In ſuch united harmony to ſing.
For evil was no more, nor pain remain'd,
Nor was there miſſing from the happy crowd, 310
One ſingle ſoul that ever God had made;
And ev'ry voice was tun'd to harmony;
And thus expreſs'd their joy, and higheſt praiſe:

Glory and honour, praiſe, might, majeſty,
Be giv'n to God, and to the worthy Lamb! 315

Now

Now is the glorious consummation come,
The full completion of the prophecies,
The sacred promises of grace and truth.
Never shall any falling off be known;
All creatures henceforth to their God shall cleave,
As dust of steel adheres to adamant. 321
JEHOVAH, thou shalt rule forevermore,
And in thy government we will rejoice:
Our joy is now unbounded, and our praise
Shall ever flow in most delightful strains. 325
So much our happiness increases now,
As makes our pleasures unto us appear
As only just beginning to begin.
Our wills are subdu'd to that one will
Of GOOD TO ALL; and never can we know 330
Ambition, envy, pride, self-will, or wrath.
All evil is for ever blotted out
Of thy fair book, the glorious universe;
And sin and death no longer have a name
Among the creatures of thy pow'r; but life, 335
And purest love, and peace and joy shall reign
Through all thy works to all eternity.
The wisdom, might, and goodness of our God,
Are now become the source of happiness
In all thy creatures; and we all o'erflow 340
In boundless love and kindness towards all.
Each feels the happiness of ev'ry one,
And each communicates to each his own.
The universe begins to sound aloud,

Mutual

Mutual congratulation's heav'nly ſong. 345
All voices now break forth in lofty praiſe!
Eternal ſongs of praiſe to thee are due;
Glory tranſcending glory to thy name!
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord our God,
And to the Lamb, thy Son, with Thee enthron'd,
In glory and in higheſt dignity. 351
JEHOVAH, thou art worthy to receive
Glory and honour, pow'r, and endleſs praiſe;
For thou created all things, and they were
For thine own pleaſure made, and form'd by Thee,
To glorify thy name, and thee enjoy. 356

Bleſſing and honour, glory, pow'r to him
That ſitteth on the throne, our Sov'reign King,
And to the Lamb, forevermore, Amen.

Thus here I cloſe the ſcene, and put an end 360
To this my labour, which, with humble thanks,
To JESUS CHRIST, my Lord, I dedicate.
And praiſe his name, who hath enabled me
To finiſh this, ſo long ago begun.
Which ſhall remain, I truſt, till he appears, 365
As a memorial of my love to him,
And of the glorious things which he reveal'd
To me, a feeble, weak, and helpleſs worm.

FINIS.